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MANIFEST DESTINY

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

I

IT happened on a summer vacation, when a man is not quite accountable, you know. She was the only one there who met his taste in girls, already defined and very nice. They must always be young and always the prettiest.

Vera was sweet, deliciously sweet and light of heart. She still kept a child's impressionability and response to love. For a child loves like a dog, not for what you are, but for what you are to it. Affection she accepted as gratefully but as unquestioningly as sunlight or air. Her youth and naturalness, her ignorance and self-unconsciousness, all made her quick to respond to, and slow to understand, that quality in his love that made it different from her mother's. She knew only that she loved that long, eager grace of his; his boyish verve and enthusiasm; the clear-cut, colorless face, with its electric smile and large mobile mouth; the vital touch of the hand; the lock of hair that was always straggling down into his eyes, and having to be shaken back. How she loved that gesture especially!

When he first went back to town he wrote her two or three times a day, but not always. Then, once or twice, he missed altogether. She never did. And if she mentioned his lapse, that was all. Then three days passed, and the bird in her heart stopped singing. Fear was at her throat: he was ill, hurt, dying, dead, and they would not even know she should have word. Then it came, profuse with apologies and explanations. But it was not the last time.

Once she wrote: "I have never told you how lonely the days are when your letters do not come. Perhaps that is the reason; you do not understand how much they are to me. Edward dear, I just live from one letter to the next, so write whenever your heart prompts."

At last it grew on her that he was doubtless doing just that. Then she cried out: "I cannot go on this way any longer. What is the matter?"

He wrote back: What a dear, silly little girl she was to imagine things! She was getting morbid with nothing to do but wait for the postman; she must remember that a man has his way to make in the world, or what would the women do? A dear, silly little sweetheart, whose very silliness he loved, but she must n't be so silly any more.

Then, from all she had of experience

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and world-wisdom and reading, she took counsel with herself. He should see that a woman, too, had other things to do. She had been too facile, too faithful, and too frank. A man did not like to be so sure, they said. A woman's part was to keep him interested, to hold him. He must learn, too, that he had to keep as well as to win her. She would wait as long as he, and answer his letters in kind. It was not retaliation, but perhaps if he himself knew how it felt—

But his reply was a little slower than hers. When it did come, she put it away unanswered, and waited in a hope that passed as the weeks went by and he did not write again.

II

It was the truth that he had found something more exciting than watching for the postman. Grace Kingsley was apt to be the most exciting thing a man knew. He attracted her attention one evening, for De Laney still loved to dance better than anything else in the world—better than almost anything. There were times already when a tête-à-tête in some secluded corner offered even more alluring possibilities.

She sent Van Horn after him, and he came, with his long grace, his eager eyes, his vital hand-clasp. As he stooped a little over her hand (Grace always gave her hand; she said it put people in touch better), a black forelock slipped into his eyes, and he flung it back.

Grace was constantly recruiting, and she liked boys. She always had a few of them around. Grace was superb—a wonderful complexion, a perfect figure, a fine head gloriously crowned. One runs to extravagance in speaking of her. Men always did. For a while De Laney could not speak at all.

She was just as popular with the women. I did not say she was liked; I do not remember ever hearing any one speak of that. Now, at the beginning of her fifth season, she was at all the small dinners, and no début party but showed her at the punch-bowl. She made things "go." She drew the men. She was a perfect guest.

"And yet," she confided to De Laney, —"this is secrets, understand—there is n't a Sunday without dozens of men in my reception-room, and yet they don't ask me to marry them."

"That 's just the reason," he said, admiration shining in his eyes: "you don't give them a chance. Who ever sees you alone or really gets to know you?"

"You do," she laughed.

"Yes; I have noticed that. I wonder why?"

"I wonder."

He looked up quickly. "Don't play on my innocence. I 'm no match for you."

She smiled sidewise from under long lashes.

Her bare arm lay along the back of the chair. He stooped, and swept his lips the length of the beautiful flesh, and she promptly boxed his ears. He submitted meekly, but without repentance. Looking at him, Grace began to laugh. He joined her, and the understanding was perfect.

When Vera came back from the city, he encountered her at a Friday night affair of the younger set. She paled to the lips and waited a moment for him to take the initiative, though only for a moment.

Nevertheless, he took the matter to Grace. To be sure, the last letter had been his; still, had he done the most gentlemanly thing? He looked as serious and sweet as a troubled cherub, and Grace smiled. Might n't he have given her more chance to feel it was she who—But she *would n't* quarrel. All the same, even now, might it not be kinder to help her think less of him? At which Grace smiled more.

But she did not bother to advise. She never needed to say much at any time, nor to exert herself. She suggested that he would learn all these little points by experience, and in a minute he was smiling with her. Men never thought much about other girls one way or another when with Grace Kingsley.

However, that night De Laney lingered long over his dinner and his glass, and went out to Vera's late.

The girl hesitated in the doorway, inquiring, wistful, but with a subtle inaccessibility of manner.

He had succeeded in making himself feel rather sportive, but probably not so much so as he appeared. When she came slowly to understand, she seemed to melt

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

VERA

from him like an outraged dryad. He had an impression of her vanishing into air, the eyes last of all. The eyes, indeed, never entirely vanished; they followed him. He could not brush them away. He concluded that he had sacrificed himself too far for her mere peace of mind.

III

To meet the demands upon a growing social favorite, De Laney got a regular position, and kept it until he found that dancing all night and walking all day tired him too much. Meanwhile he progressed rapidly under Grace. But De Laney appreciated that Grace never rejected tribute, and that it implied your fealty, not hers.

Coming in one evening on Van Horn and her, he noticed some small details that made him watchful.

She, too, was watchful of him, and he was pleased to have it so. Indeed, he took occasion to give her good reason.

At least good enough reason to make her say to him one night: "Teddy, you are too young to have learned it yet, but the younger you do learn it, the better:

sensations are like elastic; stretch them too constantly, and they grow flabby."

"Oh," he said, with an indolence he was just learning to affect, "you surely don't suppose it implies personal interest for a fellow to flirt with a girl. A man has to do the proper thing. He does n't like to disappoint the poor creatures, or slight any one."

He was playing negligently with her dangling bracelet. She shook him off. "You are entirely too precocious," she snapped; and he would have given a good deal to know whether it was the jealousy of affection or of possession.

This he undertook to find out; but one day it seemed one thing, the next another. Consequently he kept on going to see her.

It happened, however, that the methods he adopted for her benefit appealed for their own sweet sakes, and indications of this became apparent to her. One day she wrote him one of her gracious permissions to do her a service. He sent a substitute. He would have gone a long distance to see her surprise—something he hoped to see next day when he went to explain. And he did.

She was perfectly gowned, in something new, he noted not without inward satisfaction; and obviously she hoped there would be no interruption, and was even nervous about it, for her glance kept wandering toward the door.

The spirit of the game gleamed in De Laney's eyes. He had not seen so much of her lately, he began apologetically.

Yes, she knew. She had been bad to her boy. She had been so preoccupied. He must n't scold. She was just as fond of her Teddy as ever.

"Oh, don't feel so bad about it," he said carelessly. "I would n't be a tax on your sympathies for the world." Her face betrayed none of the appreciation of the point that his own did. Then he laughed. "I need n't sound so magnanimous about it. I 'm not in a position to be otherwise. I 'm afraid we have been equally delinquent."

The flash he expected did not come; her eyes were again on the door, and she rose to greet Van Horn.

Her color rose also, and she called him Teddy as publicly and affectionately as usual, while giving him to understand that he might guess why she had been so neglectful of her "young uns" lately.

De Laney capitulated, his resentment drowned in the admiration a clever scamp has for a cleverer.

He served at her wedding, and declined to kiss the bride when Van Horn gave them all permission. His payment for the sacrifice—for it was a sacrifice—was the way she jerked from him, chin up. But apparently he did not see it. He was certainly an apt pupil. Already she was obvious in comparison.

All the same, he had not found out, and he would have given a good deal to know.

IV

VERY early the next season De Laney realized himself the object of the special attentions of Dolly Fitzhugh. Dolly was tiny and blonde and pink and plump. She looked good enough to eat, although ten cents' worth at a time, as De Laney said, was enough. Still, she saw that at their most casual encounter he looked as if he had come that way just in the hope of meeting her, and he thoroughly enjoyed saying things to make her peach-bloom deepen and her soft brown eyes melt. Most of the men were afraid on that very account.

Mrs. Fitzhugh entertained constantly for her daughter. A man had no time to pay one party call before he owed another. If he did go to see her once and not again, Dolly would ask him with appealing humility what she had done to offend him.

When the girls snubbed her, she set to work to make them like her. She was always picking up one or two of them caught without an umbrella or an escort or some other convenience; and when people could see no other object, they laughed and called it fellow-feeling; she was so wondrous kind. Alas! that one can be too kind!

Though domestic economies were not pertinent to Dolly's father's daughter, nor consequently (inspiring thought!), to Dolly's husband's wife, she seemed to feel them a guarantee of honorable intentions. The bulk of her time went to the creation of her own wardrobe, the money that would have gone to sewing-women simply buying more materials. And every Sun-

day night she presided over chafing-dish suppers. Of these two accomplishments she was so proud that a joke arose as to her "advertising methods," witticisms varied by the men over their cigars—"Sample free"; "A way to make a fortune, quick, sure, practical—absolutely *no fake*"; "A word to the wise is sufficient"; "It is our business to please you"; and so on.

De Laney she repaid, in addition to everything else, by letting him understand that whenever he had no other obligation, the chance was that she would have no engagement either (poor child!), and he was welcome to share her carriage. This was both economical and convenient. So he danced with her when there was no one available whom he preferred. Never having had much, she appreciated little; and, for the rest, it was the girl's misfortune, not his fault, if his manner was always personal and pleasant: any little goose would know that that implied not her charm or importance, but simply his own good breeding.

Christmas morning he was rather staggered at a toilet-set complete, ebony (real), with monograms in gold (also real).

"I don't know what to say," he confessed, which was strange for De Laney, and not true, either. "I never knew any one so kind as you." He always had a pretty name for it. The man's tact had as sure an instinct as the fingers of the blind for finding the spot.

The girl looked up with fluttering color, and the primeval delight of the boy seized him—delight in feeding a hungry bird, crumb by crumb, threatening no more, dropping just enough for an appetizer.

"I only wish more people were so, these days," he continued. "The world lacks kindness more than anything else. And you—I never saw any one like you." This was huge, delicious. "Everybody says the same thing."

"But—but you must n't idealize me," she said faintly. "It is n't always just that I 'm kind."

"No?" He was smiling broadly at her little pink ear. "Then what makes you do so many things like that?"

"For you?" she breathed. "You know." Her head drooped further still.

There was a long pause, then weakly he put his arm around her, and she hid her face in his coat. After all, how firm and round she was!

Shortly she drew away and looked up at him, shyly radiant. His idea of honor and chivalry, his spirit of adventure, his sensitive emotionalism, all answered her. He took the flushed little bud of a face between his hands and kissed it.

"Why did n't you tell me sooner?" she asked. "You almost made me do it alone, and I have known you did for so long. But you were so proud. Was it my money?" To be sure; he had forgotten. "Why, Eddie, would you let that stand in the way?" He did not express himself. "Do you think that 's brave?"

"You don't realize how brave a fellow would have to be," he smiled, beginning to enjoy it again.

"Yes, I know you will. You 'll have to tell mamma. I would n't mind papa; but she won't like it."

"Then need we spoil it by telling her yet?"

"Oh, I would n't dare, for then, if she should find out—and she would be sure to. Let 's get it over, like the dentist's."

V

It was not unlike the dentist's when the time came. Her father said mildly, it was the women's affair; if Dolly's mother was satisfied, it was pretty sure to be all right, he guessed. Then, as De Laney moved to go, he added, with some hesitation, that for his part he always sympathized with the young folks.

But Mrs. Fitzhugh was n't satisfied. She took De Laney aside that night at the Christmas cotillion, and kept him so long that he was in torment for fear everybody—which, being interpreted, means especially Edna Gray—would notice.

It seemed that her method with her daughter had aimed at present "good times" and the girl's development, not at matrimony, at least not immediate or primary, and certainly not of the proposed sort. This struck De Laney as a clever and original euphemism, for he had adopted the current superficial cynicism about this yearly bringing out of girls. And his opinion of Mrs. Fitzhugh rose.

She told him frankly, however, that

she knew there was no use interfering in such affairs; she meant to give him no further advantage over the other men by making a martyr of him. Nor had she any intention of driving her daughter into

she realized that a young man often needed only a serious purpose in life. Mr. Fitzhugh would get him a position in the bank, and he should have a chance to prove himself. And if he cared for Dolly

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

GRACE KINGSLEY

anything vulgar or foolish or of losing her confidence. In any case, time was the test in such matters, and the two concerned were the final judges. But Dolly was still an ignorant, affectionate little girl. In the meantime he must consider himself strictly on probation. She knew little of him, and that little not specially favorable to a marrying man. However,

as he professed (De Laney wondered just what he had professed), he would not monopolize her, or make her conspicuous, or do anything else to her detriment.

De Laney was so struck with her whole attitude that he took a thorough liking to Mrs. Fitzhugh. And the piquancy needed in the situation came in convincing her, and in winning her reluctant admis-

sion that he was "an engaging young scamp."

But Dolly was always Dolly. She was like a cat, pleasant to stroke for a little while, but then, oh! how he wanted to rub her the wrong way to stop that endless purring! Her patience was like a strong rubber band: he stretched and stretched it, expecting every minute to have it snap and fly in his face, but always it gave a little more, until from sheer nervousness he was afraid to try it further.

Then she would creep up to him tearfully. What had she done? Would n't he forgive her and make up? And he would be the one to snap, and would fling out of the house.

Next afternoon, as sure as the clock, she would come for him in her trap, pale, apprehensive, conciliatory. And all the primeval brute and tyrant in him that she roused and encouraged would exact apology and penance from *her*. Or he would take a sardonic satisfaction in surprising her, and seeing how quickly he could make her bloom again. Or perhaps, even, his heart would warm with contemptuous tenderness. What a dear little fool she was, after all!

And there were compensations to her. Moreover, De Laney himself had too artistic a temperament not to do, as a rule, the graceful thing.

But obedience to Mrs. Fitzhugh's conditions was out of the question. It was one of the surprises of the situation how much Dolly, who had been so easily satisfied before, expected now.

VI

This was specially trying because of Edna Gray. Indeed, it was all more specially trying because of Edna Gray.

Just in the prologue, as it were, with the same old business and the same old lines, Edna was novel and individual. Dolly snipped off a piece of his hair with silver scissors, and sealed it with a kiss in a huge, dangling locket; but Edna (women never could keep their fingers out of that glinty mane of De Laney's) curled the straggling forelock one evening with tiny tongs that were a favor at the german, and somehow a bit got burned off, and held up to ridicule, but, he was almost sure, not thrown away.

Edna reminded him of Vera; but a girlhood in the South had not only ripened her early, but had given her sparkle. She drew cleverly, and wanted to be something more than a butterfly. And she had pretty, nebulous ideals of life, which at that age is of course synonymous with love.

Then one day he saw Vera at a concert in which she took part. She had thrown herself into her music, already with considerable success. De Laney was not unduly modest about interpreting her absorption in it.

She could not have lived in the same general circle with him without coming to understand. Her first questioning self-reproach had been bitter, but the disillusionment had been bitterer still—bitterer even than the humiliation; and that last she had faced without moping and without bravado, with gentle, unapproachable reserve. To an immature mind a personal wrong, or too sudden a knowledge of the ugly side of life, upsets the sense of proportion. Readjustment is hard.

Something of this De Laney grasped in his way as he watched her and noted that the chubbiness of outline was gone, and the care-free light of the eyes. He had always felt that that last interview had been inartistic and unnecessary. Now he resolved that no girl should again suffer through him in that way.

That night he confessed to Dolly some heart symptoms that disturbed him. The trouble developed rapidly. At last the cruel truth must be told her that two insurance companies had refused him.

The girl gave one little cry of such grief, solicitude, and protection that he wondered if he had not underestimated that heavenly sympathy and pitifulness.

He could not, of course, he was saying, ask any girl to share so precarious a future—

"Oh, Eddie, you did n't think I would desert you, now least of all, when you will need me more than ever! My place is by your side."

And he realized that he would need be very firm about sacrificing himself for her sake.

The parents, however, made it less dif-

ficult, with what degree of comprehension he did not care to question.

And that night, after their parting, Dolly crept down-stairs, barefooted, in her nightgown, to the chair he had always occupied, and by dawn had cried herself to sleep, with her arms around it.

She had pneumonia,—nearly died, in fact,—and De Laney experienced two weeks of nightmare that even his sense of the dramatic could not rob of reality.

Then her mother took her West for the summer. De Laney saw her in the carriage going to the station—in deep black, by all that was Dolly-like! He stood looking after her with an uncanny sensation of being present at his own funeral.

In Japan, when a woman is driven to protest, she expresses it in suicide. In varying times and forms the poets have pronounced "but to die" "lovely woman's" most delicate and pungent last word. Thus Dolly's pneumonia was not without precedent; and the milder method had doubtless as lasting an effect upon all except, happily, the lady herself.

For, after all, De Laney did not look Edna up at once. He did not mean not to go, but he did not go. No one had drawn him so since Vera. But there were so many things to consider.

VII

He was still considering them when he came face to face with her in the crush of the after-Easter german, and woke from the impassivity of manner that was growing on him.

"You back?" she said cordially. "And how well you look! They said—"

He had a quick thought for the future. "Oh, that is all past. Besides, the report was very much exaggerated."

"Well, I *am* glad." It was the frankest friendliness, and he concluded that she had not heard too much.

They were near one of those fatal tête-à-tête corners. "Let us sit here," he suggested, and, as she hesitated, "Please," he begged, catching her hand to draw her in, and she felt the vitality of his clasp.

"Baby!" she laughed. And, indeed, his eyes had the eager look of a child's catching sight of a perfect rose that it must and will have at once, heedless of pricked fingers or scattered petals. "Well, it *is* too crowded to dance. If you will tell me about your trip."

"I have n't been away."

Her eyes opened. "Then what has kept you from coming around all this time?" And at once she could have bitten off her tongue.

"You have," he answered inevitably. He could no more have helped it than breathing. In the momentary silence that followed, the words re-echoed in his mind, and took the emphasis of a cue. They suggested the rest of his part.

But in that same breath it was as if a veil had fallen over her eyes. "What a woman's reason!" she smiled.

"And so goes right to the heart of the matter," he added with conviction. He leaned forward, and the long forelock slipped down into his intent eyes. He shook it back impatiently. The girl's hands clutched each other in her lap. "And it is another woman's reason I want now. You know that I have no right to ask a girl to marry me. It will be a long time, years, before I can take care of the right sort of girl in the right sort of way. But may I then not even have her love? Suppose *she* should care? Suppose—no, don't suppose at all, for so much is true; you know it: I love you *now*."

He waited. For the first time she had no gay little evasion ready for him or for herself. She had, indeed, no impulse to belittle the moment.

"Well?" he reminded her. "What 's to be done about it?"

She looked up slowly. The color of maidenhood was in her cheeks, but in her eyes was a woman's dignity of candor. "But we are young. I would n't want to —they would not let me yet, anyway."

His smile was electric. "Then, if we both understand—"

But her fingers were against his lips. "Oh, how fast you go! Does that come next? Maybe I don't want you to. I 'm not sure—and you would better not be." Her mischief bubbled up again. "I don't know—"

"Why don't you?"

"I never thought about it. You never asked me to."

"Do girls really wait for that?"

"Of course. At least they don't admit it even to themselves."

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DOLLY FITZHUGH

"But now, can't you guess?"

"Oh, I suppose I know now. Is n't it funny what a difference letting yourself makes—just knowing you may?"

"Quite a difference," he agreed. Evidently now he knew he might, and she did not contradict him.

"Now, tell me all about it," she invited him.

"Why," he said quickly, "don't you understand? That we love each other, and both want the other to know it, but that I can't ask you to marry me now, so we will avoid gossip and all that by keeping it to ourselves. We won't even call it an engagement, if you would rather not, only a perfect mutual understanding. And when things are clearer ahead—but now don't we love each other? Is n't that enough?"

For the first time it occurred to the girl that there might be something to misunderstand. A tiny light of inquiry began to flicker in her eyes.

It hurried him on. "Of course I know your mother has always told you not to do things without telling her; but have you kept to that literally, in everything?" He smiled knowingly, and her swift shamefacedness convicted her. "Well, then!"

"Oh, but that was only—there never has been—"

"Exactly. I knew you 'd feel as I do. This *is* different, is n't it? And too sacred and private to talk about to anybody, is n't it, even mothers? You must tell *me* things now—now that you are grown up."

The girl looked completely bemused. "But you need n't be afraid she won't understand and sympathize. She always does." How loyal she was! Then suddenly she straightened up, and flushed. "Pray don't fancy *I 'm* anx—"

"Oh, Edna!" He warded it off.

"But what queer things for *you* to say! You make it sound as if *I*—"

"Oh, well," he said hopelessly, "if you can misunderstand me so! And if you can't trust me a little, anyway—!" With set face he rose to go.

And she stood at bay and let him. How spunky she was! Let him until the curtains closed behind him; then, "Oh, oh!" she breathed.

It was the smallest of small cries. But he turned back. "Did you call, dear?"

"How—how did we get so at cross-purposes? Of course I trust you or I would n't love you, would I?"

"You have n't shown it." He spoke gently, but deeply hurt.

"No? When I let you—no one ever did that before," she whispered. "Now, don't I trust you?"

He held her with tender strength. "Thank you, dear, very much." But the hurt could not heal at once.

She waited. Finally, "Don't you think one good turn deserves another?" she ventured.

"Bless your heart! I do indeed!" His face lightened. Laughing, comprehending, he stooped.

"Oh, I did n't mean that!" she flamed, and wrenched her hands free.

"What, then?"

"Oh, nothing." The color died out. Her arms dropped to her sides. "I must go now. Good-by."

He drew her back, and she seemed to have lost the right to refuse him, and the way to do it; everything put her in the wrong. He looked down gravely into her bewildered eyes. "We must n't get into such a misunderstanding again, little girl. A cut like that leaves a scar. I love you too much not to forgive you; but it is just because I do love you so much that it hurts."

Next day he did not go to see her, and he had to fight himself to keep away. But he hoped it would be hard for her, too.

Afterward he found the usual distracting consolation in believing that that had been his mistake; for the following morning her father sent for him.

Mr. Gray shut the door to an adjoining office, and spoke low, but none the less with force and to the point. "The reason more rogues like you are not horsewhipped," he ended, "is not that you are not that kind, or that fathers and brothers are not that kind, but for the girl's sake. However, any way they take such as you they seem to pay pretty high for it."

"Sir," said De Laney, stiffly, "I hold myself in readiness to go with you for a license and a clergyman and marry your daughter at any time you give the word."

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

EDNA GRAY

Mr. Gray gasped a little. "Oh, you do, do you? How very noble! how kind!" Then he began to splutter. "Marry *you!*"

"Or," De Laney persisted immovably, "I shall expect from you the satisfaction one gentleman of honor gives another."

And at that Mr. Gray laughed. "Honor! *Honor?*" He pounded on his bell. "You 're only a cub, after all." A negro janitor stood in the door. "Show this boy the way out."

"A cut like that leaves a scar." Dolly's black clothes suggested subtleties beyond De Laney's comprehension. It is not such a man for whom the girl mourns, but for something gone from herself.

VIII

THIS time it was De Laney who left town. For months he broke away from the old round. He was a good deal ashamed and not a little frightened, and he resolved to swear off permanently.

Yet it is a question whether a composite of his varying moods would have shown a lowering of self-esteem. A woman feels sorry enough for her rejected lovers; a man feels too sorry for his. And how nobly he had proved himself not for sale to Dolly's dollars!

About this time it was that Vera's note asked for her letters. In his reply, explaining away his no longer knowing where they were, he took pains to mention how his heart had leaped at sight of her note: he was expecting another violet envelop by that mail. When her marriage was announced shortly, he could not help wondering if it was the reason, or, say, the result of that correspondence.

In the fall he drifted back to Grace Van Horn, she was so inexhaustibly enigmatic, and there was no question there of his intentions.

"Hello, been to Panama?"

"I 'm glad somebody missed me."

"Oh, I have," she responded fervently. "And you know that rocking-chair of mine that creaked? Van sent that away, too. I 've been desperately lonely."

Grace kept his wits sharp; she was as stimulating as champagne. A tilt with her set him up for the evening, made him equal even to a dinner, where ordinarily he settled into his chair and silence. General conversation was not interesting to him, or adapted to his talents, and he had long since lost all feeling of responsibility for doing his share of the entertaining, it was so obviously unnecessary.

Grace, and a few episodes short and safe, and the nearest approach to friendship he ever came, filled the next winter.

That is, Lynne Halsell was a friend to him. Of course he made love to her, and she would smile at him, lenient and amused. "Oh, Ned! Yes, I know, you can't break a bad habit all at once. I 'll try not to be too bored. But cut it as much as you can, for my sake, won't you?"

She, too, it seemed, had at least observed his absence.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Repenting in sackcloth and ashes."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" Then she remembered. "Really?"

"Of course I 've forfeited the right to be believed."

"Think," she mused to the fire, "of admitting that, and still allowing it to be true!"

"Oh, I know. I 'm a sorry lot." He dropped a dejected chin into the palm of his hand, looking so sweet and so faultless that it was touching. "You need n't think I 'm not ashamed. I 'm not even making excuses." She leaned back and regarded him, smiling faintly. The pause lengthened. "Well, why don't you go on scolding?"

The smile broadened. "Have n't you already opinion enough of your own importance?"

"Thank you," said De Laney.

"But why it should make you conceited!" she twinkled on. "Thank Heaven! you are a man, and so inherit the earth. But don't fall into the notion that you deserve credit for that."

He could do the superior tone himself on occasion, but this felt different.

"Are you so sceptical about your own popularity?" he challenged her.

"What delicate coals of fire!" she bubbled. "Oh, I 'm always sceptical. But with a girl, it 's different. A girl has to win all she gets; there are so many girls. It *is* personal with her. And it takes a great deal to spoil her. Not having it is more apt to do that. It 's necessary to her self-respect and to make her do herself justice, and to her prestige with other women, and to get more. To have it is the natural thing, and she takes it for granted. But I never yet saw a handsome man who was n't vapid, or a good-looking one"—she bowed to him slightingly—"who did n't consider it entirely too remarkable and important, and himself too irresistible."

Her sarcasms were so smiling that he was apt not to take them at their full value. "Oh, I see, you 're not talking about me at all. I know I 'm not irresistible. If I should happen comfortably to forget it for a minute now and then, you could not fail to bring it home to me."

Her head dropped to one side. "There,

you see! Always personal, too. Even if nine out of ten girls do like that sort of thing, there 's the tenth; and that 's where you show your limitations."

The end of his cigar twinkled at her. "Oh, not necessarily limitations. No sportsman kills more than he can use. He picks his heads."

She sat up swiftly. "Picks, indeed! You think you choose girls, and choose the young girls, when just as much, and more and more, the others don't choose you. You 're establishing a reputation, young man; yes, and a character—a character. That 's the real point, Ned." The laughter died along lips and lashes. "Can't you be interested in a girl simply as an intelligent human being? Why have things no value to you except as means to one end, when they are the nicest kind of ends in themselves—music and talk and going? There are ever so many other interesting things besides love-making. And"—she smiled again—"you could be just as successful along several other lines."

"Do you think so now?"

"With all your talents! And yet what have you done? What is ahead of you? What have you now but the cheapest prestige a man can get?"

"At least," he said gratefully, "you think me worth all this." The emphases were subtle.

"Oh, yes," she bubbled; "Providence watches over—but, Ned, I 'm in earnest."

"So am I," he answered gravely.

He got another clerkship and kept it. He took up a law course.

Her preaching, which might signify a variety of things, he enjoyed. He played and sang to her by the hour, and she brought her verses to him, the most sympathetic critic she had. There were those who gushed and those who looked bored; but he caught the perfume of a little thing without picking it to pieces, and a single phrase or comment would show her a flaw, a possibility, a method. It meant a great deal to her, this companionship with a clever and artistic mind.

Thus he passed the winter with Lynne —and Grace and a few episodes.

IX

It was the summer separation that undid her. She had no idea it would be so good to see him again, with his grace and his alert eyes, as he crossed the room to greet her before she was fairly downstairs the first night of her return. She had never seen him so boyishly happy. He caught both her hands, laughing. "Let me look at you!" He stood off from her and turned her around. "Oh, but this is good," he gloated, "to see you again!" And he had her hands once more, and was smiling down at her, drawing her, smiling.

Lynne's heart turned quite over. She jerked back; she caught at her hands and her breath; and she sat across the room from him and delivered a voluble biography of the last weeks without intermission throughout the evening.

"What 's the matter to-night?" he asked on leaving. "Don't you like me any more?"

"Oh, I like you well enough," she laughed, her humor by this time also restored, "but I don't approve of you at all."

It struck him as the subtlest flattery he had ever forced from a woman. For one instant he could not control a faint conscious smile. And Lynne saw the smile.

In the weeks that followed it grew on De Laney that she was changed or that conditions were. He saw her less often and seldom alone. This he began to suspect as intentional and determined. Then for the first time in his life he came to a deliberate decision, for the first time he concentrated. Day by day, little by little, he closed his forces around her, without ever getting a sign that she knew herself besieged. He secured what dances he could, and spent the intervals with the chaperones. He won the junior speakership at the law school. Never a day passed without proving his thought of her, and, what was more, his discriminating thought. When the blind sent her candy, he sent flowers. Moreover, the flowers would be a loose handful of lilies of the valley or a basket of delicate spring blossoms when the less discerning paid a week's salary for the longest-stemmed American Beauties. "Buying roses by the yard," Lynne said. "You may be sure he pins up the Sunday-paper lithographs on his walls." With De Laney,

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

LYNNE HALSELL

she was, if anything, more maternal and humorous, but also more inaccessible.

"Oh, Ned," she laughed one evening when he had found her alone, and had been trying to make something of his opportunity, "it 's so futile. I know you so well." She smiled at him as if it were a good joke they shared. "And, I assure you, I 'm not flattered. I know it 's not the particular girl, not even particularly the girls: it 's yourself; you 'd flirt with a telegraph-pole."

But De Laney did not laugh. He leaned forward and looked at her fully. "Is it fair never to take me seriously?" Her smile grew stiff; her eyes shifted under his steady ones. She moved to face him less squarely, and he came and stood back of her chair, where she could not face him at all.

"You make a fellow ashamed to show how much in earnest he is; he feels silly even before himself. You are making me keep up the very things you scold me for." His voice was low and close. Possibly she did not hear the words at all. He moved to the side of her chair and slipped to one knee. Her face was turned away. "Don't you see, then, how much it does mean that I have the courage to

keep on risking your ridicule?" She was perfectly still, but her lips were parted, and he saw her bosom heave. "No matter how little you care, you have no right to pretend you don't know I am in earnest, or to laugh at the highest, noblest thing that has come into my life. Oh, Lynne!" His voice grew husky, and caught. One arm slipped to her shoulder. Still she did not move; there was no response; there was no rebuff. "Dear!" he breathed. It was a violin note—tenderness, longing, pleading, regret. They were very close. He kissed her. Instantly he felt her flame in his arms; but still she did not move. There was neither response nor rebuff. He tried to draw her close; but her body was rigid. At last he could bear it no longer. "Then you do care a little?" Was it happiness or triumph in the tone?

She stirred, pushed him gently away, and stood up. She was very pale and very grave. "You may go now," she said.

He made a movement to speak, but she lifted one hand, and, curiously subdued, he left her.

X

Next day came a line: "Do not come again, ever."

He took the next car to her.

A maid brought word that Miss Halsell was dressing to go out and begged to be excused. He replied that he would wait. She returned to explain that he did not understand: it would take some time and would leave just minutes enough for Miss Halsell to meet her engagement. He was in no hurry. He would not detain her when she came down. She need not bother about him; he would wait.

And he did wait, half an hour, while she watched for him to go. At last, hat on, gloves in hand, for very shame before the servants, she told him coldly from the doorway, she came down.

He went straight to her, and took both hands in his vital clasp, feeling the cold tremor of hers before she freed them. "Give me a chance," he begged. "Don't you see I have struck bottom? I am not fooling; I am not mistaken; I won't change. Can't you see that this is different? Give me a chance to prove it."

"Oh," she cried, "I hate you! I don't believe you, or admire you, or trust you, but—" She flung out her hands like one who gives up and sinks, and he caught her in his arms,—"I love you, I love you!"

He left her almost persuaded, and for a few weeks she seemed to give him the right of way, though she was always more passive than responsive.

So passive that he challenged her once imperiously: "You *do* love me!"

"Well, yes; I 'm in love with you," she conceded lightly, but seriously. "I used to think them synonymous, too."

He stuck to his law and his desk. "You 'll make a man of me yet," he cajoled her.

"Oh, Ned," she laughed, "that old fairy-tale! Please don't fancy I have any illusions about that."

"Why, only yesterday when Jo Howard said whatever he had done was due to you, you told me you were so proud to know there might be some truth in it."

"Oh, yes, Jo Howard," she admitted. And De Laney did not like the tone.

"And pray who was it used to keep telling me about all I should and could and would do?"

"Of course. I wanted *you* to believe it. I wanted to see what could be done for you. Yes, yes, I have known one or two men who reformed acquired habits, but never a single regeneration. What 's bred in the bone—there, Ned dear, don't be offended. You have only to prove it is n't, you know. Oh, don't you see I must not believe it too easily, because I must believe it or nothing?"

De Laney's taste in girls still required them young and pretty, first-hand, difficult, and disputed.

But Lynne was almost too difficult. He was not always so sure as once of the flattery of her reluctant surrender, not always sure even of the surrender; and the significance of the reluctance overshadowed the compliment. She was like quicksilver; though he held her in the palm of his hand, he could hardly put his finger on her. And necessary to De Laney as the air he breathed, it was to have incense in it. He had been faithful to her, "in his fashion," for a year and a half, and for several months now he had concentrated absolutely and for the first time. It seemed to him that she hardly appreciated all this. Moreover, the strain

was beginning to tell on him—the strain both of unaccustomed effort and unwonted abstinence.

XI

This mood, of course, was the real cause

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

EMMA ZANE

—it and his habitual rudderlessness. The God is not in the machine, but inherent in things and us; but it seemed to De Laney that suddenly matters were taken entirely out of his own hands, and carried swiftly, inexorably, to a conclusion not his. So doubtless part of the credit should be given to that divinity that shapes our ends, as well as to Emma Zane herself.

Miss Zane had been announced as a débutante two consecutive winters, taken abroad for a year, brought back, and announced again. It was not that her grandfather had made his start as a corner grocer, or that her mother had been a housekeeper, and had never gotten to be anything else, or that the girl herself was neither young nor pretty. People

gave all these things as reasons, but often enough they themselves had something of the sort to forget. And that was the point—they gave the world reason to forget. But Miss Zane could n't even forget it herself.

A few of the kinder-hearted or more secure hostesses asked her to their big affairs; and she went, and stood, often quite alone, her eyes suspiciously bright, a hot, red spot high on each cheek.

One evening De Laney was in a mood of utter discontent, and with a sudden, idle impishness he stopped by her. "Have you this dance free?" he begged. "For me?"

She turned on him. "No? Really!" It was a three-toned chord of surprise, resentment, pleasure.

"Oh, I say," De Laney responded, taken aback, "if that is n't the pulpit way of scolding the people who are at church for not coming! Suppose the moment the Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes she had said: 'Humph! Why did n't you wait another hundred years?' "

"Oh, the Beauty!" cried Miss Zane. "And," she added dryly, "the Prince!"

"You have n't despaired of him already?" he protested. "No girl knows what she has done until her second season. Though some girls never have one."

She turned sharply.

"A June wedding," he explained hastily, and then, fearing for his gravity, began to dance.

It amused him to see how she enjoyed it, at once avid and belligerent. And, after they had had several unhindered, and she began to grow restlessly apprehensive about it, he took delight in protesting, in carrying her off beyond any possibility of interference.

"I don't know when I 've had so much fun," he assured her truthfully.

She was not credulous; but her air of despite was her idea of independence.

"Oh, come now," he said, "there 's no use in your fighting me, you know. You 'll marry me in three months."

It was as bald as that, as purposeless. The girl looked up sharply.

"Well, don't you know you will?" he demanded. They were on a stair-landing, at a turn, half-shut off.

"You 'll have to make me," she said.

His face was close to hers. His arm slid along the back of the settee. Lynne was right: the kind of woman did not matter so much as the fact of womanhood, and neither perhaps so much as the obsession of his own manhood.

At that moment the intensity of her eyes was tragic; a hot, red spot high on each cheek. Her hand was rigid in his.

"Emma!" came a voice behind them.

With a gasp the girl was on her feet. She wavered from one to the other, then ran to her mother's arms.

Over the burrowing head the mother challenged him.

"Mrs. Zane," he pleaded, "you were young yourself once—"

"So you must n't be jealous, mama," came a muffled voice on the heels of his.

De Laney's heart nearly leaped out of him with horrible surprise.

"Jealous?" Mrs. Zane, slowly irradiating, comprehended. *"Emma!"* She held the girl off. "Are you telling me—my dear children! Oh, this is good, good!"

Emma snuggled back, hiding her face.

If she would only look at him! Of course this was all for the mother's benefit, and to-morrow—But she would *not* look at him; while Mrs. Zane swept them through the crowd and to the carriage in public effulgence.

XII

He went to Grace.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Good! I hope she 'll marry you and take you off my hands. You have n't even any manners."

"Heavens!" said De Laney, sullenly. "Can't keep the women off now."

"Just say a few things like that to her," Grace told him, "and let her see you as you look now, and she 'll give you a return ticket and a departing blessing."

"If I only knew—" he fretted. "Now, why do you suppose she wants me?"

"No accounting for girls in that matter," Grace teased. But the man shook his head absently. It struck Grace. "First time I ever knew you to have a doubt on that point."

"That 's just it," he fretted. "If I only knew, I could tell what to do."

"You don't mean—oh, better and better! This is good! But maybe she does."

"That 's the trouble, of course."

"Yes," scoffed Grace; "it would be too amazing for her not to, would n't it?"

"Or think I do," he groaned. "And of all the things that might induce me, she has n't one."

"One would think that a man who had loved so many women could love any woman. What an epicure you always were! A man of your temperament should n't marry a pretty woman; there are too many other pretty ones."

"Besides," the man broke out, "there 's only one I ever really wanted and she—"

"And she? Well, what about her?" asked she, indifferently, too indifferently.

"She—" He paused, "she is—Lynne Halsell."

"Oh," said Grace. "Lynne? For you!" There were implications in her tone.

"Well, I 'm engaged to her, too." There was something more in Grace's face than he looked for—something he did not quite make out. "Yes," he added; "I 'm engaged to her, but she refuses to be to me."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Grace, and why should he doubt the significance of her evident relief?

"She 's the only girl I ever loved. You need n't grin. I have loved several others, I admit, to a less degree; but they were all Lynne to a less degree. They were the type, but Lynne is *she*. She is the sum total, the—oh, and she won't have me!"

"I should hope not," said Grace. "After all, I don't believe I 'm afraid for her. And Miss Zane will probably not give you a chance, anyway. Now, I could endure sacrificing Miss Zane for the good of society, because I believe she can take care of herself, and of you, too, maybe. And I don't see how anything more wholesome and unattractive could possibly happen to you, or more appropriate. Think of the moral value of such an object-lesson! The true irony of life—you, caught, and in your own trap, and going, after all, cheap! Talk about poetic justice!"

She stopped and contemplated him, with his love-lock straggling down into moody eyes, and his large mouth relaxed. "The De Laney I first knew was a sweet young devil, and a merry one, bad from sheer transparent enjoyment of it. Now look at him! Virtue can afford to be sour and gloomy because it 's its own reward; but if wickedness is n't happy and pleasant, there 's no excuse for it."

"You, too, preach to me!" he cried.

"It 's funny, since you were the example that warned me to stop in time."

"Oh, you women, anyway!" De Laney broke out contemptuously. "Mrs. Zane has that trousseau planned already, and she has patronized every unmarried woman she has seen to-day; but she 'll cry at the wedding, she 'll dissolve in tears!"

"Oh, well," said Grace, "women know they are pretty sure to marry sooner or later, so they might as well do it properly and in a businesslike way."

"Very businesslike. They hang out a sign MAN WANTED."

"Yes, but not BOY WANTED, unless it 's a cheap job." She pinched his ear.

"Look here," he said irritably, "you take liberties because you think I 'm still that sweet young devil you used to find so convenient, and because you think you 're safe. Don't try me too far!"

The woman sat up and looked at him with a broadening face of merriment. "My! The little tin soldier is fierce!"

The next instant he had her in his arms, and was kissing her fiercely, eyes, lips, throat, until she struggled free.

"Leave the house!" she panted. "You young fool!" She sprang for the bell-button. But he was gone.

XIII

At Mary Judge's wedding that night, as Grace was leaving the dressing-room, Lynne Halsell came in.

"More lilies?" asked Grace, stooping over the box the girl opened. "And still De Laney's?"

"Yes," said the younger woman, with a dubious note; "*still* De Laney's."

Mrs. Van Horn's eyebrows lifted. "Not sure of him or of yourself?" she had the temerity to ask.

The girl, momentarily reckless as to who knew what, answered, "Oh, I 'm not sure of anything." She swept the whole mass of flowers into the waste-basket. But, after all, later, she retrieved half a dozen sprays for her corsage.

"U-m," Grace commented, turning away. Suddenly the pucker was gone from between her eyes. "May I see you later this evening? I 've something to show you." She smiled, going away.

After a while De Laney dropped listlessly into the congratulating line. He was behind two young women.

The bride kissed both women. "And, Edna," she said, "when are you going to join the sisterhood?"

"Oh, I let well enough alone. It's safer."

"Vera would n't advise that."

De Laney had begun to look and listen.

"Oh, Vera!" replied the girl. "Very few are so lucky or satisfied as she."

"Vera never advised you of that, either," smiled that young woman herself.

"One of the best proofs," Edna announced wisely.

And Vera put out both hands impulsively to the new wife. "It *is* true. I would wish you the same if everybody did n't do it—"

"For a bluff," chorused Edna.

"What has made the child so cynical?" laughed Mary. "Did you love the wrong one, my dear?"

"No, that 's the refinement of it; I never cared for him or anybody."

"Marry your first and only love!" The bride sounded a bit reflective.

"Oh, I hope not," said Vera. "You learn that, too, best by experience."

Turning, she saw De Laney, listlessness gone, bending forward for her recognition.

And she who once, like "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," had blushed with delight or trembled with fear at his mood, now recognized him with the surprise for something out of mind, and bowed placidly, her gaze traveling past him.

As he dropped back, Grace Van Horn passed him with her husband—passed so close that one of her roses caught in his sleeve and hung, and as he looked up, she looked down from under her lashes.

He promptly took her away from Van Horn, and she drifted with him toward a settee against a bank of palms.

"Well? I suppose you brought me here to apologize?" Her eyes dared him to.

"That I did not," he assured her. "You don't suppose I need any excuse where you are concerned but just that?"

She gasped softly, but her eyes danced.

"If I did apologize," he added, "it would be only to kiss and make up again."

There was a slight movement behind them. De Laney turned. Grace rose.

"If you brought me here to talk that way," she said coldly, "I 'll—" Lynne Halsell was moving away from the other side of the bank of palms. Van Horn came toward them.

"That 's all, young man," Grace said decisively. "Van dear, I want to go home."

In the doorway De Laney nearly ran into Lynne, alone, smiling curiously. She had taken the lilies from her breast and was looking at them. As she caught his eye, her fingers loosened, and she moved right over the flowers to pass him.

"No," he said masterfully; "you shall let me explain."

"It is n't necessary," she answered. "I understand perfectly. I have all along."

"But, I tell you," he begged, but without hope or persuasion, "I do—"

"Oh, perhaps—in your way; but not in mine, Ned, not in mine. *No!* I 'm sure now. It 's over."

He got out into the hall blindly, and passed people who looked at him, and more than one pair of inviting, episodic eyes, and went on unseeing, until he realized a crowd around a brilliant doorway, when he would have turned back but he was face to face with Emma Zane.

The bridal party was just finishing supper, and the bride stood up to fling her bouquet. She flung too hard; it went over the heads of the laughing, jumping maids; and it was Emma who saved it from the floor.

"Oh, but I have no right to it."

"It looks like manifest destiny, Miss Zane." The look that came into the girl's eyes touched the bride. "Poor thing, to be so flattered by teasing over the mere possibility!" she thought. "Own up, now," she urged kindly.

Emma looked from her to De Laney. He stood rigidly sober. "Well, I accept my fate," she agreed, with an implication of double meaning. With an apologetic, "It can't be helped," put out her hand to De Laney before them all.

"No, it can't be helped now," he breathed, and she smiled at him, half-pleased, half-scornful at the loverlike satire of the tone.

He took her hand. The room buzzed. And suddenly De Laney looked for Grace, for Lynne, and the others. After all, never in his life had he been without the last word. This would at least be pat. Why not put it as strong as possible? He straightened up, and stood beside her to meet surprise, congratulations, mute reproach, with all the old grace, the eager eyes, the vital hand-clasp.

THE NEXT CRAZE

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Author of "Cheerful Americans," "The Four-masted Cat-boat," etc.

THERE is very little doubt that the air-ship is an accomplished fact. What boots a year or two when time is flying as swiftly as it does nowadays?

But has any one considered the new dangers that will follow in the wake of the new machines? Does any one imagine that life for him will be the old, care-free existence that it has been for most of us; that when the air is filled with iron and steel and wood, man will go his way, unheeding upper ether as of old?

Of course, in the very nature of things, the first to equip themselves with aërial racers will be the reckless devils who now run gasolene juggernauts on our highways.

Is it not easy to imagine what they will do when they get up in the air? Will life on the surface of the earth have any semblance of safety while "white eagles" and "red hawks" are careering in upper air, spilling out tools, and now and then an occupant?

In these pleasant days, if a man is walking about New York, all he has to think of are the trolleys, the motor-cycles, the ordinary wheels, the automobiles, the dear old horse-cars, and the other horse-drawn vehicles, including the fire-engines and the ambulances. If he is alert and spry, his chance of life is as good as that of a soldier in a secondary skirmish. His adversaries are all on the level, so to speak, and he can see what is coming without raising his eyes to heaven, a thing that mankind fell out of the habit of doing ages ago.

But with the upper air full of ships, and the ships full of people, and many of the people full of the intoxication born of free life in the void, why, I would not write any pedestrian's insurance without charging a prohibitive premium.

Let us suppose two irresponsibles in an air-ship.

"Hand me that wrench, Bill. There 's something the matter with this nut, and I want to take it off. Look out! Gee! you just missed hitting that chimney. Can't you steer? Oh, you careless idiot! What did you drop that wrench for? It struck the north light in that studio building. Let 's get away, quick. I 'll bet that you 've killed the artist at work—to say nothing of losing the only wrench we have. Hello, did you see that? An old chap fell out of that pink machine, and I 'm blamed if he did n't grab the spire of Grace Church, and there he is!"

"Shall we rescue him?"

"Rescue nothing. What 's the matter with his own people doing it?"

"Well, I 'm going down after that wrench. I don't see any commotion around that studio building. Guess we did n't kill any one."

The air-ship turns, goes back, drops until it is about five feet above the ground-glass north light, and then the man who dropped the wrench, making a cone of his hands, calls out:

"Say, you artist below there, did you hear anything drop?"

A moment later a skylight is opened, and an excited man in a blue blouse makes his appearance.

"Did you drop that wrench?"

"Yes, awfully sorry. Did you find it?"

"I came near finding it on my head, and if you were in a balloon, instead of an air-ship, I 'd put you out of commission. Confound you all! Life is n't worth living since you left the highways."

"Let 's have the wrench, that 's a good fellow. Hello! Look out there!"

This is said to the driver of an electric air-ship that is diving in a rudderless sort

Drawn by Harrison Cady

"THE ONCOMING MACHINE VEERS"

of way straight for the air-ship hovering over the studio. The oncoming machine veers a little, misses the other vessel, but plunges into the studio, which it wrecks.

During the excitement, the first-comers get their wrench, and depart in the irresponsible way peculiar to their kind whether they be on earth or in the sky, and the poor artist makes up his mind to set up a studio in a cellar and light it by artificial means.

And we must remember that in the course of a few years air-flyers will get so dexterous that they will be able to swoop down to earth and up again like hen-hawks.

Then a millionaire with a beautiful child may be driving up Fifth Avenue in his carriage.

Perhaps a friendly proletarian will throw a note into his carriage. At first he thinks it is a bomb; but he soon sees that it is only a note, and, opening it, he finds that it is a message that tells him to beware of kidnappers. He laughs easily, strokes the little one's head, and looks to the right and to the left. Nothing but fellow-plutocrats. He looks up for a moment, and sees the usual stream of party-colored air-ships and balloons. Their occupants have taken advantage of the lovely day to make little runs from Quebec to Washington or from Boston to New York. Some fly past so swiftly that

they appear only as streaks of vivid color. Others—those from Philadelphia, for instance—are content with forty or fifty miles an hour, while some are merely wandering about in the lower strata, perhaps in hired machines from Central Park.

Suddenly, from out an upper division,—the place where only the swiftest are allowed—darts a trim machine, in appearance much like a swallow. It swoops concavely down, and the usual shriek is heard from nervous women who have not yet become used to the new-style casualities, and who expect to see a man damage a fruiterer's awning in his dash to death.

But in that swift machine sits a cool kidnapper, with deep-laid plans to compel the plutocrat to separate himself from some of his wealth.

He has marked the progress of the carriage up Fifth Avenue; he has known just when to swoop,—there where the slowly moving line is becoming blocked at Forty-second street,—and as he drops toward earth, his confederate lies flat, with arms outstretched.

He pauses for a second over the carriage. The father looks up again, but too late. The child is clutched by the human hawk, the ship lifts itself into the air, and then shoots out of New York and into parts unknown in so short a space of time that before the father quite realizes what has happened, his daughter is gone forever—or until he hands over a mere bagatelle of half a million, or perhaps even his week's salary as life-insurance president.

But it is not alone tragedies that will be enacted. Think of the minor vexations that are sure to come: droppings of oil on afternoon and evening gowns, the spilling of German aëronauts into Irish parades, the demolishing of chimneys and plate-glass windows by fellows learning to fly, the obscuring of light by vast crowds collected over ball-grounds in order to see the national game for nothing.

Properly undertaken, and carried out with regard for the rights of others, air-sailing is a noble sport, but it will not do to let beginners and scorchers, and family parties, and mail-ships, occupy the same level. There will need to be pathways plainly marked by aërial buoys.

High above all, the trans-aërial liners should have the right of way. When the great Southern Mail, running from London to New Zealand by way of New York (dropping her mail in a parachute) sweeps over the metropolis at about nine of a summer's night, her lights will be so high in the air that they might well be mistaken for stars. Her steady, resistless, awe-inspiring rush through space will be watched for nightly, and he would be a foolish chap indeed who went up to her level to learn how to fly.

And strictly enforced laws should prevent "scorchers" from moving in any current save the one marked out for them and their reckless, wreckful escapades.

It is certain that after dark no one who values his life will stir abroad on foot, because he will never know what hit him, and something is sure to hit him with every one and his wife up in the air, infected by a craze beside which motoring and golf and ping-pong were mere aberrations of a moment.

Indeed, I am not sure but great cities will be forced to put up life-nets extending over their entire area.

Just how aëronauts will be able to make their ascensions within the city limits, if the nets are put up, I leave for them to determine.

The age of comparative safety is at an end. Look to your lives, fellow-mortals, and if you would be perfectly safe, voyage perpetually in mail-ships. They will be manned by experts, and they will have the height of way.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

VII

DECEMBER did not bring Galbraith, nor even Bella.

Jack found he could n't leave that odious Mr. Borisoff to settle up some business all alone, but my brother Tom has got Mama to consent to stay over Christmas with me in New York at Marion's. So Jack and I sha'n't die, as we fully intended to, if we were separated.

Just as the girl and her mother, early in the new year, were at last going home, a cable came from England to say that Bella's sister, Mrs. Hilton, had been badly hurt in a carriage accident.

The cable was couched in the most alarming terms: there seemed to be every prospect of three little children being left motherless. Bella and her mother took the first ship that sailed. "If we have to stay any time, Jack says he will come over." They did stay, and Jack was as good as his word. Mrs. Hilton did not die, but she lay for months in a critical condition, and her mother mounted guard over the new baby and the three other little people.

Bella, meanwhile, was amusing herself right royally.

I 've been presented, and I 'm having a perfectly rapturous time. And now it 's decided we don't have to wait quite a whole year—we are going to be married before we come back to America, some time in the summer. Just think of it, Hildegarde! You and I not to meet again till I 'm married! Oh, do write and say you 'll love me just as much as ever!

Then for a time no more long letters, but a shower of happy little notes that descended with tolerable regularity. After that, the wedding invitation! Ten days' interval, and then two communications by the same mail. The first:

DEAREST HILDEGARDE: Mother and I are just back from a week-end at Tryston. It was rather dull. All the men were at least eighty. I was glad to get back to town. Hengler's Circus has been turned into a skating-rink. We all went to a delightful party there last week. The wife of the Governor-General of Canada skated most wonderfully. I wish I could. Jack did n't take his eyes off her. Mr. Borisoff has come to London. I hate him as much as ever, if not worse.

I have n't time for more, if I 'm to catch this post; but I can't have you thinking I forget you in my happiness. Besides, I shall be happier when Mr. Borisoff goes back to his fellow-barbarians, and leaves me and Jack alone. The next I promise shall be a great long letter. You 'll see. I do love you, Hildegarde.

From your loving

Bella.

P. S. I wish you were here.

It struck Hildegarde that it was the first time she had said that since Jack had appeared on the scene.

The other letter was without date or beginning:

Jack and I have quarreled. Oh, if you were here!

Bella.

Immediately after, a mysterious cable that told simply the date of Bella's homeward sailing. Had the quarrel frightened her lover, and so hastened on the marriage? But no; for while Bella was still upon the sea came a formal notice that the marriage was "postponed." It had been mailed some days before the cable was sent.

HILDEGARDE'S first feeling upon Bella's return was that since the writing of that

final note from London and the despatching of the postponement notice, the trouble, whatever it had been, was patched up. Impossible to think there was a cloud in her sky. Not matured at all, only a little thinner and, save for that, exactly the same Bella—"unthinking, idle, wild, and young."

But as the minutes went by, and she ran from one familiar thing to another in garden and house, with greeting and gay comment, spinning out the time till she and Hildegarde should be alone together, the older girl began to have her doubts. Was Bella as happy as she pretended, flitting about with all her "dear Mars"?

Nothing possible to gather from her eagerness to be assured that, so far from being forgotten, she was more than ever an object of interest and devotion. Nothing new in Bella's little weakness for wanting everybody to be visibly enlivened by her return from abroad, bringing her adorable frocks (for Bella's American mama had come into money, and Bella was helping her to come out of a certain portion), bringing remembrances for everybody, bringing a whiff of foreign airs, and a touch of something exciting, exotic, into the lives of stay-at-home folk. Bella had always been one of those, who, however much adored, would like to be adored yet a little more. She could not bear that any one within reach of her influence should escape caring about her, and she cast a net uncommon wide. It was meant to enmesh even Hildegarde's mother, partly because that lady was so little lavish in bestowing her affection, but mostly because if you were much in the Mar house it mattered enormously upon what terms you were with Mrs. Mar. But, as ill luck would have it, Bella never thought of the lady once she was away from her. Though she had brought back scarf-pins for the boys, and a silver-mounted blackthorn for Mr. Mar, and a quite wonderful necklace for Hildegarde, there was nothing, nothing at all, for Mrs. Mar. And it was serious.

Bella never realized the awful omission till, having dispensed the other gifts, she stood with the rest of the family in the garden, not even asking where Mrs. Mar was, till, looking up, she saw that lady at her bedroom window carefully trying on a new pair of gloves. "Everything depends on the way they 're put on the first time"—Bella could hear her saying it, and she looked up, smiling, and waving her hand, as much as to say: "Oh, please hurry down! You 're the person I 'm pining most of all to see again." But of herself Miss Bella was silently asking: "What *am* I to do! What will happen if she should see she 's the only one I 've forgotten!"

Bella 's brain worked feverishly. Glancing down, her eye fell on a gold pencil she was wearing on a chain. Surreptitiously detaching this latest gift of her mother's, Bella slipped it in her pocket, talking all the time, telling Mr. Mar what it felt like to see sunshine, real California sunshine, again, offering up to public scorn the English girl who had disapproved of the unappreciative Californians for rooting arum lilies out of their gardens, and throwing them away in sheaves, which Bella admitted was what they did with the "pest." "Just like your American extravagance," the English girl had said.

Oh, it was so perfectly heavenly to be at home again! Bella beamed in her old, conscienceless way at poor Trenn, who found a heady tonic, a hope new-born, in hearing the adored one call the Mar house "home."

But even while he was savoring the sweetness of that thought, there was the distracting creature linking her arm in Harry's, and saying: "Come away a moment and tell me something I want to know."

What could a boy like Harry possibly tell Bella that she could want to know!

Harry's own huge satisfaction in the incident was cruelly damped upon Bella's saying, "Does your mother still love stumps?"

"Stumps! Love s-stumps!" he stuttered in amazement.

"Yes. You have n't forgotten how she always kept her pencils till they were so little nobody else could have held on to them?"

"Oh, that kind—yes. Stumps! I see."

"Well, does she dote on them as much as ever? Does she pick them out of the fender when Mr. Mar has thrown his away? Does she still say: 'Well, *I 'm* not so well off that I can put a thing in

the fire that 's only half-used?' Does she do that the same as ever, or are you all too rich now?"

Harry laughed: "Oh, we 'll never be so rich that mother won't use a pencil to its last grasp."

"Well, then, I 've got the very thing for her! A nice gold one—pencil, you know. But rather a stump, too. See? Just her size."

Harry looked doubtfully down upon the somewhat massive pencil case which Bella had drawn from her pocket and was telescoping in and out. "That 's an awfully fine one, but I can't quite imagine mother giving up her—".

"Well, look here," interrupted Bella, "Mrs. Mar 's a person you can't take risks with. Do you mind going up-stairs and showing her this? Just ask her what she thinks of it, as though I 'd brought it to you, you know." Harry departed on the errand, while Bella returned to the others; but her emissary was back directly, with a doubtful face, and Mrs. Mar following not far behind.

"Well?" demanded Bella in an undertone.

"Oh—a—I asked her if she did n't think it was an awfully fine one, and all she said was, the Lord was very good. He had delivered her many years ago from gold pencils."

"What on earth does she mean?"

"Have n't the ghost—'Sh! Here she is."

"Oh, *how* do you do, dear Mrs. Mar!" Bella flew to embrace the lady, who received the advance with self-possession, but not without a glint of pleasure.

Harry still stood with the intended tribute in his hand. Mrs. Mar's eye fell upon it critically.

"Is it true you—a—you don't think much of gold pencils?" hazarded Bella.

"Oh, if you 're a person of leisure—"

"What 's that got to do with it?"

"It 's a pursuit in itself, keeping a gold pencil going."

"Oh, no. Look. This one goes beautifully." Bella took it from Harry and shot it in and out.

"That 's just its wiliness. Wait till you *need* it."

"Really, this one 's very good. It 's warranted—"

"*I 'll* warrant it 'll always be wanting a new lead, especially at the moment when you can't possibly stop to niggle about with fitting one in. Then you 'll put the thing away till you can take an afternoon off just to get your handsome gold pencil into working order again. And when you 've done that, and gone thoroughly into the subject, you 'll find there is n't a store on the Pacific coast that keeps your size leads. No lead in any store will ever fit your pencil. Then you 'll write to New York to a manufactory. Then you 'll wait a month, maybe two. Then by the time you 've got them, you 'll find the pencil has forgotten how to treat leads. It will break them off short and spit them out. If you try to discipline the pencil, it 'll turn sulky and refuse to open, or it stays open and refuses to shut."

"I assure you, Mrs. Mar, *this* one—"

"And I assure you, Miss Bella Wayne, that even if you 're under the special favor of Providence, and none of these things happen, you 'll still find you can never get the work out of a twenty-dollar gold pencil that you can get out of a five-cent cedar."

Bella was catching Harry's eye, and trying not to laugh.

"And remember what I tell you," Mrs. Mar wound up, "you 'll have to treat that gold pencil as you treat Mrs. Harrington Trennor, with awe and reverence. If you don't, you 'll be sorry. If you lean on it, it will collapse. If you do anything but admire it, it will teach you better," Bella opened her lips; Mrs. Mar stopped her with: "Unless you come to my way of thinking, you 'll use that pencil in fear and trembling till the merciful grave offers you a refuge from your slavery. As I told Harry"—She buttoned the last button on her new gloves (why had n't Bella brought her anything as sensible as gloves!) and she drew down her cuff with a businesslike air—"the Lord has delivered me from many snares—gold pencils among the rest." And she marched off toward the gate.

"Oh, mother," said Hildegarde at her side, "how could you! That dear little Bella brought the beautiful gold pencil for you all the way from Europe."

"Do you suppose I did n't guess that? Good-by!" She looked back and nodded to Bella. "I 've got to go to the mis-

sionary meeting now, but I 'll see you at supper."

"Oh—and you 'll tell me the rest then?" asked the wicked Bella, with an innocent look.

"The rest?" Mrs. Mar glanced sharply over her shoulder as she laid her hand on the latch of the gate. "There *is* no rest for anybody who depends on a contrivance like that. Whenever I see a person with a gold pencil, I know it won't be long before she 's asking me to lend her my wooden stump. As a rule she likes my wooden stump so well she walks off with it."

As Mrs. Mar vanished round the corner, Bella gave way to suppressed chuckles. Impossible to think she had a care in the world greater than a rejected gold pencil.

"Yes, Hildegarde. I 'm coming directly—only Trenn has n't given me a spray of lemon verbena yet, to console me for the scandalous way his mother treats me. Don't you remember you *always* give me lemon verbena when we 're in the garden?" She showed no impatience when Trenn prolonged the time-honored process. Not a bit of it; went on laughing and chattering there in the sunshine, and telling how they had thought in England that the American girl was only keeping up the transatlantic reputation for "telling tall stories" when Bella had said that verbena at home was a tree, and grew to the second-story window. Then, having undone in half an hour any good of peace regained by the Mar boys through her absence and engagement, Miss Bella found her way up-stairs.

Her vivacity fell visibly from the moment she crossed the threshold of Hildegarde's familiar little room. But she commented favorably upon the new home-worked counterpane, and then, as though without seeing it, walked past the familiar old altar table, with its ferny background and the roses ranged below. There was the big silver locket hung above, like some peasant's votive offering at a foreign shrine, and down there in front of the massed roses was that other picture, that had been new only a year ago, when Bella's happiness was born.

She went straight to the window, and stood quite silent, looking down upon Hildegarde's flower-borders. Then, without turning round: "Will you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Take that picture away. The locket, too."

"Oh, Bella! Is it as bad as that?"

"You 'll put them out of sight?"

"Yes, yes; of course I will."

"*Now!*" She might as well have said, "I won't turn round until they 're gone."

Hildegarde opened a drawer. "I 'll put them in here till things come right again."

"Things are n't ever coming right."

"Bella!"

Not till she heard the drawer shut did the girl turn from the window, and Hildegarde could see that the small face was quivering.

"Bella dear,"—Her friend swept to her on a sudden wave of pity,—"it will all come right."

But the younger girl drew back. Although her tears were brimming, she spoke with a certain half-choked hardness: "I 've hurried mother back as fast as boats and trains could bring us—just to be with you again, but not to hear you say that. I wanted to be with you just because you will know better. Hildegarde, I—I 'd like to stay with you awhile. May I?"

"I want nothing so much. We all want you."

"Trenn, too?" She actually laughed through her tears. What a queer creature!

"Trenn, too. Only" — Hildegarde glanced from the empty place on the altar table to the shut drawer—"only you 'll be kind enough not to break Trenn's heart as well."

"As well as my own?"

Hildegarde's face grew hard with the words: "As well as Jack Galbraith's."

Bella, too, was grave enough now. "I have n't broken his heart. But—I 've got a crack in my own. Only"—she lifted her pretty eyes with an air almost of panic—"only nobody else is to know. You"—she came nearer, and laid a nervous hand on Hildegarde's firm arm—"you must help me to keep everybody from knowing."

"Dear!" was all Hildegarde's answer, but she leaned her cheek against Bella's thin face.

"And there 's another thing," the

younger girl went on a little feverishly, still clinging to Hildegarde's arm, "I hate talking about it."

"Of course. Just at first it must be—"

"No, it is n't 'of course,' and it 's not only 'at first.' It 's for always. Most girls talk their love-affairs to tatters. I 've noticed that. I want you to help me to—to keep my—" her voice went out upon a sudden flood of tears.

Hildegarde drew her into the window-seat and sat down beside her. They were silent for a time, until Bella laid her wet face down on her friend's shoulder, with: "Mind, Hildegarde! We are n't to talk about it, not even you and I. John Galbraith 's too—too—" She raised her head, drew her small hand across her eyes, and then sprang up and faced the window, as if some enemy without had challenged her. "It may be that I *don't* understand what a great man he is, as Mr. Borisoff says, but at least I know he 's not the sort of person to be chattered over."

Hildegarde remembered, with a sting, how for years she had "chattered," with Galbraith for her theme. And she had not little Bella's excuse. Yes, it was always like this. She was forever stumbling upon something dignified and fine in Butterfly Bella.

The pretty, tear-stained face was lifted to the sunlight, and the childish red mouth, so used to laughter, was pitifully grave, as Bella, staring up into the square of sky over Hildegarde's head, said, "He is up there!"

"Jack!" Hildegarde exclaimed in a half-whisper.

"John Galbraith," said Bella. "He is 'way up there, and I won't be the one to pull him down."

"O-h-h. I was half-afraid you meant he was dead."

"As good as dead."

Fear took fresh hold on the older girl. He is going to marry some one else, Hildegarde said to herself. Yes, yes; as she looked at poor Bella's face she was sure of it. And now the slim little figure had sunk on its knees. She leaned against her friend for support. But she looked out across Hildegarde's shoulder, searching space through tears. Hildegarde held tight the childish-looking hands, and asked the last question she was ever to put about the common hero of their girlhood:

"Where is he?" she said.

"He 's gone off with Mr. Borisoff somewhere."

"You mean you don't know where?"

"Somewhere in the Arctic." She hid her face in Hildegarde's lap.

They sat so a long, long time.

In spite of her year's absence, Bella found nothing much changed in the Valdivia situation except that the Mar boys had "got on" more than ever, and that their father's form of progress seemed still more strikingly to consist in "getting on" in years.

It was a long time since his wife had given him the credit for doing more than his share at the bank with a view to promotion to be head cashier or even a "silent partner." Each time a vacancy occurred some else had stepped into it. Louis Cheviot had been the last. But Mrs. Mar learned through the years that the reason her husband accepted increased tasks was that he was born to bear burdens, as the sparks to fly upward. If any extra work was "going," so to speak, it gravitated unerringly to Nathaniel Mar. As to the question of his reward, what would be gained by giving a better position to a man who in any crisis could be depended on to do all the work of a higher office, and never ask for increased emolument? The only person who ever hinted such a thing to the Trennors had been Cousin Harriet. The Trennor Brothers' success (which was proverbial in Valdivia) had long extended to avoidance of Cousin Harriet. Certainly Mr. Mar's life-long ill-luck brought out more clearly the fact of his boys' early prosperity. Not that it was enormous as yet, though quite sufficient to have enabled them to marry had they so chosen.

Mrs. Mar's satisfaction in her sons was chequered by the fact that each of these otherwise reasonable and enterprising young men clung to his boyish infatuation for Bella Wayne long after their boyhood had gone the way of the years. It certainly did seem as though not till one or both were cut out by her marrying some one else would either Trenn or Harry look at any of the girls Mrs. Mar considered more desirable. Not that the boys' mother had been able wholly to escape the general Mar devotion to the disturber of their peace; but as the sea-

sons passed, and Bella rejected one swain after another, it became increasingly vexatious to Mrs. Mar that her sons should not realize and amend the stupidity of caring about a girl more and more under suspicion of being handicapped by a silly passion for a mad fool who had given up the substance for the shadow, and had met his due reward, being now these many months lost in the Arctic ice.

HILDEGARDE'S theory, that, since the unhappy issue of the love-affair, Bella had greater need of her friend than ever before, and Hildegarde's own consequent inaccessibility to others, was the cause of some restiveness on Cheviot's part. His old friendliness for Bella had vanished. He spoke of her with a humorous disparagement that did him ill service with Hildegarde. But he was grave enough sometimes.

"I never get a word alone with you nowadays," he said one night as he sat smoking on the steps of the porch at Hildegarde's feet, while Bella walked about the garden with Trenn. Hildegarde made some perfunctory answer, and they sat silent for a time.

The light wind brought up waves of fragrance from the tangle of roses under Hildegarde's window, and the little path stretched away to indefiniteness in the starlight, till it was lost long before it reached the garden's end. The limits of the narrow enclosure, so sharply drawn by day, were nobly enlarged, lost even, at this hour, in the dim reaches of green turned silver and black, as the moon came over the tops of the conifers.

Down by the arbor-vitae hedge growing things that Hildegarde had planted sent their souls to her across the lawn, piercing the heavier air of roses with arrowy shafts of spicy sweetness.

On such a night no one is alone. Where two go down a darkling walk, or sit on the steps in the dusk, others gather round them. Invisible presences—the singers, the beautiful ones, the stern doers of great deeds—join us common folk, and give us a share in their glory or their steadfast pain. Hopes of our own that look too large by day, too dim and inaccessible—they come walking in our garden at such an hour, beckoning us, or looking smiling on. Living men, rumored to be far away, suddenly stand before us. Women who have been long aloof draw near. All the barriers go down; even the dead come home.

John Galbraith was down there, where Bella's white gown shone among the trees, and John Galbraith was sitting between those other two on the steps. And Cheviot knew it.

Hildegarde was reminded of the visible presence by his saying, in a low voice, that he understood the reason of his ill success with her.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Bella told me, years ago, when she was so little you thought she—"

"Told you what?"

"That you had been in love with John Galbraith since you were sixteen."

"But you must see that 's absurd. I 've never even seen him!"

"I wish to God you had! Then you might get over it."

Hildegarde roused herself to say with equal emphasis: "You are really talking the greatest foolishness—"

"Have n't you got his picture in your room this moment?"

"I have the picture he—had taken for Bella."

"Before he ever met Bella you had a picture of Galbraith. You used to wear it. Bella said—"

"You seem to forget you 're talking about what happened when I was a little school-girl and about an old—a very old friend of my family. We all have pictures of Mr. Galbraith, and—why, there 's one of you there, too."

"On the altar?"

(Oh, Bella! Bella! How could you!) "The one on the flower-table was put there because Bella asked me to. It 's not there any more. And while it was, I looked upon it as the future husband of my dearest friend."

But the description of Bella sounded suddenly ironic. It hurt. For Cheviot was the man who all along had laughed at girls' friendships, and all along had known that Bella was capable of—

"It is n't that I could n't forgive you for not being in love with me," he said. "But for being in love with a photograph and a packet of letters—no, that was n't easy. At the same time I knew well enough that if your life had n't been so narrow,

you would n't have been so at the mercy of this one romantic figure in it. If you 'd been able to travel, or even to go to the university; if you 'd had *any* other door open, you would n't have looked so long out of that one window."

A scrap of one of Mrs. Browning's letters flew across her mind, the dearer somehow for being a little incoherent, not fitted together at all, yet finely consequent to the inner spirit—those words: "The pleasantest place in the house is the leaning out of the window."

Ah, it was very true of the Mar house!

"And your mother," Cheviot went on, "always ready to puncture any home-blown bubble with the needle of her wit; mercilessly critical, for fear her children should have too low standards; ready to flay anybody alive in the cause of education; never letting you rest satisfied for a moment with the attainable—you must always be reaching out—reaching out. And when you reached out you touched Galbraith."

How strangely well he knew, this man! It was odd, but she could never again think him obtuse, at any rate. That comfort was gone.

"I was even sorry for you while the engagement lasted," the low voice went on, unmindful of the uneasy stir of the figure sitting above him in the dusk. He took the half-smoked cigar from his lips and laid it by the pillar. Over the edge of the porch the tip shone red. "I saw how hard it was for you," he went on. "You had been weaving romances round Galbraith for years; you had looked upon him for so long as your special property," —Hildegarde drew back into the deeper shadow. But by his own suffering urged to win a companion in pain, he persisted, —"and you thought if it had been *you* he had met, it would have been you that he—" Hildegarde's skirts rustled as if she were getting up—"Look here, I 've told you before you 've got a genius for the truth; I 'm treating you on that basis." She said nothing, but she sat still. "There was a moment," Cheviot went on in that unnatural, low voice, "last spring when I knew I was gaining ground with you. It was the day I came back from Mexico. I came here straight from the station, and you—you—" She heard him strike his hands suddenly together in the dusk, and a curious excitement took hold of her. "When I went home, I found the invitation to Bella's wedding. It had been lying there for days. Then I understood. You had had all those days and nights to get accustomed to realizing it was the end of the old—where are you going? Can't you even bear to have me speak of it—this once!"

The white figure was still again.

"Oh, I understood."—He picked up the cigar again.—"I felt just the same as you did. I knew the ghost that had stood so long between us was suddenly gone. He had moved out of the way, and you could see that I was there. For those next days you were—you were—I was full of hope. Then came word that Bella had broken her engagement."

"No; that the marriage was postponed."

He waited a moment, seemed about to speak, and then, instead of saying anything, with a sharp movement he threw his half-smoked cigar across the whitening silver of the path into the inky blotch the shrubbery made. Hildegarde's eyes followed the flying red light till, against a tree trunk, it fell in a splash of sparks, and was swallowed up in shadow.

"I sha'n't forget," Cheviot went on, still on that low, restrained note, "the look in your face as you said: 'I never thought they were suited to each other. It would never have done.' "

"*Did* I say that?"

"Yes; and I looked up, and I saw the ghost was there again; and presently I saw he was n't a ghost any longer, but a real man. An active expectation on your part—"

"No, no!"—the voice was less denial than beseeching.

"Yes, a *plan.*"

The hands that were gripping the wicker chair pulled her quickly to her feet. "Bella!" she called to the white flicker by the dial. "It 's getting late."

Cheviot stood up, too. "On your honor, Hildegarde,"—Was it the moonlight blanched her, or was she indeed so white? His heart smote him. But he went on: "On your honor, can you deny it?"

"No," she said, with sudden passion, "I don't deny it." And while her words

should have steeled him, her voice brought a lump to his throat.

"You mean," he asked huskily, "to wait till John Galbraith comes back?"

"I know it 's quite mad—but, there! A thing can take you like that. You *can't* change."

VIII

With the precision of clock-work, every day of his life but Sundays Nathaniel Mar walked down the Main street of Valdivia to the bank. People who lived out of sight of the City Hall time-piece set their watches by the appearance of the lame man with the stick. He never varied the route any more than he altered his time, and both had been exactly the same for twenty-eight years.

The other bank cashiers (few of them over thirty) said that, in their opinion, Mr. Mar had hung on quite long enough. They did not hesitate to add that his post would have fallen to a younger man years ago had Mar not been "a sort of relation." Even so, it was pretty steep that an old codger of sixty should be blocking up the way like that. A bank was no place for the superannuated,—unless, of course, a man was a director.

So acute was the hearing of the old codger (who was not yet sixty) that sotto-voce observations of this sort had from time to time reached his ears.

He saw all about him men younger than himself turned out of positions they had occupied with usefulness and integrity for years, and for no other reason than to make way for some "boy" in his early twenties. Men of his own standing had from time to time in the last decade raged hopelessly against this tendency in a nation, where the great god Efficiency demands the fine flower of each man's life, and looks with disfavor upon lined faces and whitening hair, even when the capacity for service is unimpaired. It is part of the doctrine of "Show me." There being any good, or any force not capable of being "shown," well, it was doubtful. Best not take chances.

Mar had sympathized with his contemporaries for being elbowed out of their places; but he had smiled at one or two who had suffered the common fate of the American clerk, in spite of having dyed their hair and worn jaunty pince-nez instead of "good honest spectacles." Nevertheless, Mar's own secret uneasiness, not being assuaged by hair dye or dissipated by pince-nez, took the form of making him the more ready to be the Trennor Brothers' pack-horse, unconsciously the more eager to oblige any and everybody at the bank, to "show" from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon how indispensable he was. He knew they could get no one to do what he did with the same care and assiduity for the same salary. His astonishment was therefore hardly less than his chagrin when he found upon his desk, one morning, a letter from the firm "terminating their long and pleasant connection upon the usual notice."

In the bitterness of that hour he felt that nothing he had ever suffered before had mattered so vitally. As long as a man has work he can bear trouble and disappointment. Life without work—it was something not to be faced. For the work little by little had devoured everything else, narrowed down his friendships, cut off his recreations, produced a brain-fag that made him unfit even for reading anything but newspapers.

He set instantly about finding another post. The story of the days that followed—the writing to and interviewing whippersnapper young managers of flourishing concerns, and of being more or less cavalierly "turned down," as the slang phrase went—would make a book of itself, a tragic and significant book to boot, and essentially "American."

The Mar boys behaved very well. *They,* at least, were not surprised. They had, in point of fact, expected the occurrence long before.

What they had not expected was that the Old Man "would take it so mighty hard." Why, he could scarcely be more cut up if he were alone in the world, dependent entirely upon his own exertions, instead of having two fine go-a-head sons, who were getting on in life so rapidly that it really was n't a matter of vital importance whether the Old Man did anything or not, for they had every intention of being good to their father.

They told him so. And he had not shown himself grateful. Still, they meant to be good to him. They were "mighty nice young men."

Nathaniel Mar saw clearly by the time the "notice" was up, that he lagged superfluous. There was no opening for him anywhere.

The first morning that he had no right to go down to the bank was one of the most difficult he had known. He went out just the same, at precisely the same moment, and came in at the usual time. No one knew where he had spent those hours; but he looked tired and ill when he sat down to the midday meal. After it was over, he said he thought he would "go up and lie down." He had never done such a thing before in his life at that hour of the day. The following mornings he spent at his writing-table in the dining-room, and although there were no screaming children there now, and the room was bright and pretty, he sat miserably day after day, turning over old letters and papers, till in despair he would get up and take down a book to read. But his thoughts were all "down at the bank."

Mrs. Mar dashed in and out, called brisk directions to the Chinaman who now presided in the kitchen, and when there was nothing else to do, she would fly at the sewing-machine. This appeared to be the kind of mechanism which was worked with the whole human body. The hands traveling briskly along with the moving seam, head going like a mandarin's, knee up, knee down, Mrs. Mar pedaled and buzzed away.

Her husband seldom spoke. Having retired within himself directly after the breakfast things were cleared away, he seemed to be averse from making the smallest movement while his wife was in the room. He sat there intensely still, even turning the leaf of his book only at long intervals, surreptitiously, without a sound. It was as though by a deathlike stillness he should prove that he was not there. He was really down at the bank, his motionlessness seemed to say.

As if Mrs. Mar divined this mental ruse of his and felt a need to unmask it, she would look at him sidewise, and, "What are you doing?" she would ask briskly.

"Reading."

"That old Franklin again! Why, you 've read it three or four times already!" No answer. "Why don't you get something up to date from the library?" Still no response. "Content just to sit and *sit!*" she would comment inwardly. Then aloud: "Don't they want a manager up at Smithson's?"

"No."

"Why don't you try for the secretaryship of the New Pickwick?"

"Monty Fellowes has got it."

"Ah, well, I suppose Monty Fellowes went the length of asking for it."

Nathaniel Mar had also gone that length, though the post was beneath a man of his powers. But he could not tell over again at home the tale of his failures. Better she should think he had not tried.

But, oh, the very look of him sat upon her spirit, and still she looked.

"You 'll be ill if you stay in the house so much. Remember, you 've had a walk twice a day for going on thirty years." No answer. His immobility made it a positive necessity for her to get up and poke the fire vigorously, or do something with might and main. That was a thing *he* had never tried in his life—to do something with might and main. And that was why he was stranded like this now. A man of only fifty-eight! Why, she herself, Harriet T. Mar, was fifty-nine. And just see how *she* took hold of existence—very much as she gripped the poker. Oh, it was a trial living in the same house, and all day long in the same room, with a "logy" man! He was more sodden with failure every day he lived. Misfortune acted upon him like an opiate. Ha! if she, Harriet T. Mar, were *ninety,* misfortune would sting her into action. At the mere thought, she sprang up and stung her husband, or the imperturbable Mongol in the kitchen, or the gentle Hildegarde. But, truth to tell, though that girl *looked* such a tender, simple creature, it was as little rewarding to wrestle with Hildegarde as with Mar or the stolid Chinaman.

Indeed, the more the mother bustled, the quieter grew the girl, not at first consciously as a form of protest, but by a process of natural reaction that was largely responsible for Hildegarde's seeming calm to the verge of insensibility.

Mrs. Mar never wholly realized how much to the mother's exuberant energy the daughter owed her impassive air.

These influences playing about sensitive people produce a curious rhythm in family life. Nathaniel Mar's acquiescence made his wife seize the reins and ceaselessly whip up the horses of their car. Mrs. Mar's frantic urging of the pace, the dust and noise and whip-cracking of her progress, produced not merely a yearning for peace in Hildegarde's mind, but a positive physical need to simulate it. People talk much of the value of good example, forgetting that we are sometimes shown there is nothing so salutary as a bad example, since out of example is wrought not merely the impulse toward imitation, but often a passionate realization of the advantage of the other way.

There was always in the Mar house one person with an eye upon the clock; why need you wear a watch? If you were lazy in the morning, what matter? Mrs. Mar would be sure to tell you how near breakfast was. No need for you to spur on a servant or make example of a tardy errand-boy. There was always Mrs. Mar to do these things with a swingeing efficacy. Those who live with the Mrs. Mars of the world do not realize that they owe their own reputation for sweetness largely to the caustic temper of some one else. Under Mrs. Mar's roof you may "cultivate kindness," and not suffer for it. Away from her drastic influence, you yourself will have to apportion grace and discipline more evenly.

So various is life that we have sometimes a chance of learning from people's vices what their virtues could never so deeply have impressed. Something of this the "slow" girl arrived at.

The day Mrs. Mar and Hildegarde went off to spend a week down at the ranch with the Waynes, the two came into the dining-room to say good-by to Mr. Mar. It was to be a "house-party," and Cheviot and Mr. Mar had been asked, too. Cheviot had accepted,—"from Saturday night till Monday morning,"—but Mar had declined to go for any length of time whatever.

A body would think he had affairs too important to leave! "Well, good-by, Nathaniel. Don't let hot cinders fall on the new hearth-rug. Take care of yourself—and I *hope* you 'll have some news for me when I come home."

Upon their return the following week, he was found sitting in exactly the same place, in the precise attitude, and one might almost think with the same old book on his knee, open at the self-same page.

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Mrs. Mar, stopping short on the threshold, while Hildegarde went forward to kiss her father. "No need to ask if you 've found anything to do! You have n't even remembered to put on a little coal!" She fell upon the poker and punished the flagging fire. "Have you been sitting there like that ever since I went away?"

Mar drew himself out from Hildegarde's embrace, took firm hold on his walking-stick, and rose to his feet. He looked huge as he towered above the two women, and rather wonderful, as both of them had often thought of late. Even the flippant Bella had said, "He 's more and more like Moses and the Prophets."

"As to sitting here,"—he looked down sternly on his wife,—"you may as well understand, Harriet, that this is the house I propose to sit in till I go out lying down—only not in this room. I agree with you as to the unfitness of that." He limped over to the kitchen door, opened it, and said, "John, will you light a fire in the young gentlemen's bedroom?"

Mrs. Mar stared a moment, and then went up-stairs to take off her things. It was no secret between her and Hildegarde that, after all, they stood a little in awe of the head of the house. The girl, however, knowing herself a privileged character, attempted to smooth things over with a little jest. She linked her arm in his, and told how her mother, on the way down in the train, had produced the book-rest and a minute pencil from her traveling bag, had fastened the rest on the back of the seat in front of her, to the surprise and inconvenience of the occupants, had set up the French biography, put on her spectacles, got out her crochet, and read her Lucien Pérey, and crocheted for dear life (or for the Hindus, rather) every minute of the time that she was being rushed along by the express to Fern Lea.

"And Louis Cheviot leaned over and whispered in my ear: 'Your mother 's losing time with her feet.' "

But Mar's faint smile was pretty grim.

"Your mother has all the virtues, my dear, but she 's a woman of an implacable industry."

With the help of John Chinaman and the grocer's boy, that very afternoon Mr. Mar got his big desk established in "the spare chamber" that had been Trenn's and Harry's room, and still was theirs when one or other of them was in town, —which was often enough whenever Bella was staying at the Mars.

But whether it was that, uncomfortable as the old quarters had been, it disturbed Mar to change them after thirty years, certainly, in spite of his pronouncement to his wife, he did not "sit" at home as much after this. He made a habit of going down town after breakfast to the San Joaquin Hotel, "to read the papers" —really to smoke in peace, and exchange views on the political situation or the Cuban atrocities with chance travelers or old habitués.

Then came the day when Spanish incompetence and cruelty found a rival excitement. In a remote region of British North America gold had been discovered. The veterans in the San Joaquin reading-room pooh-poohed the notion, all but Nathaniel Mar.

From the beginning he took the Klondike seriously. Not long before everybody was doing the same. Instead of quickly exhausting itself, the excitement grew. Had diamonds been discovered in Dakota, the matter would have been a nine-days' wonder, and then died, as the easily accessible fields were reached and appropriated. Paradox as it might appear, it was owing to the forbidding circumstances under which those pioneers of '97 found their treasure, that made the appeal "Klondike" so irresistible to the marvel-loving fancy of the world. The papers overflowed with accounts of the awful hardship and the huge reward—combination irresistible since history began. And if any Missourian said, "Show me!" he *was* shown. The actual nuggets and the veritable dust, displayed in a bank window, made would-be miners of men as they passed —or meant to pass, and stood riveted, staring, seeing there a type of what they might attain unto, if only they had much courage and a little money for an outfit. Who lacked the first? Who could not, for so alluring a purpose, collect the second?

The trains to the ports of San Francisco, Seattle, Victoria, were crammed; the north-bound ships overflowed. Unenterprising, indeed, any store on the Pacific coast that did not advertise some essential to a Klondike outfit. People talked with as much earnestness of the science of life under Arctic conditions as they before had discussed Spanish misrule in the South. Even for the vast majority who had no hope of being able to join the rush, the great problem of transportation and the value of "evaporated" food-stuffs obscured many an issue nearer home.

The one man that he was on fairly intimate terms with, yet to whom Mar had not mentioned the new craze, was Cheviot. It was the kind of thing he would be certain to scoff at. People at the San Joaquin had noticed that scoffing at the Klondike annoyed Mr. Mar, and they wondered a little. Mar had quite made up his mind not to give Cheviot's skepticism a chance for expression. If you were unwary, you might easily think: "So sympathetic and understanding a young man can't help taking fire over this burning question." And then Cheviot would show you how easily he could help it. Watch him playing with his little nephews and nieces, and you 'd say: "So kind to children, he will be kind to the childishness in me." And behold he was not. He was an "awfully good fellow," but he expected a man to be grown up—and few are.

Mar's anticipation of what would be Cheviot's views about the new craze were very much Hildegarde's own. Her astonishment was therefore well-nigh speechless when, on the occasion of his next visit, after ten minutes' general conversation in the garden, Cheviot said: "By the way, Hildegarde, I 've come to tell you I 'm going to the Klondike."

"You!" She stared at him in silence till she could reassure herself by saying, "Nonsense!"

"It may be nonsense, but I 'm going."

"You *can't* be in earnest!"

"Quite."

She stood, watering-pot in hand, her big eyes wider than ever he had seen

them, and a look on her face certainly disturbed, even annoyed.

It was not very nice, this feeling as if the bottom were dropping out of existence. He had no right to make her feel like that.

Very neatly he switched off the head of a withered flower with his stick, and began: "The Klondike—"

"It 's rather horrid of you," Hildegarde interrupted. "But of course I know—you—you 're only seeing how I 'd take it."

"I sha'n't be here to see how you 'll take it."

She sat down the water-can. "You surely won't dream of doing anything so foolish—so—so—dangerous."

He did not answer, and she walked beside him down the path to the lower gate. When they got beyond the group of conifers, she stopped: "You simply must n't."

"Why do you say that? You don't care where I go."

"You know quite well I do."

He did n't even look at her, and he shook his head. Then, after a little pause: "Who knows you might even come to feel differently about things—if —if—"

"Do you mean,"—Hildegarde drew herself up,—"if you came home a millionaire?"

"If I did n't come home at all."

"What?"

"At least for a long time, like—"

"I certainly hope"—nervously she forestalled the utterance of that other name—"that you won't do anything so disappointing to all your old friends. It 's the kind of expedition for the ne'er-do-well. It is n't for a man like you—"

"Well, I 've thought it over," he said, "and I 've come to the conclusion that I 'm best out of Valdivia for a time. You see, Hildegarde, you 're too used to me."

"I 'm *not* 'too used'—"

"Too certain of me—yes, you are. I 've been uncommon helpless in the matter. I 've got nothing of the actor in me. I can't be near you, and inspire you with the smallest doubt as to—how things are with me. The one thing I can do is *not* to be near. And that 's what I 'm going to do."

She wrinkled up her white forehead with a harassed attempt to keep her wits about her, and not be betrayed into rash professions. "You can go away from Valdivia for a while, if that idea is so attractive, without going to the horrible Klondike."

"Yes, I could go to Pasadena or some seaside resort, so that I could come running back, as I did last year from Monterey, on the first hint that you might be missing me a little. No; all that 's been tried. It does n't work. I must go to some place where I *can't* take the first train back, where I won't live through the day expecting a letter from you. It is n't easy in these times for anybody to be really 'out of reach.' When we all know that we 've only to go to the nearest telegraph-office for news, we can't know what it would be like utterly to lose some one—unless death teaches us. The nearest approach to the sort of thing I mean—this side of Kingdom Come—is the Klondike."

"Oh, Klondike, Klondike! I 'm sick of the very sound of those two syllables. There 's something uncanny about them. People have gone mad since they heard the ugly word. But not you!" To give her words more than common emphasis, to insure winning the day, she laid her hand on his arm, and said again, with soft deliberation: "Not *you,* Louis."

"You 'd like me to stay here and suffer. Yes, I know that." Her hand dropped from his sleeve. "But I sha'n't stay here," he went on, unmoved; "and pretty soon I sha'n't suffer—so much."

From that old, recurrent touch of hardness in his voice and air she once again recoiled. "Well, I 've said all I mean to say. You must please yourself."

"Pleasure is of course what one expects in the Klondike."

They walked in absolute silence back to the porch. Hildegarde went in at once, saying "good-night" over her shoulder, and quite sure that, as usual, he would follow her. But he stayed behind for full twenty minutes, talking with Mr. Mar, who was smoking out there in the dusk. Hildegarde turned on the electric light in the parlor, and moved about the room, picking up and putting

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HILDEGARDE

down one book after another. How many of them he had given her, that provoking person who stayed so long talking to her father! By and by she heard her own name called. Was that her father? How curious his voice sounded!

"Yes," she answered, but made no great haste. When at last she reached her father's side, she could n't see where Cheviot was. She looked round in the dim light, and a little sharply: "Has he gone?" she said. As the words fell on the quiet air, she heard the gate shut. The sound jarred. It gave her a sensation as of being abandoned. The house was very quiet to-night.

"Gone? Yes. Where 's your mother, Hildegarde?" Mar asked with unheard-of briskness.

"She 's over at the Coxs'."

"Ah!" A moment's pause and then "To think of Cheviot—Cheviot, of all men! Were n't you surprised?"

"You are n't talking about the Klondike?"

"What else should I be talking of?" he demanded unreasonably; for, after all, there were other topics.

"Do you think he really means it?" Hildegarde asked.

"*Means* it? With a year's leave granted, and his ticket in his pocket! He 's been getting ready all this week. That 's why we have n't seen him. Sails Wednesday."

"Not—not really!"

"Off to 'Frisco to-morrow," said her father, still in that odd, brisk voice—"four days to see about his outfit. He—it 's a queer world; he said Trenn had been into the bank this afternoon, and offered to grubstake him. But Cheviot 's got money. So anything he finds will be his own. Trenn! Hm! *Trenn!*" he repeated, as though he could n't get over it. Then it seemed to dawn upon him that Hildegarde had been unprepared for something else than her brother's part in the affair. "I thought Cheviot said he 'd been talking to you about it—had said good-by."

"I—I did n't believe he was in earnest."

"Why not?" demanded her father, a little harshly, and then perceiving that her incredulity might have other grounds than disapproval of the enterprise in itself, he said more gently: "He talks very sensibly about it, my dear. A man can't save much at the bank. He may go on for thirty years and find—Cheviot has seen what that may come to. He gives himself a nine-months' holiday, with the chance of its turning out the most profitable nine months of his life. *I* did n't discourage him."

Hildegarde sat down on the step. "Oh, you did n't discourage him," she repeated dully. Behind her own sense of being wronged in some way, as well as disappointed, she was aware of an unwonted excitement in her father.

He, sitting there in the dusk, puffing out great clouds of smoke, was oblivious of everything except that the old pride of discovery had awaked in him, and the fever of his youth come back.

"Even Cheviot! And think of *Trenn!*" That Trenn should be looking about for some one to send to the North on this errand, it touched the topmost pinnacle of the fabulous. And yet, why not? The country was aflame. Thousands starting off on an uncertainty to try for the thing he, Nathaniel Mar, had been certain of.

"Hildegarde, where is your mother?"

"I told you—at the Coxs'."

"Oh—at the Coxs'."

"Why, father?"

"Would you like to know the reason I did n't discourage Cheviot from going to the—"

"Yes, father," said the girl, dully.

"Then come nearer."

She moved toward him. Feeling a little dreary, she came quite close. She laid her head against the one strong knee.

In a vigorous undertone, the voice with new life in it told why Nathaniel Mar did not blame any young man—there was more treasure in the North than even the Klondike dreamed. Mar had known it all along—and then the story. In spite of the girl's listlessness when he began, he could feel directly that the thing was taking hold of her. She was intensely still. That was because she was being "held," and small wonder. It was a better story than he had realized. It took hold of him, even, who knew it so well. Before he got to the end, his voice was shaking, and he leaned forward, thirsting to see an answering excitement in the

young face at his knee. But the darkness shrouded it, and he went on. He wished she would speak or move. Always so still, that girl! Now he was telling her of his home-coming from that barren coast in the North, explaining, excusing what, by this new lurid light of the Klondike, seemed inexcusable, his never going back. He tried to reconstruct for her the obstacles, huge, insurmountable: the long illness, and the new wife; the post at the bank; the children; poverty; skepticism; and the obscuring dust of the years. And, lo! as he disturbed these ashes, he saw afresh the agonies they hid—remembered, with a growing chill, what had befallen before, whenever he told this story; saw the tolerant smile of the smug young bankers; saw the dull embarrassment in Elihu Cox's eye; heard Mrs. Mar leading the family chorus: "You 've got to *show* me!"

Even Hildegarde might ask. He hastened to forestall the dreaded word. "There was nothing to *show,*" he said, "absolutely nothing to prove it was not a dream." And she made no sign that for her either it was more than phantasy.

He wondered miserably why he had told her. "Of course it was all long before anybody had heard of the Klondike," he said, and he drew a heavy breath. "The theory was that, geologically speaking, gold could n't exist up there—and even people who were n't geologists agreed it could n't be got out if it *was* there,"—all the confidential earnestness had vanished out of the voice, and he paused like one very weary,—"Nobody believed—"

He tried to go on, and to speak as usual, but Memory, master of the Show, brought up Trenn—Trenn with the look he had worn the day his father had told him the great secret. Mar drew back into the deeper shadow. But the critical boy-face found his father out, and stung him in the dark.

He was an old fool. What had possessed him to rake it all up again. Oh, yes, he said bitterly in his heart, there was one member of his family who had n't yet smiled and said, "*Show me.* I 'm from Missouri." It was Hildegarde's turn.

"Well, my girl," he ended miserably, "that 's the story that nobody believed."

Hildegarde lifted her head and put up her two hands, feeling in the dark for his. But Mar shrank back. Not from Hildegarde herself could he in that hour take mere sympathy, craving hopelessly as he did with the long thirst of years a thing more precious than pity—the thing that he once had had and had no more.

Like a man who utters his own epitaph, "I lost faith myself," he said.

"But I have found it, father!" And there was joy as well as the sound of tears in the thrilling young voice.

"Found?—What did you say, Hildegarde?"

"That I believe it."

"Ah-h-h!" He bent over her with a sound that was almost a sob. "Then I—*I* believe it, too!"

(To be continued)

LINCOLN IN EVERY-DAY HUMOR

III—LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator, 1861-1866

THERE were many angles in Lincoln's character. That which he showed in the telegraph office was the personal, homely side as distinguished from the business, political, or literary side. The cipher-operators saw him at close range, and in his most anxious hours, amid the excitement of great military movements, with their attendant horrors: the clash of arms, the carnage of the battle-field, the groans of the dying and the tears of loved ones. We also met him in the calmer but no less trying hours of patient waiting for the slow development of wide-reaching plans for the preservation of the Union.

I do not presume to speak of Lincoln as a politician, as a statesman, or as a born and trained leader of men, although he was preëminent in each of these rôles; nor as a story-teller, with all that such a term meant in his day; but I do wish to emphasize that personal trait of his which has always impressed itself upon me more forcibly than any other, namely, his kindly, charitable disposition, which was especially shown toward his political opponents and his country's enemies.

In his second inaugural, March 4, 1865—that remarkable address, which Carl Schurz likens to a "sacred poem"—he made use of words which in their beautiful setting have become immortal: "With malice toward none; with charity for all." It is probable that this simple phrase is quoted more frequently than any other from Lincoln's writings, just as General Grant is referred to so often by his sententious remark, "Let us have peace," which is graven on the portal of his tomb.

Reference being made by some one in the telegraph office to Lincoln's inveterate habit of story-telling, he said that he really could not break himself of it; that it had been formed in his younger days, and later he found it difficult to refrain from clinching an argument or emphasizing a good point by means of a story. He said his case was like that of the old colored man on the plantation, who neglected his work in order to preach to the other slaves, who often idled their time away listening to the old man's discourses. His master admonished him, but all to no purpose, for the good old man had the spirit of the gospel in him and kept on preaching, even when he knew the lash awaited him; but finally he was ordered to report at the "big house," and was berated soundly by his master and told that he would be punished severely the very next time he was caught in the act of preaching. The old man, with tears in his eyes, spoke up and said, "But, marsa, I jest cain't help it; I allus has to draw infrunces from de Bible textes when dey comes into my haid. Does n't you, marsa?" This reply interested his master, who was a religious man and who said, "Well, uncle, I suspect I do something of that kind myself at times, but there is one text I never could understand, and if you can draw the right inference from it, I will cancel my order and let you preach to your heart's content." "What is de tex', marsa?" "'The ass snuffeth up the east wind.' Now, uncle, what inference do you draw from such a text?" "Well, marsa, I 's neber heered dat tex' befo', but I 'spect de infrunce is she gotter snuff a long time befo' she git fat."

LINCOLN'S INTEREST IN THE WAR-TIME HUMORISTS

DURING some of Lincoln's daily visits to the War Department, there were many spare moments while he waited for fresh news from the front or for the translation of cipher-messages, and when he did not fill up the otherwise idle time by telling stories, he would read aloud some humorous article from a newspaper, as, for instance, Orpheus C. Kerr's droll reports from Mackerelville, or Petroleum V. Nasby's letters in sarcastic vein; at other times Artemus Ward's inimitable lectures. Some of Nasby's letters were irresistibly funny, especially those relating to the continuous struggle for the post-office at "Confedrit Cross Roads," and to the backwardness of some of our generals. Others referred to the great excitement caused by the discovery of flowing oil wells in Pennsylvania, whereby great and sudden wealth had come to many formerly poor farmers and others in that region. One catch phrase which Lincoln especially enjoyed repeating was, "Oil 's well that ends well." He was particularly fond of David R. Locke (Nasby), whom he first met in 1858 in Quincy, Illinois. In 1863 he wrote a letter to Locke in appreciation of one of Nasby's humorous articles, and ended the letter with this inquiry: "Why don't you come to Washington and see me?" Locke accepted the invitation and spent a delightful hour with the President, during which we may imagine the two humorists "swapped stories" to their hearts' content.

Orpheus C. Kerr's effusions were on a different line, but equally laughable; for instance, when at the close of an exciting campaign in which the Mackerelville army had bravely marched several miles one day and had been engaged in an impossible battle, it was gravely stated that "Victory had once again perched upon the banners of the conqueror." Lincoln would stop his reading to laugh with us at these foolish expressions. He greatly enjoyed this sort of humor, especially when it was directed against the faults of our generals, or even when in the form of criticisms upon his own public acts or those of his cabinet. In fact, he dearly loved to twit some of his official family by calling attention to newspaper references of a humorous character reflecting upon their administration or personal peculiarities, and to those of us who watched him day after day it was clear that the telling of stories and the reading of droll articles gave him needed relaxation from the severe strain and heavy burden resting upon him, leading his mind away from the awful incidents of the war that were ever present—the bloody battles and loss of life, the execution of deserters, the mistakes and jealousies of his generals, and the criticisms of the daily press, often unjust and sometimes disloyal.

On the night of November 8, 1864, while Lincoln with a number of his cabinet-officers and others were in the telegraph office awaiting the Presidential election returns, he took from his inside pocket a small pamphlet containing some of Nasby's effusions, and at intervals read aloud to the company various extracts. Charles A. Dana, in his "Reminiscences," says that Secretary Stanton was indignant that the President should give attention to such trifling subjects at important moments when, as it appeared to him, the destinies of the country hung in the balance, but Lincoln had a method in his apparent foolishness. Carpenter, the artist who painted the Emancipation Proclamation Group, says that Lincoln remarked, in reply to a criticism similar to Stanton's, "that if it were not for this occasional vent I should die." After the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, where 11,000 of our men were killed and wounded, he said, "If there is a man out of perdition who suffers more than I do, I pity him." [1]

So we may now look back over the stretch of years and better realize than we did then the relief which the repetition of humorous and even frivolous stories brought to his tired body and harassed brain. Oftentimes indeed in those days of stress he would lean back in his chair, with his feet upon a chair or table, and relapse into a serious mood, idly gazing out of the window upon Pennsylvania Avenue, that great thoroughfare over which he had seen so many brave soldiers march to the

[1] See also "Lincoln on His Own Story-Telling," by Silas W. Burt, in THE CENTURY for February, 1907.

front never to return. In these intervals of repose Lincoln's face was a study; the inherent sadness of his features was evident even to us youngsters. Indeed, it was sometimes pathetic. We often wondered of what he was thinking; but he would not long remain idly pensive. Soon he would come out of the clouds, his expressive face would light up, and he would make some humorous remark as Secretary Stanton entered the room, or as he observed one of the cipher-operators make a movement toward the little drawer in which the incoming despatches were filed.

"DOWN TO RAISINS"

ALTHOUGH the story in connection with this drawer and its contents has often been told, at least in telegraph circles, no apology is needed for its repetition here, because it is an integral part of this history.

Lincoln's habit was to go immediately to the drawer each time he came into our room, and read over the telegrams, beginning at the top, until he came to the one he had seen at his last visit. When he reached this point he almost always said, "Well, boys, I am down to raisins." After we had heard this curious remark a number of times, one of us ventured to ask him what it meant. He thereupon told us the story of the little girl who celebrated her birthday by eating very freely of many good things, topping off with raisins for dessert. During the night she was taken violently ill, and when the doctor arrived she was busy casting up her accounts. The genial doctor, noticing some small black objects that had just appeared, remarked to the anxious parent that all danger was now past, as the child was "down to raisins." "So," said Lincoln, "when I reach the message in this pile which I saw on my last visit, I know that I need go no further."

THE QUALITY OF LINCOLN'S HUMOR

LINCOLN'S stories were never long, but they were always funny and laughter-provoking, and usually effective in their purpose of proving a point or answering an objection. They were homely and old-fashioned, which terms well express their general character. This is only natural and to be expected, in view of his rude surroundings in early life, before the telegraph had done more than thread its slender way through the forests and over the prairies of our broad land, bringing in its later development the current news of the world for the enlightenment of the masses, and calling for attention with each successive edition of the daily press. In those almost primitive days of our nation's history, the post-office, the country store, and the court-house were the rendezvous, especially of the young men who, ten or twenty years later, would be the leaders of public opinion; and around the blazing fire in these places of resort during the winter days and nights, or on the street or sidewalk close by in the summer time, were congregated the talkers and listeners of the town, and the man who could hold his own in argument, or command the attention of the crowd, whether politics, religion, or gossip was the topic of discussion, was the one most ready with a story to illustrate a point or parallel some other story that had just commanded a general laugh. In these trials of wit and humor, Lincoln, from all accounts, must have been at the head of his class; and the habits thus formed held their grip upon him even to the end; for in his last public address, on the evening of April 11, 1865, which he delivered from the porch of the White House, and which I had the pleasure of listening to on my way home from the War Department, he made this remark concerning the progress of reconstruction measures in Louisiana:

"Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it."

This form of argument left no sting behind it; and the opponents of his Louisiana reconstruction plan, at least those of his own political party, must have admitted later that his policy of "malice toward none; with charity for all," was superior to theirs.

A great many anecdotes and stories have been attributed to Lincoln. It is certain that not all so called were his: Indeed it is probable that most of them were not.

THE OLD WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING

The site of this building was Pennsylvania Ave. at the corner of 17th St. It was erected about 1820 and was torn down in 1879 to make way for the new State, War, and Navy Building. The two windows on each side of the Maltese cross afforded an outlook on Pennsylvania Avenue from the room occupied by the cipher-operators during the Civil War. Next to the right hand window stood Major Eckert's desk, at which Mr. Lincoln almost always sat when at the Telegraph Office and on which he wrote the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. He spent more time in this room during the last four years of his life than in any other place, the White House only excepted. The room to the left of the cipher-operators' room was occupied by Major Johnson, custodian of military telegrams. The corner room was Secretary Stanton's own office. The five windows under the portico to the right of the cipher-operators' room belonged to the old library room of the War Department, in which was the Telegraph Office proper, where all Government messages were sent and received.

As the years go by, it is becoming more and more difficult to decide which are genuine; that is to say, those which originated with Lincoln or were known to have been repeated by him. Many stories said to be Lincoln's were no doubt his own by right of first telling, others may also be called his because of his apt selection and manner of telling, with his own unique wording and application; but it is probable that by far the larger number of such stories now current are associated with his name merely because he happened to be present when they were told by some one else.

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM STORY

It is natural also that in the re-telling of some really genuine stories, even by those who heard them from his own lips, there will be numerous variations, one instance being the Cave of Adullam incident told by Nicolay and Hay (Vol. IX. p. 40). Their version is not the same as mine, which is given below.

On May 30, 1864, the Cleveland Independent Convention met, and on the following day nominated Frémont and Cochrane for President and Vice-President respectively. This was an unconstitutional selection, because both candidates were from the same State—New York. The convention was organized and controlled by a lot of ultra patriots, sore-heads and cranks, who held the most divergent opinions on political and military affairs; but they were all agreed in condemning Lincoln's conduct of the war and his administration generally, and they all professed to believe that there was no hope for the country save through an entire change of policy. Even "The New York Herald," of May 31, the morning after the convention assembled, used this language in an editorial:

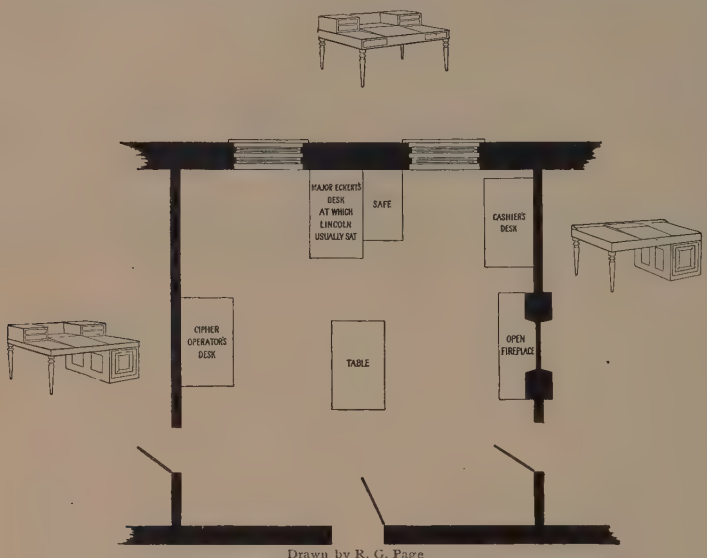
"As for Lincoln, we do not think it

possible that he can be reëlected after his remarkable blunders of the past three or more years."

The Northern press generally, however, was favorable to Lincoln, and a great deal of ridicule was cast upon the convention and its heterogeneous and discordant elements by the newspapers and the public.

On June 1, "The Herald's" report of the proceedings of the day before began thus:

"The Cleveland Convention opened to-day with some 350 to 400 delegates in attendance."



Drawn by R. G. Page

PLAN OF THE CIPHER-ROOM IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE. (MADE FROM DATA SUPPLIED BY GENERAL THOMAS T. ECKERT)

My record shows that in the evening, at the War Department, "The Herald's" report above referred to, just received from New York, was read aloud, and Lincoln at once asked for a Bible. Mr. Stanton's private secretary, Major Johnson, small of stature and with polished manners, went to get a copy, and not finding one immediately, came back to apologize for the delay, and then went out again in further search of the desired volume. Presently he returned with an open Bible in his hands, and presented it to the President in his most polite manner.

Lincoln then opened the Bible at I Samuel xxii, 2, and, referring to "The Herald's" report of the number of delegates in the convention (350 to 400), read aloud to us this verse:

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men."

Nicolay and Hay say that the incident occurred in the White House on the morning after the convention, when a friend who called on the President remarked upon the fact that instead of thousands, who had been expected, there were in fact at no time more than 400 present, and that Lincoln, being struck by the number mentioned, reached for the Bible that usually lay on his desk, and turned to the verse above quoted in order to verify the number composing King David's band, and then read it aloud. Nicolay and Hay make no reference to the "Herald" report. Which version is the correct one may never be certainly known. Perhaps both may be. My account makes no mention of Nicolay or Hay, and, in fact, those gentlemen seldom came

to the War Department with Lincoln. It may well be that Lincoln looked up the verse in the Bible in the White House, as well as in the telegraph office.

A FAMOUS STORY WHICH LINCOLN DISCLAIMED

SOME of Lincoln's stories here recorded were told by him in my hearing, others were repeated to me shortly after the telling, and some at a later period by my comrades in the telegraph office, who claimed to have heard them from Lincoln himself, and I believe therefore that, subject to the qualifications above named, they are all genuine, although I have heard it stated as a fact that all current standard jokes can be traced back to antiquity, one leading type for instance furnishing the basis for innumerable variations in successive periods of time. We are told that this theory was propounded by Solomon long ago, when he said, "There is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." So it seems probable that some of Lincoln's stories, genuine though we may believe them to be, were in fact current before his time; for instance, the one with the Kentucky flavor referring to the brand of whisky which General Grant's enemies protested he used with too much freedom. Lincoln disclaimed this story in my hearing, stating that King George III of England was said to have remarked, when he was told that General Wolfe, then in command of the English army in Canada, was mad, that he wished Wolfe would bite some of his other generals.

Many of Lincoln's stories were in couples, like man and wife, one complementing the other; for instance, some one spoke of Tom Hood's spoiled child, which, as I recall, was represented in a series of pictures. First, the nurse places baby in an arm-chair before the fire and covers it with a shawl to shield it from the heat; next the fussy aunt comes into the room and, being near-sighted, fails to observe the sleeping baby and flops into the easy chair when, of course, there is a scream; then the nurse enters and rescues the baby from the heavy weight of the aunt and holds it in her arms; and finally the parents of the now *spoiled child* come in and baby is shown mashed so flat that the parents do not recognize it. A reference being made to Hood's story, Lincoln produced its counterpart as follows:

Scene, a theater; curtain just lifted; enter a man with a high silk hat in his hand. He becomes so interested in the movements on the stage that involuntarily he places his hat, open side up, on the adjoining seat without seeing the approach of a fat dowager who, near-sighted, like the fat aunt of the spoiled child, does not observe the open door of the hat. She sits down, and there is a crunching noise, and the owner of the spoiled hat reaches out to rescue his property as the fat woman rises, and holding the hat in front of him says: "Madam, I could have told you that hat would not fit before you tried it on."

LINCOLN'S HABIT OF JOCULAR COMMENT

IN connection with the observance of the first National Fast Day, September, 1861, Col. Wm. Bender Wilson, in his "Acts and Actors of the Civil War," gives an account of the President's visit to the telegraph office that morning. As he entered the room he saw George Low, one of the junior operators, at work cleaning a blue vitriol battery.

"Well, sonny, mixing the juices, eh?" Then sitting down and adjusting his spectacles, which were specially made with short spring ends to clasp the sides of his head just back of his eyes, he became aware that all the operators were busy, and a smile broke over his countenance as he remarked: "Young gentlemen, this is Fast Day and I am pleased to observe that you are all working as fast as you can." Changing the subject, he added: "Now we will have a talk with Governor Morton. He is a good fellow, but at times he is the skeeredest man I know of." This talk with Governor Morton was in consequence of the latter's telegram expressing great anxiety concerning the Confederate General Zollicoffer's reported movement toward Louisville. Lincoln told Morton over the wire that he hoped the report was true, as in such event our troops would be able to advance and occupy Cumberland Gap, which Lincoln, then and always,

Drawn by C. M. Relyea. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT TELEGRAPH OFFICE WRITING THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

claimed was a very important strategical position.

Earlier in the same month Lincoln entered the office with Secretary Seward, and asked, "What news?" Wilson replied, "Good news, because none." "Ah, my young friend, that rule does not always hold good, for a fisherman does not consider it good when he can't get a bite."

On another occasion Lincoln came to the office after dark and asked for the latest news. He was told that McClellan was on his way from Arlington to Fort Corcoran and that our pickets still held Ball's Cross-roads and that no firing had been heard since sunset. The President inquired if any firing had been heard *before sunset*, and upon being answered in the negative, laughingly replied: "That reminds me of the man who, speaking of a supposed freak of nature, said, 'The child was black from his hips down,' and upon being asked the color from the hips up, replied, 'Why, black, of course.'"

THE WRITING OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

THE first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation was composed at Major Eckert's desk in the War Department Telegraph Office.

Recently General Eckert related to me the incidents of the writing as follows: "As you know, the President came to the office every day and invariably sat at my desk while there. Upon his arrival early one morning he asked me for some paper, as he wanted to write something special. I procured some foolscap and handed it to him. He then sat down and began to write. I do not recall whether the sheets were loose or had been made into a pad. There must have been at least a quire. He would look out of the window a while and then put his pen to paper, but he did not write much at once. He would study between times and when he had made up his mind he would put down a line or two, and then sit quiet for a few minutes. After a time he would resume his writing, only to stop again at intervals to make some remark to me or to one of the cipher-operators as a fresh dispatch from the front was handed to him.

"Once his eye was arrested by the sight of a large spider web stretched from the lintel of the portico to the side of the outer window sill.[1] This spider web was an institution of the cipher-room and harbored a large colony of exceptionally big ones. We frequently watched their antics, and Assistant-Secretary Watson dubbed them 'Major Eckert's lieutenants.' Lincoln commented on the web and I told him that my lieutenants would soon report and pay their respects to the President. Not long after a big spider appeared at the cross-roads and tapped several times on the strands, whereupon five or six others came out from different directions. Then what seemed to be a great confab took place, after which they separated, each on a different strand of the web. Lincoln was much interested in the performance and thereafter, while working at the desk, would often watch for the appearance of his visitors.

"On the first day Lincoln did not cover one sheet of his special writing paper (nor indeed on any subsequent day). When ready to leave, he asked me to take charge of what he had written and not allow any one to see it. I told him I would do this with pleasure and would not read it myself. 'Well,' he said, 'I should be glad to know that no one will see it, although there is no objection to your looking at it; but please keep it locked up until I call for it tomorrow.' I said his wishes would be strictly complied with.

"When he came to the office on the following day he asked for the papers, and I unlocked my desk and handed them to him and he again sat down to write. This he did nearly every day for several weeks, always handing me what he had written when ready to leave the office each day. Sometimes he would not write more than a line or two, and once I observed that he had put question-marks on the margin of what he had written. He would read over each day all the matter he had previously written and revise it, studying carefully each sentence.

"On one occasion he took the papers

[1] The windows of the old War Department Building were double, one inner and one outer sash, with about twelve inches space between the two.

away with him, but he brought them back a day or two later. I became much interested in the matter and was impressed with the idea that he was engaged upon something of great importance, but did not know what it was until he had finished the document and then for the first time he told me that he had been writing an order giving freedom to the slaves in the South, for the purpose of hastening the end of the war. He said he had been able to work at my desk more quietly and command his thoughts better than at the White House, where he was frequently interrupted. I still have in my possession the ink-stand which he used at that time and which, as you know, stood on my desk until after Lee's surrender. The pen he used was a small barrel-pen made by Gillott—such as were supplied to the cipher-operators." [1]

Tinker also tells of an occurrence on the evening of January 1, 1863, when, after a long, tiresome public reception at the White House, at which the President was obliged to stand for hours shaking hands with all sorts of people, he came over to the telegraph office, settled himself in his accustomed place at Major Eckert's desk, and, placing his feet on a near-by table, relaxed from the strain and fatigue of the day. General Halleck and Assistant-Secretary Fox of the navy were present, with a number of others who had dropped in to learn if there was any news from Rosecrans, who was then engaged in what at that time seemed almost a death struggle with Bragg.[2] Tinker says that on the day in question he was engaged in translating a long cipher-despatch from General Grant, who was then between Memphis and Milliken's Bend, and also one from General Rosecrans in Tennessee, when Lincoln came in. For a while Tinker gave no attention to the conversation between Lincoln and the others. Presently, however, Lincoln began to tell of an occurrence in Pekin, Illinois, before his election; but after a while he hesitated at a name he was trying to recall, but could not, which, however, Tinker well knew, having been employed as telegraph operator at Pekin at the very time of which Lincoln was speaking. The President resumed his story, but again stopped, remarking, as he ran his long fingers through his disheveled hair to awaken thought, "I wish I could remember that name." Whereupon Tinker, with some trepidation, suggested, "Mr. President, permit me to ask if it is not Judge Puterbaugh?" Tinker then adds, in his account of the incident: "Lincoln turned upon me in great surprise and fairly shouted, 'Why, yes, that 's the name. Did you know him?' Gaining confidence, I replied, 'Yes, sir, down in Pekin, when I once had the honor of explaining to the future President of the United States the working of the Morse telegraph, in the telegraph office in the Tazewell House.' Lincoln, his face full of pleased surprise, then turned to his audience, and exclaimed, 'Well, is n't it funny that Mr. Tinker and I should have met 'way out in Illinois before the war, and now again here in the War Department Telegraph Office.' He then proceeded to tell how and when we had first met, and that, being at that time specially interested in the telegraph, which was comparatively new and still a subject of wonder to the great majority of people, he had asked

[1] Frank B. Carpenter in his "Six Months at the White House," p. 20 et seq., quotes from Lincoln's own account thus: ". . . I now [midsummer 1862] determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy and without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the cabinet I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought called a cabinet meeting upon the subject . . . The result (of that meeting) was I put the draft aside as you would do a picture . . . From time to time I added or changed a line touching it up here and there . . ."

On September 13, 1862, Lincoln said to a Committee from Chicago churches: ". . . The subject (a proclamation of liberty to the slaves) is on my mind day and night . . . Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do."

Antietam had just been fought and won, and Lee's army was escaping across the Potomac, much to the disappointment of Lincoln, who had telegraphed McClellan "to destroy the rebel army if possible." The failure to do that when the chances seemed so favorable may, therefore, be considered as the immediate cause of Lincoln's sudden decision to lay the Emancipation Proclamation before his Cabinet, which was done on September 22, the final decree being issued on January 1, 1863.

[2] Rosecrans's great victory at Stone's River over Bragg just at this time was probably the turning point in our favor in the negotiations between the Confederate government and Great Britain and France, the belief of the Administration being that those countries had virtually agreed to recognize the Confederacy provided they should achieve a substantial victory over the Union armies before the close of 1862.

me how it worked and that I had given him a full explanation of its mysteries. After this interruption, Lincoln resumed his story and I returned to my translation of Rosecrans's and Grant's cipher-messages. As this was the day on which the final decree of the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, I recall with the utmost pleasure and interest the little incident above referred to."

No one would have supposed from Lincoln's manner at the time that he had just given to the world a document of imperishable historic interest, which meant so much to the country, particularly to millions of the colored race, not only at the moment, but for all future time.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S AMIABLE RULES OF LIFE

Mr. Tinker has recalled to my recollection another incident. One day Secretary Seward, who was not renowned as a joker, said that he had been told that a short time before, on a street crossing, Lincoln had been seen to turn out in the mud to give a colored woman a chance to pass. "Yes," said Lincoln, "it has been a rule of my life that if people would not turn out for me, I would turn out for them. Then you avoid collisions."

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS OF HEART

General Eckert has recently told me the following incident which well illustrates Lincoln's kindly nature. On his way to the telegraph office early one morning, Lincoln observed in the hall a young woman who seemed to be in great distress. She carried a baby in her arms and was pacing to and fro and crying. The President asked Major Eckert to go out and see the woman and learn the cause of her trouble. This was done, the major reporting that the woman had come to Washington thinking she could get a pass to the front to enable her to visit her husband, and let him see his child, who had been born since the father enlisted; but she had learned that she would not be allowed to go to the army. Lincoln said, "Major, let 's send her down." Eckert replied that strict orders had been given not to let women go to the front. Secretary Stanton, entering the office at the time and seeing the evident sympathy of Lincoln for the woman in her trouble, said, "Why not give her husband a leave of absence to allow him to see his wife in Washington?" The President replied: "Well, come, let 's do that. Major, you write the message." But Eckert said the order must be given officially, and Lincoln replied: "All right, Major; let Colonel Hardie (Assistant Adjutant General) write the order and send it by telegraph, so the man can come right up." Colonel Hardie wrote the message, which was promptly telegraphed to the Army of the Potomac, and when the sorrowing woman was informed of what had been done, she came into the office to express her gratitude to the President. Lincoln then asked her where she was stopping. She said that she had not yet found a place, having come direct from the railroad station to the White House, and then to the War Department. Lincoln then directed Major Eckert to obtain an order from Colonel Hardie to allow the young mother and her baby to be taken care of in Carver Hospital until her husband arrived. This was done, and the soldier was allowed to remain with his wife and child for over a week before returning to his regiment.

LINCOLN'S NICKNAMES FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS AND ROBERT E. LEE

In 1863 Assistant Secretary of War Dana was detailed to visit Grant's army in Mississippi, and make full reports to the War Department of military conditions, which were not satisfactory to the Administration. After remaining with Grant for a while, Dana went to Tennessee to make similar reports regarding affairs in Rosecrans's army. Dana's reports by telegraph were generally full, and the cipher-operators during that period had occasion to consult the dictionary many times for the meaning of words new and strange to our ears.

It was an education for us, particularly when errors occurred in transmission and words like "truculent" and "hibernating" had to be dug out of telegraphic chaos. Mr. Dana's strong, virile manner of expressing himself on salient questions became well known to the reading public in the last quarter of the nineteenth cen-

tury. As his despatches from Chattanooga and other points, criticizing or commending the various generals, were being deciphered, Lincoln looked eagerly for the completed translations, and when handed to him, Dana's harsh criticisms were always softened in the reading. Lincoln's usual habit was to read aloud cipher-despatches and other papers that were laid before him, and his running comments would bring his hearers into the current of his thoughts. In our cipher-codes there were arbitrary words representing proper names; for instance, for Jefferson Davis, *Hosanna* and *Husband;* for Robert E. Lee, *Hunter* and *Happy*. Whenever Lincoln would reach these names in a despatch he was reading he would invariably say "Jeffy D" or "Bobby Lee." He would seldom or never pronounce their full names.

It is well right here to refer to Davis's remark in 1875 concerning Lincoln. In "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," Colonel A. K. McClure tells of his visit to Davis in that year. He says Davis paid a beautiful tribute to Lincoln. After listening closely to what McClure said of Lincoln and his character, Davis remarked with earnestness and pathos: "Next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South has ever known."

LINCOLN'S USUAL SWEAR WORD

On one occasion, Lincoln, when entering the telegraph office, was heard to remark to Secretary Seward, "By jings! Governor, we are here at last." Turning to him in a reproving manner, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying to the Secretary, Lincoln addressed the operators, saying: "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it was swearing." The only time, however, that Lincoln was ever heard really to swear was on the occasion of his receiving a telegram from Burnside, who had been ordered a week before to go to the relief of Rosecrans, at Chattanooga, who was in great danger of an attack from Bragg. On that day Burnside telegraphed from Jonesboro, farther away from Rosecrans than he was when he received the order to hurry toward him. When Burnside's telegram was placed in Lincoln's hands he said, "Damn Jonesboro." He then telegraphed Burnside:

September 21, 1863.

If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. . . .

A. Lincoln.

A NONSENSE BOOK

There was popular many years ago a pictorial book of nonsense to which Lincoln once referred in my presence. He said he had seen such a book, and recited from it this rhyme as illustrating his idea that the best method of allaying anger was to adopt a conciliatory attitude. The picture shown, he said, was that of a maiden seated on a stile smiling at an angry cow near-by in the field, and saying:

"I will sit on this stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow."

A few months later, after Lincoln's death and the capture of Jefferson Davis, the latter and some of his party, including his private Secretary Col. Burton N. Harrison, were brought to Fort Monroe, their baggage and official papers being forwarded to Washington. Secretary Stanton ordered this material stored in a room adjacent to the telegraph office, and the cipher-operators were directed to make an inventory. My father, Francis Bates, a townsman of Mr. Stanton and belonging to the same masonic lodge, was placed in charge of the property, which, by the way, became the nucleus of the Confederate Archives Bureau, first presided over by Francis Lieber, the historian. In examining the satchel of Colonel Harrison, I came across a copy of the old book of nonsense above mentioned. Years afterward, having business relations with Harrison, I told him of the coincidence, and he explained that the volume had been put into his satchel by the captain of the gun-boat on which he was brought to Fort Monroe, and that it had served to while away many idle hours.

At the annual banquet of the Military Telegraph Corps at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, on the evening of October 11, 1906, Mr. Tinker said:

"I think I had the pleasure of hearing what in all probability was the last anecdote ever told by Mr. Lincoln in the telegraph office. Early on the morning of April 13, 1865, the day before his assassination, he came into the telegraph office while I was copying a despatch that conveyed important information on two subjects and that was couched in very laconic terms. He read over the despatch, and after taking in the meaning of the terse phrases, turned to me and, with his accustomed smile, said: 'Mr. Tinker, that reminds me of the old story of the Scotch country girl on her way to market with a basket of eggs for sale. She was fording a small stream in scant costume, when a wagoner approached from the opposite bank and called: 'Good morning, my lassie; how deep 's the brook and what 's the price of eggs?'

" 'Knee deep and a sixpence,' answered the little maid, who gave no further attention to her questioner."

Mr. Tinker, continuing his recital, said that the President, with a smile still on his sunny face, left the office to go into Stanton's room adjoining.

WAS IT A LEAF?

BY LEE WILSON DODD

WE have a fast retreat,
A trysting-place for dreams,
Félise and I.
Often we creep there from that myriad eye,
The Argus-world; there in enfolded calm,
Inviolable, complete,
Our sheltered spirits meet;
We speak as fancy wills, as fancy wills reply.
The right sun loiters by,
A golden youth floating in azure waves,
Warming our deep air-caves,
Green, green below him, with his godlike smile.
The faultless silence saves
Our overwrought time-harried souls, and peace
(Her voice among the trees
Scarce heard)
Rewards our daring indolence awhile.

Was it a leaf that stirred?

"Think"—is the voice not mine?—
"Think of imperious labors left behind:
To dream of toil forsaken is the best
Gift of the dream-god—Rest.
Even as Lucretius found it, shall we find
The sight of conflict from our coigne apart;
The memory of that fray
Which stunned us yesterday
Soothes, a deft handmaid of impassive art;
And tumults we decline
(Ah! were they ever mine!)
Are hung like arras round cool chambers of the heart."
Thus my meandering word
Moves whimsically; Félise
Smiles to the wiser trees.

Was it a leaf that stirred?

"Think"—is the voice not hers?—
"Think of stark passions in the days to be;
Think of the unreached goal, the pitiless rivalry
No quiescence deters.
Is it not lovelier so to half-forsake with me
The future and its fate?
Now, while the crises wait,
Covert assassins down a road that lies
Too far from paradise,
Now let us mock them with voluptuous scorn;
Now let us mock all evil things unborn,
Smiling from languid eyelids toward that morn,
Inevitable, tho' late,
Bringing us secretly grief's last malign surprise.
Here all save beauty dies,
And we embrace the immortal mood of death,
Knowing that mood deferred."
Thus her deep trancèd word
Droops on a restful breath.

Was it a leaf that stirred?

LEANDER'S LIGHT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Author of "Marse Chan," "Uncle Gabe's Whitefolks," etc.

I

WHEN I first knew Rock Ledge Harbor, it was merely a little fishing village of gray, weather-beaten houses, occupied by weather-beaten people, apparently almost as much stranded as the old barnacle-plated wreck which lay in the small, circular harbor against the foundation of a long-since rotted pier. There were two ways of reaching it, one by the black, broad-beamed coaster which put in at odd times for cord-wood or lumber, and sometimes carried a few gallons of a liquid proscribed by the State laws; and the other by the ancient and rickety two-horse stage, a much-decayed, dust-colored survivor of the old coaches which once ran on down-East through Portland, and bore the weekly news of the outside world. I chose the latter conveyance, and thus, found myself one summer evening, after a stately drive across the hills, deposited, bag and baggage, at the front steps of the one hotel, in appearance much like an ancient fort, crowning the rocky point which guarded the narrow mouth of the glassy river and placid harbor, sleeping in a deep nook under the fading rose of a sunset sky.

I soon discovered that, far from the madding crowd, with a climate which in summer was unequaled, the "Harbor" was one of nature's health-resorts. The air had the pungency of the pines, the freshness of the sea, and the balminess of the meadows. I reached there too late for the apple-blossoms; but the lilacs about the little white, gray, and yellow cottages were still in bloom, and the grass was all the greener for the lateness of the snow which had blanketed it until "the frost was out the ground," far on in April.

The "natives," as they called themselves, were a self-contained race. They had been settled there since Sir Christopher Gorges planted the colony, within a generation of the time that the "President of Virginia and Admiral of New England," Captain John Smith, gave his name to the islands a few miles out. They felt that they owned the place, and they loved it; and they regarded the outer world with indifference, and new-comers like myself with proper contempt.

The "stage road" ran only to the Harbor from the "Village," a mile inland. Beyond the Harbor the only road was the grassy lane to the "North Farm," half a mile away. On this lane, in a little cove between the rocks, was a single house, a little "piggin" house, the homestead of old "Simmy" Goodman. It had been the home of the Goodmans for at least seven generations, as the inscriptions on the tombstones in the little square graveyard testified. Once the narrow peninsula, together with some of the cleared, cultivated fields lying beyond, had all belonged to one family; but when the division came, two generations back, other children had drawn the meadows and the "cleared" fields,—cleared of rocks,—and Simmy and his sister, who had taken their shares together, had drawn only the "rock pasture" overlooking the sea, and the little homestead nestled in the small strip of cleared land above the cove.

"Always 'peared like pretty hard luck," said my informant, "Cap'n Spile," a stout old seaman who in his youth had been a whaler, leaning lazily against the rail of the pier, with his blue eyes on the lines of a sailboat slowly making her way up the quiet harbor. "Th' others got all the good land, and Simmy and Abby got

nothin' but rocks and *view;* for the old house ain't much for these days. Not that anybody ever heared 'em say much about it. Abby al'ays liked *view,* and Simmy set a heap o' store by the house. But 't did look hard when the others had all the hay-land, and they marryin' and changin' their names, and Simmy and Abby, the only ones with the name, to have only the rocks."

It did look hard.

According to Captain Spile, however, there were some people of late who actually wanted to come and buy some of Simmy's rocks, and his land was getting to be almost as valuable as a good field. "But Simmy ain't much of a hand for sellin' land," the Captain added. And this I found later to be quite true.

ALL this was twenty years and more ago, and in this time the little village, with its dower of sunshine and sea air, had been discovered by others, and had changed from a straggling strip of small houses huddled under the elms about the harbor to a watering-place of some renown and expensiveness. Old Simmy himself, however, changed not a hair. Grizzled, taciturn, and stolid, he used to be always somewhere about his premises, "consortin' with" his big oxen, which he rather resembled in his slow, ruminant habits; or sitting with the immobility of a sphinx in the door of his old barn; or standing by his stone wall, looking out over the sea in the afternoon—as the phrase went, "watchin' for Leander."

Leander, so I learned, was a brother who had sailed away sixty years before, and had never been heard of again. "But he ain't quite give him up yet," said Captain Spile. "I heared him say myself, comin' now forty-six year this June, that he looked for him every day, and aluz kept a light burnin' for him. You go by the cliff-way any night, you 'll find a light up-stairs in the window o' the sou'-east room: 't is, what we call 'Leander's Light.' You can set a course by it comin' around Western Point, just as sure as you can by Boon-Light or the Nubble. I 've seen it burnin' there many a night when he and Abby 'd put out their own light soon 's the supper things were washed up. Abby 's a right smart trial to him sometimes, I guess. She don't hold with it at all. Says Leander 's been dead and in—wherever he 's goin' to stay everlastingly—for many a year. But though Simmy gives in to her in most things, he never would in that; an' so, I s'pose, God preventin', that light 'll burn as long as his own does."

I had made the acquaintance of Miss Abby, a little, bent, sharp-featured crippled woman, who sat most of the time in a roughly made wheel-chair of her brother's manufacture. Her tongue was as keen as her eyes, and they were like tacks. According to report, she was often as sharp to Simmy as to others; but, by Captain Spile's account, he "never appeared to mind it any more than a large Newfoundland dog minds the barking of a fife-voiced fice. " 'T would drive most folks crazy," said the Captain; "but Simmy he don't even hear it. 'T is a right singular thing how a man can get used to a woman's tongue. Now, Job's wife would 'a' worn most men out—but Job and Simmy."

I myself had sometimes wondered if Simmy's stolidity were not assumed as a mask to guard him against his sister's penetrating shafts. At bottom she idolized him, as I found when Mr. Slagg, the new millionaire, tried to get hold of the Goodman place.

II

IT is the belief of some that the true serpent entered into Eden when Eve began to dress up; and certain it is that the idea of conforming to fashion has destroyed many a pleasant place since that time, and would go far toward destroying Paradise itself. This to early summer visitants to Rock Ledge like myself was the curse of the Harbor. Through the changes that took place among the summerites, after the railroad came, the natives pursued their even course unchanged. They grew fat, many of them, on the pickings of the new summer visitors, and their houses put on new paint and what Miss Abby called "fancified verandas." But the people themselves remained unchanged, unvarnished, and natural. They looked on the summer visitors as "useful nuisances" and rather amusing barbarians. What services they rendered these visitors they charged well for; what pay they received they ren-

dered good service for, and there it ended. When Captain Spile's sister, Mrs. Rowe, who laundered the clothes of a summer visitor, was approached with a complaint about too much "bluing," she told her: "I 'll wash you and iron you, but I bean't goin' to take your sass; so you 'd better get some one else to do it." When Miss Bowles, who answered to the name of "Fanny," waited on the "mealers" at her cousin Mrs. Steep's boarding-house, and one of them called her "Frances," she observed quietly, as she handed her the potatoes, "I don't care to be called pet names by the boarders."

In fact, they belonged to the soil, and were American to the backbone; a sterling people, like the lichens on their rocks, without much color till one looked close, but then full of it.

Ensnared by the charm of the region, which captures most of those who set foot there during the witching season of summer, I had myself, soon after my discovery of the place, bought a modest piece of old Simmy's rock pasture, though it was only after a long negotiation and at a high figure that I secured it, not to mention certain conditions which I was fain to accept or give up hope of getting the land. His father, it appeared, had sometimes driven his cart down for kelp to a little shingle-covered cove on the piece I wished, and Simmy insisted that I must allow him to keep a right-of-way. I explained that while the road had been of service when he used the land for farming purposes, his land was now building-lots, and he no longer needed it. It was to no purpose. I had to yield to get the land at all, and, counseled by Captain Spile, I yielded.

After weeks of negotiation, all the conditions were agreed upon; I suggested that we should draw up a contract to stand until the deed could be prepared and executed. This set him to ruminating.

"Why, *we* understand it, don't we?" he asked. "*You* bean't goin' to back out, be ye?"

When the deed was finally prepared, I asked him how he wanted his money. He pondered fully five minutes before he spoke. "Well, *money 's* good enough, I guess."

"All right; I can pay you in cash. I will get it at the bank. What denominations of notes do you want?"

"What what?"

"What denom—what sized notes?"

Again he pondered.

"Well, ones and twos will do."

So I had to hand over more than $2000 in one- and two-dollar bills, and count them out for him on his table. It required over an hour. He handled and examined carefully through his old silver-rimmed spectacles each note as I counted it out, and then recounted and examined them all again.

This was before "the new Philistines" came, as Captain Spile called them.

The chief of these, whom the captain termed "Goliar," was a summer visitor by the name of Slagg, who bought of the Long estate the fine hill which rose behind old Simmy's homestead and overlooked his modest house, as it faced the sea. We "cottagers" had heard in the city that something remarkable was going on at the Harbor, but when the old visitors returned in the summer, they found that a mansion, portentous in size and bearing, crowned the lofty knoll back from the sea, and that the place was stretching its massive stone walls like Briarean arms in every direction. According to some reports, it was the intention of the newcomer to change the Harbor once for all, and bring it fully abreast of the most fashionable watering-place on the coast.

It was even said that Mr. Slagg, the new cottager, had offered Simmy a fabulous price for his homestead, which lay between him and the sea, using the magic name of syndicate, and that the offer had been refused. I inquired of Simmy as to this, and he corroborated it in his quiet way.

"Well, somebody did say sump'n' about it, but I told them that I did n't keer to sell any more."

I had heard from Captain Spile at the pier that Simmy had said he did n't care about syndicates: they were "too much like a cuttle-fish"; also that Slagg had said he 'd get the place yet.

However this was, the preparations of the new magnate went on amazingly. It was rumored that he was going to spend millions on his new place, and the outward and visible signs betokened that at

"OLD SIMMY"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

least his expenditures would be lavish. Extensive purchases of land were made. The solid rock was blasted out for gardens and courts, and everything proposed was on a scale of magnificence hitherto undreamed of in that quiet region. There was even talk of his building a great seawall, so as to have a harbor for his yacht and for boats that usually seek the companionship of such craft. His stables were on an equally elaborate scale. He was credibly reported to have forty horses. Large trees were transplanted and put in spots that cut off the view, and the curious thing was that the stable was located in quite as prominent a position as the mansion. A protest from neighbors, that the stable was offensively near their houses and interfered with their view, met with the undeniable statement that it was no more prominent from their houses than from his, and that he did not object to it.

To no one was the change more disturbing than to the occupants of the little piggin house just under the front wall of the new cottage. The heavy hauling upon the roads had destroyed the pathway; the teams stood in the road and broke old Simmy's fence. But the real worry lay deeper than this. The new buildings overlooking them not only destroyed their privacy, but cut off their view of the rising hills to the westward, with the flaming sunset skies above them.

I observed on my return that summer that old Simmy had shifted his seat from the big chopping-block in the afternoon sun, where he had always been used to sit, and sat around the corner of his house; and that Miss Abby now had him roll her chair out on the front veranda, instead of basking in the sunny angle to the westward, where she used to mend old Simmy's clothes. I never heard them explain the change, but once having heard from Captain Spile that "Abby was takin' on mightily about cuttin' off her view," I stopped on my way up the lane and asked her what she thought of the new mansion.

"'Pears to me," she said, "like they were takin' one of God's landscapes and makin' a painted picture of it. But it 's none of *my* business. I suppose he 's tryin' to forge something up there." She went on sewing with a surer stick of the needle.

Mr. Slagg, report said, had begun at an anvil, and by keeping on hammering had amassed a large fortune. His hammering, however, had of late years consisted of hammering the market, and his latest deal, by which he had "realized"—so the phrase went—millions of dollars, was regarded by many well-informed men as something rather close to robbery. In fact, a rumor had somehow gotten abroad that bogus stock had been issued. So Miss Abby's innuendo had a double edge.

III

WHATEVER the fact was as to this, Slagg was one of the newly rich city-men who had sprung up like weeds from the ruin he had helped to make, and as he had only one aim —money,—so now he thought that money would accomplish anything. He looked like one of his iron pigs, a stout, roundish, oblong, heavy body on short legs; a rough, rather uncouth face in which glinted small, keen eyes; a big nose; and a coarse mouth above a strong chin. He was not lacking in humor or in good temper, but he lacked most things that they usually accompany. He boldly announced his theory that he purposed to have everything that money could buy, and his conviction that "money would buy everything." The first shock to this view came from old Simmy. When Slagg first bought and laid out his place, he tried to buy old Simmy's little homestead, which any one who had been to Rock Ledge a summer well knew old Simmy would *not* sell, and in his first interview with the old man he sealed his fate, even if he would otherwise have had a chance. After the agent he had sent to sound the old fellow had failed, he himself went to him, and when the high price he offered failed to move him, he tried to scare him with a threat of having his taxes raised. It was a threat that he had often worked sucessfully in his career, but this time he did not know his man. The old fellow shut up like one of the brown sea-urchins on the rocks below his house. Still, feeling sure of his method, Slagg went on building, confident that he would in time be able, as he said, "to squeeze the old man out," and he took no pains to conceal his plan.

Since the first moment he stood on his imposing front porch, he knew he must

get rid of his unwished-for neighbor, or lose much of that for which he had striven. His front view commanded, instead of the blue sea, with the surf breaking on the rocks and curving on the beach below, only old Simmy's little piggin house and bare chicken-yard. He once more made an offer, which he felt sure would be accepted, to Captain Spile, who expressed his doubts whether the old man would consider it. Slagg swore.

"Why, he 'll jump at it like a dog—all that money, and he a Yankee."

"He don't want money," said the captain, leaning over the rail of the pier.

"Don't he! Everybody wants money."

"Well, most folks do; but old Simmy 's got more now than he knows what to do with. He don't want any more."

"There ain't a man in the world 't don't want more," asserted Slagg, with conviction. "I know 'em. Ain't a man in New York won't sell his soul for money. I know 'em. I wish you 'd go and see him for me."

"Wa-al, I 'm pretty busy," drawled the captain.

"Busy! I don't see that you do anything."

"I 'm busy watchin' the river. Takes up all my time, pretty much, watchin' it fill and empty. It just fills up to empty again, like some folks; but some folks don't even know when they 're full."

Slagg did not quite take in the old seaman's apothegm, but he went off growling about "getting his way yet." He had not got far when he turned back and asked me to dine with him, an invitation which I declined. As he walked away the old captain followed him with his deep, clear eyes.

"You city folks 've got a comical way of swapping victuals," he observed.

I nodded my acquiescence.

"Now, if I don't like a man, I don't like him; and if I don't like him, I bean't goin' to ask him to eat with me, and I surely bean't goin' to eat with him."

I agreed with him that there were a good many points of difference between him and the people he mentioned, and when he casually observed that his wife had a "fresh bakin' of doughnuts" that day, I was duly appreciative of the compliment, and accepted his invitation.

Slagg did not know old Simmy. And when his offers of more and more for the little place were met with the same stolid reply: "Don't keer to sell," he felt satisfied from his knowledge of men that this was only a clever ruse to "rob him," as he expressed it. He therefore sought an interview with old Simmy at which I happened to be present. Slagg was shrewd, plausible, and persistent. Old Simmy was dull, calm, and sphinx-like. He met every proposition with silence or the simple statement: "Don't believe I keer to sell."

"Well, I guess you 'll sell if you get a big enough offer," said Slagg. "I 'd sell anything I 've got if a man—"

"Mebbe you would," said Simmy slowly.

"Yes, and so would you." And then Slagg, either to try him, or in earnest, offered him an exchange which was obviously to Simmy's pecuniary advantage.

"Don't believe I keer to change."

"Well, I will build you a new house, and make it look like something instead of that old rattle-trap."

The old fellow turned and gazed silently at his bare, little house, and Slagg brightened.

"Why, it 's a blot on the place."

Old Simmy, with his eyes half-vacantly on the house, wiped his horny hand across his rough face, and kept silence.

"You won't do that!" exclaimed Slagg.

Simmy gave no further sign, and Slagg's patience suddenly gave out. "Well, I 'm done with you; I 've come here and doubled the value of your property, and offered you five times what it 's worth, and you won't do anything. I tell you now, I 'll never make you another offer."

"That 's go-od," said Simmy, quietly.

"You think it 's 'good,' do you? Well, you have n't done with me yet. Why, you block the way of progress in this whole town—you block civilization!"

"Be you civilization?" asked the old man so quietly that for a moment Slagg was nonplussed. Then he went off growling and threatening; but that evening old Simmy's reply was known about the pier.

IV

It was the next spring, after Slagg's new house was finished, that old Simmy's sister Abby died. I did not learn of it until I got back in the summer and fell in

with Captain Spile at the pier. It was like picking up a newspaper-file after a long absence.

"Mr. Slagg he 's back, too," he said, "in his Chromo Castle."

"Still wants Simmy's place, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he wants it—bad—and he 'll keep on wantin' it."

"But now old Miss Abby 's dead—"

"He 'll never git it now. I told him long ago he 'd never git it, anyhow; but he thought he knew better. Abby sort o' mistrusted Simmy might git lonesome and git out; but—" The captain's eyes blinked with deep satisfaction.

"What was the matter with her?"

"Worry, Simmy says—havin' her view cut off—an' her chickens, an' all. You see, she 'd always been feeble, and I think she did n't like the idea. But she went kind o' unlooked-for when she did go—'t wa'n't even the time of tide for her to go. She had lasted all winter, and had kept the house, and when spring come, Simmy thought 't would do her good to git her out-doors; so he wrapped her up and set her in the sun, and I think she took cold. But *he* says 't was Slagg's *house,* and worry for fear he 'd sell her out: an' she told him she was cold, that Slagg would soon own everything and force 'em out like he said; and, mebbe, after she was gone and buried, he would be like Naboth—an' would n't be able to hold out against him. And next mornin' she was dead."

"Well, Simmy,—I 'll go an' see him, —what did he say?"

The captain was slowly whittling the pier rail beside him, so he replied with deliberation.

"Well, Simmy, you know, is a right religious man now,—he 's tolerable old, over eighty; though he wa'n't as much older than Abby as she said by ten years, —but when he was young he used to be a pretty hard blasphemer, an' fighter, too, I remember; an' I judge he 'll hold out. That Slagg won't git that house, not in Simmy's time. Naboth 's a pretty good hand at standin' Ahab off when he wants to. Money 's a curious thing, bean't it?" he proceeded. "Looks like some folks bean't strong enough to stand the strain—the' git warped like green timber in a boat when you lay her up, now don't they? Now, our friend Slagg, 'thout his money, he would n't be much more account than a chip in the porrich, an' he ain't so very much account with it."

Next time I talked with Simmy, the old man gave me a sudden insight into his heart.

"He wa-ants me to sell my haouse," he drawled in his deep bass; "says he 'd sell anything he has. Wa-al, mebbe *he* would. Tha-at haouse was built so long ago they bean't hardly a plank of the old house left—nothin' but the framin' and chimney, an' not too much o' that. My gran'mother—I mean my father's gran'-mother—was in that haouse by herself the las' time the Injuns come down here. 'T was at night, an' 't wa'n't a soul with her 'cept her baby and the dog. Her husband hed gone away to get the men together to drive 'em back, because they had heard they was comin'; an' they come that night before they was lookin' for 'em, an' my gran'mother she heard 'em, an' she banked her fire, and tied her garter raound the dog's maouth to keep him from barkin', and set there in the dark, and suckled her baby to keep him quiet while the Injuns praowled all raound the haouse and pressed their noses to the winders, lookin' in to see if anybody was there; an' then when they had gone, she slipped aout an' run down 'long that wall to L'ander Dunnell's block-haouse an' give the alarm, with her baby in her arms. I 've heared my gran'father tell abaout it because he was the baby, an' he said if 't hed n't been for her the Injuns would 'a' massacreed 'em all."

He pondered for a little space, and then turned to me.

"I don't think they ought to try to drive me aout, do you? I bean't troublin' them, be I?"

My reply was, I fear, not wholly printable, but it appeared to reassure him.

"An' I bean't a-goin' to sell out," he added calmly. "That haouse was here before he come, an' I guess 't will be here after he goes."

It was after this that a new course was adopted—I will not say by Slagg, but by some of his people, and I think he could have stopped it had he been so minded.

Old Simmy found that the enmity of his neighbor was reflected in sundry annoying ways. Slagg first set to work to

have his taxes raised, and the appraisement was raised, as was really proper, from almost nothing—the old valuation as agricultural land to a valuation still far below its actual value. Next Slagg tried to get the high-road changed so as to make it run through old Simmy's yard, where a road had no doubt been in the old times. In this he failed, though he offered to grade it at his own expense, and build a schoolhouse for the village—an attractive proposal in this age. What, however, worried old Simmy more than anything else was that when his chickens strayed across the road to Slagg's property they were killed by the latter's dogs and, Simmy said, by his men.

The old man spoke of it with a deeper light burning under his shaggy brows than I had ever seen there before.

"Them was Abby's chickens, and I don't think he had ought to kill 'em that way. He knowed that I would 'a' paid him dollar for dollar for every grain or spire o' grass or—weed they 'd destroyed, because I tolt him so; leastways, sent him word I would."

"What did he say?"

"Said, 'Let him keep his d—d chickens aout of my graounds'; 't he 'd treated me like a gentleman, an' I would n't be treated so. I s'pose that 's what he calls 'treatin' like a gentleman.' "

He lapsed back into his habitual apathy; but after a moment added: "Looks like God must think mighty poorly o' riches by the folks he gives 'em to—don't you think so?"

I told him that Dean Swift had thought so.

"He 's a stranger o' mine," he said.

V

Old Simmy's opportunity came sooner than he had expected.

The nearest way to the beach from Slagg's place was across Simmy's grounds. There was no regular path there, but neighbors frequently cut across the grass by his chicken-yard to reach the "fisherman's walk" on the shore. Slagg's men began to make a regular path across there, and when Simmy put up a notice for strangers to "keep off," it was pulled down, as Simmy believed, by Slagg's people.

It happened that one afternoon as I was crossing Simmy's grounds, Slagg himself came along with a dog, and either supposing that Simmy, who was standing by his wall, gazing out over the sea, "lookin' for Leander," would not observe him, or, if he should, would be indifferent to his presence, he walked across Simmy's yard. Unfortunately, when he was about half-way across, the dog caught sight of Simmy's chickens, and there was immediate trouble.

In an instant the old man was upon him; but he was too late to save the chicken. He then turned upon the dog's owner and denounced him for setting his dog upon his fowls. This Slagg stoutly denied, and said that he had called the dog off. He offered to pay fifty cents for the chicken, which he said was twice as much as it was worth. Simmy, however, refused it with scorn, and ordered him to turn and go back off his place by the way he had come.

This angered Slagg, and in a rage he began to curse the old man, declaring that he was glad of the chance to tell him what he thought of him as "an offensive old fool, who stood in everybody's way."

"I am goin' to stand in your way this time, an' keep you from crossin' my yard an' killin' Abby's chickens. Now go back where you come from." He reached out his long arm and pointed down the hill.

"I will go off your place, but I will not go back," said Slagg. "Now get out of my way."

"Yes, you will, too," drawled Simmy. "You will go back." And he spread himself before the younger man.

In a sudden rage, Slagg caught him by his coat and jerked him out of the way. The next second he was sprawling flat on his back on the grass.

I had no idea that the old man could be so quick or could strike such a blow. He appeared suddenly transformed. Taking a step forward, he stood over his prostrate antagonist and looked down on him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, I am hurt," growled the other. "What did you hit me for that way?"

"Becuz you killed Abby's chickens an' tore my coat. Now git up an' go back the way you come, like I told you."

Slagg rose slowly to his feet, scowling at the old man standing stolidly before

him, and turning, went back down the path, growling his threats of vengeance.

At the trial afterward, the testimony was conflicting. Old Simmy still believed and testified that Slagg set the dog on the chicken that he killed. Slagg still stoutly denied this, and swore that he called the dog off, and offered to pay for the fowl more than it was worth. The suit, however, was not for the chicken, but for something more. Old Simmy, tall, heavy, and dull-eyed, was the accused, and Slagg, with a black eye and bruised nose, was the prosecutor.

Old Simmy partly admitted the charge of assault, but pleaded provocation. The court wisely let him tell his story in his own way, and all the facts came out, including the trouble about his property. He admitted that he had accused Slagg of killing his chickens, and he still accused him; also that he had told him that he should not pass through his place, and Slagg had cursed him.

"And what did you do then?" he was asked.

"I did n't do nothin' right then," the old man drawled. "I just stood in his way an' told him he mus' go back."

"And then?"

"Then? Then he took hold of me and tore my old coat." He looked down at it.

"Was that the same coat you have on now?" asked Slagg's lawyer.

"Yes."

The lawyer approached him and examined the coat closely.

"Was n't it a very old coat?"

"Yes, a mite old."

"How old?"

"Wa-all, I don't rightly know just haow old. If Abby was livin', she could tell you. She made it."

The lawyer edged off the dangerous ground.

"Well, how did you feel when he put his hands on you—as you say? Did n't you feel very angry?"

Old Simmy pondered.

"No, I could n't say as I did. I just felt sort o' warm."

"What! You knock a man down and don't feel angry?"

"No; just sort of tingly all over, as I had n't felt in over fifty years." His deep eyes gave a sudden glint of enjoyment, and he straightened perceptibly, as the crowd laughed.

"But you knocked him down?"

"I hit him."

"And what did he do then?"

"Fell down—flat."

"And what did you do?"

"I told him to get up an' go back where he had come from, like I told him to do."

"And that was all that occurred?"

"No; he got up and went."

The manifest enjoyment of the crowd that packed the little court-room, was a proof of the popular feeling, and the law was clearly on old Simmy's side. Thus, the judgment was a just one.

Slagg, with his bulldog chin and his belief in the power of money, held on for some time.

"He can't live always," he said, "and I 'll have it yet. His heirs will have more sense than that old fool."

He was right about the old man. He did not hold on long. When we returned the following summer, one of the first things Captain Spile said to me down on the pier was, "Well, Leander's Light 's out."

"Yes, I heard old Simmy was dead."

"Yes, he died trying to light it. The way we knew he was gone, Jesse Moulton's son was comin' in roun' Western Point an' noticed the light was out and give the alarm, and we found him settin' in his big chair, speechless, with the lamp-chimney broke on the floor by him. He must have dropped it when he had the stroke."

"I suppose Ahab will get the place now?" I hazarded.

The captain's face wore a pleased look as he shook his head.

"No; Simmy 's left it to the town—to keep."

When Slagg heard that old Simmy had died, he moved at once. But, as Captain Spile stated, the old fellow had left his homestead and property to the town for a hospital or a school, and provided that it should belong to the town so long as his old house, or one as near like it as possible, should be kept standing.

Thus, as Simmy prophesied, while Slagg has moved on to other pastures, the old house still stands. And "Leander's Light" burns on.

IN THE DARK OF THE MOON

BY EMMA GHENT CURTIS

IT was a cloudy, sultry July day of the early eighties. I had made my regular annual vow not to ride for Stallard another year, and had appended thereto my usual contract of reëmployment. The hitch was that Stallard had no feeling for his men, and they returned the compliment; hence he always had the meanest outfit in the valley, and one of my clearly understood duties was to stand between him, the outfit, and trouble. He trusted me to the last degree, and worked me accordingly. I was the emergency man, the one depended on to bring the long-horned outlaws down from High Park, and was expected to furnish an example of contentment with a life painfully close to nature and salt hog. Being young, the trust flattered me; and as for the overwork—well, I knew a good thing when I saw it: money is money, and the old man was good pay.

The head man at the Lazy N was supposed to have some influence; I had learned that whisky had nine pulls to my one. Two men would have been enough to take the veal stuff to Pueblo, for a lot of the cows went along, but all four insisted upon going. I was now, for the third day, holding fifty bereaved dams, with only Mexican Pietro—Pete for short—for help, and he was next to useless when a quart bottle was expected on the scene.

On the day of this history he lay dozing round the shack with a bone in his foot, a crick in his back, a threatened attack of pneumonia, and I don't know what other troubles. He did not even bring me out a lunch at noon when I sent Custer in with a note in his collar, stating that the ants had got into my dinner-pail. He could not savvy writing that day,—he "no comprende" at all,—though rumor said that he had once written a love-letter to a white girl sufficiently intelligible to bring him a horsewhipping from her sire.

I shook out as many of the ants as possible, ate next to nothing, headed the bellowing cows back into the draw for the hundreth time, cussed the cattle business generally, and waited for night. Night never brought much solace at the Lazy N; but supper, even such as Pete got up, counts high with a fellow who was born hungry.

About four o'clock I got a fresh stab—a letter from Stallard, handed me by one of Murdock's men. The main trend of the missive was complimentary, but it showed even more than the writer's usual tendency to dictate my course and meddle with my private business. Had I been in better humor, I would have laughed at its contents; as matters stood, they were fuel for my inward flame.

As night approached, Pete heard the yells and scented the whisky from afar, so Custer and I corralled the frantic cows alone. When the work was done, I was reeking with sweat, and dog and pony were both so exhausted that I sent the former in, and went to a near-by gulch pasture for a substitute for the latter, knowing well the need of a fresh mount for the heavy work of the morrow. As I emerged from the pasture, riding the tough, wiry bronco I had secured, I was totally unprepared for the apparition that met me. I made out in the fast-gathering dusk a slight figure mounted upon a gray pony, on one side of which hung a long, dark skirt. I gave a violent start, and tried to recall whether I had shaved yesterday or the day before.

"Good evening," said a girlish voice that threatened to break. "Can you tell me whether this is the right road to Sargent?"

"Sargent?" I replied, feeling that the

word rose out of a well of whirling emotions. "Why, you are a long way from there. Where did you start from?"

"Bennet's ranch—that 's twelve miles from Sargent. I started at noon, and about two miles out I went through a cañon to cut off distance. The sun was hidden and the hills were full of trails; I must have got turned round."

"That 's what you did; you 're due west of Sargent, and I own up I don't know where to send you. Nobody lives round here but us and Murdock's, both cow-outfits, with not a woman at either place. I 'm sorry for you, sure."

"Why, that large house on the hillside that I 've been catching sight of now and then—I thought I could get to stay there over-night."

"The ranch-house? That 's been locked the last three years—ever since Stallard moved to Denver; we fellows live in the shack near-by. I 'd have thought you 'd take the train at Tampa; that 's only three miles from Bennet's."

"Uncle Bennet wanted me to, but I liked the idea of riding all the way home; he said the pony would go straight back, and you know it looked like clearing up just at noon. I 'm terribly sorry I did n't take his advice; I 'm all tired out—never was in the saddle more than two hours at a time before. But it 's too late for regrets; I must have help, and that, too, from some one I can trust. Both Uncle Bennet and my father will be very grateful for any favors shown me."

It was a bad time to leave: I had hasty visions of the outfit shooting up the ranch-house windows and firing the shack in my absence; but here was a case of stern necessity. This woman must have a champion, and I found my blood leaping at the prospective adventure.

"Well," I replied, "all I can think of is to take you to the Junction—that 's ten miles by the trail. You can stay at the hotel till morning, then take the nine o'clock train for home. I 'll bring your pony back here, and start him for Bennet's with a note in the saddle, so your uncle won't be scared by him coming in from the wrong direction."

"But I 've no money with me; I never thought of needing money."

"I have a ten-dollar bill; I 'll lend you that."

"Well, I 'll have to accept your offer. I hate to impose on a stranger like this, but I 'm helpless, and I 'll see that you are paid for your trouble. Why, what do those terrible screams mean? There are no Indians round here, are there?"

"Oh, that 's just our outfit bringing home a jag: I mean they 're drunk."

"Will they come here?"

"Oh, I guess not. You need n't be afraid. I 'll start with you as soon as I eat my supper and gather up something for you. It 'll be the best I can get. I 'd go right now, but the ants got into my dinner, so I could n't eat it, and I 'm half-starved. I 'll take you to a safe little gulch, and you 'd better dismount and rest there; I 'll be back in less than half an hour." The crazy din had been swelling all through this speech of mine.

"Why, they must be coming here," she said; "the screams sound much louder."

"They may be coming to the spring," I mused; "I don't understand why, and they 're probably too drunk to know. Oh, I 've guessed it: they were to look up a new man in town to-day; they 've got him, and are going to initiate him; they 'll wind up by ducking him in the spring. But I 'll put you where you 're safe, then gallop over to the shack, gather up some kind of a lunch for us, and whirl back." The noise was becoming pandemonium, and was nearing rapidly.

"Oh, I 'm sorry about your supper," she said, with nervous haste, "but I have a little lunch here; not very much for two people, but we 'll divide. I 'm no coward, but, oh, I don't like to meet drunken men. Could n't you start right now?"

"I do hate to leave you alone," I said. "It 's getting pitch-dark. I 'd never suggested it in the first place if I had n't been so hungry. Come on. We 'll drink, and water the ponies, at the spring here; there 's no more water for miles."

I filled a battered can for her, hurried my own and the ponies' drafts, then seized her rein, and guided her out of the draw none too soon. We rode silently along till the din was well behind us, then I said:

"Now understand that I 'm going to do the best I can for you all round. I want to impress this on you, for you 'll have to trust me in everything. The out-

fit won't follow us, because they don't know of our expedition; but we 've got a long, hard trip over wild trails—won't pass a house till we get to the Junction. There 's no great danger, if we 're careful, but there 'll be times when we 'll have to dismount and climb up and down steep places. There 'll be no moon, and it looks some like a thunderstorm; you 'll have to prove yourself a soldier."

"Oh, I will," she said bravely. "And in regard to what you said about me trusting you, I felt from the first that I could —just as soon as I heard your voice."

"Well, I 'll try not to disappoint you. We 'll have rough traveling through these hills, but in about an hour we 'll get to the Long Valley; there 's a draw there with fine grass in it where your pony can pick a supper while you rest, and while we eat that lunch you spoke about. We 're coming into a rough, broken piñon belt right here."

That piñon belt was the master of ceremonies that made us acquainted. As the drunken orgy died away in the distance I began to feel the peculiarity of being out in the night in the solitary company of a presumably fair unknown; but the necessities of the trip did much to dissipate constraint. I rode slowly along, holding her horse back or dragging him forward, according to the demands of the trail, pulling, pushing, coaxing; and as the timber thickened I had often to disengage her hat and draperies from protruding boughs. Timidity gradually left us both, and by the time we were half through the jungle we were more like comrades than like strangers thrown together by chance. A stiff breeze blew away the day's heat, and the hills seemed pulsing with a romance I had never noticed before.

As the dark struggle proceeded,—it could not have gone on at all if I had not known every foot of the trail,—I encouraged her to talk; for her narratives of school and social life opened doors that had long ago closed upon me. I listened enraptured, forgetting all about the discordant yells ripping up the air round the shack.

When we emerged from the belt and reached the bench below, I lifted her from her saddle, cautioned her to remain where she was, led the ponies in a half-circle to avoid the steepest descent, worried them down the precipice, then returned to assist her. She was plucky, and did no unnecessary leaning; one hand she reluctantly gave me till we got to the jump-off; then, of course, I had to go first and swing her down after me. As I steadied her upon her feet she said in a troubled voice:

"It 's too bad women have to be so much bother."

"It 's too bad a lady has to be lifted round by a man begrimed with dust and sweat," I replied. "And you need n't think I 'm regretting this trip. Once in a long time we fellows go miles and miles somewhere to a dance; we don't see women anywhere else this side of town, and I don't know a dozen people there, all told. Every man in our outfit thinks he has a right to my days off; but I 've got the start of everybody to-night."

"Thank you," she said cordially.

I brought the ponies and lifted her to her seat. Her draperies were soft to my touch, she was light and graceful, and I could make out, even in the darkness, that she sat her saddle well. There were more protruding boughs, steep descents, and hard climbs, through all of which she was brave and sometimes even merry.

We coaxed her pony into a gallop at the throat of the Long Valley, for I was half afraid the Lazy N revelers might become humane and generous by the promptings of whisky, and start out to hunt me up. But the grassy draw was distant enough to be safe. We dismounted there; I threw down my pony's reins so he would not wander, but I was kinder to hers, though I suspected he was more lazy and stubborn than he was tired —her weight was nothing. I stripped him, gave his legs a hearty rubbing, and picketed him with the riata from my saddle. I vigorously tramped a nearly shelving rock to discourage possible rattlers, and invited my charge to utilize it for a sofa. Then, in response to a happy thought, I searched every one of my pockets to its remotest depths—in vain.

"You 've no matches, I suppose," I ventured. "I find I have n't one. If I had matches, I 'd make a fire."

"Oh, no; I 've no matches. But a fire would be nice, would n't it? The air has become real chilly."

It was not the warmth I wanted so much as the light. I was being eaten alive by curiosity concerning her face. Away to the east shone faint illuminations,—reflections of sheet lightning below the horizon,—but their glow failed to reach us. I prayed the storm to move our way, vowing to wrap the girl in my slicker if it brought the rain along.

"Will you get the lunch out of my saddle-pocket? I 'm so stiff and tired I can hardly move," came the voice from the shelving rock.

I started forth buoyant with hope, thinking how merrily I would feed my face, even though the sight of beauty was denied my eyes. I made the search, then gasped out: "Is this the lunch?" For I had fished up a package about the size of a government gift of seed peas.

"It 's the only package there."

I experienced a sinking spell, but rallied, bore the treasure to her, and gave it into her hand.

"Now," she said, "there are two chicken sandwiches, a peach turnover, and two cookies. I did n't eat at supper-time because I was so worried about being lost, and I 'm so glad now I waited. I did n't think I 'd need a lunch at all,—expected to get home too soon to get hungry,—but aunt would have me bring it. Now, you are to have both sandwiches, on account of missing your dinner; we 'll divide the other things."

This was heroic of her. Knowing how hungry she was bound to be, I declared that two chicken sandwiches of ordinary size would completely upset my digestion, chicken and my system being at everlasting daggers' points. I was almost afraid of one, but would risk it, provided she would make away with its twin. She consented to this only after serious argument and several lies on my part. The sandwich proved to be a delicious morsel, made of a split breakfast biscuit and a thin slice of the breast—I almost tasted it as it went down. The half of the turnover was a dream,—a brief and fleeting one,—and I managed to get an atom of the cooky between my teeth so that its flavor reminded me.

"I 'm afraid you have n't had quite enough," she said gravely.

"Well, I could have managed more; but, then, I 've a natural tendency to overeat when the chuck is fine. Your aunt must be something of a cook."

"Oh, I cooked the things," she said proudly. "I always help aunt when I 'm out there."

"Well, if it ever falls to your lot to cook for a cow-man, cook plenty. He 'll come home wolfish; make great pans of those cookies."

This remark of mine caused me to hear something: she probably felt that I was on dangerous ground, and needed warning.

"I—I 'm planning to cook for a dry-goods man," she said, with an evident effort.

"Dry-goods? Humph! Woman's business—unless he 's the boss." I suspect there was an edge to my voice.

"Oh, he 's our head clerk. I 'm a clerk, too, but I don't like the work—not a bit. One sees so much of the narrow side of people, and then one has so little time to read. Up at Uncle Bennet's there 's so much time, and it 's so cool and quiet. I always spend my vacations there; lots of afternoons I take a book and go away up in the hills among the pines and stay for hours. I 'm just through my vacation now."

I saw she was trying to dodge the subject she had conscientiously introduced.

"Hum! is this er-r—this experiment to be soon?" I asked.

"Oh, some time this fall."

"And I suppose your bright particular star don't know you 're lost, or he 'd be lighting up the hills so you could get out of them."

"Why, of course, he don't know I 'm lost."

"Well, he ought to be highly grateful to a chap like me that gathers you up and takes you safely home to him."

"He will be. I 'll tell him how nice you 've been." Her voice betrayed enough nervousness to prove that I was acting the fool. What could I suspect other than that such a sweet-voiced creature would have an adorer? And what affair of mine was it whether the same chased cows, held up stages, or measured off calico as a means of livelihood? I examined my crankiness, and concluded it was due to a fear that one so young and inexperienced was not capable of making a wise choice. But neither was that my

worry. I resolved to be good. She, poor girl, fluttered and uneasy, again tried to change the subject.

"Do you read the magazines much?" she ventured.

"When I can corral the magazine and the time; but both are hard to get out here. Sometimes Stallard sends out a stock journal with a marked article on the care of saddle-horses. Why, is there anything special running?"

"Oh, —— is publishing a series of splendid articles about Napoleon; one describes the battle of Austerlitz. Did you ever study that battle? It was simply grand."

"I 've heard of it; but guess what I don't know about it would make a book. What was there so grand about it?"

I was not particularly interested in Austerlitz or any other colossal scrap just then, but I enjoyed her soft voice, and the dim outlines of her hands gesticulating there in the dark.

"Oh, Austerlitz was superb," she went on. "Napoleon carried things with such a sweep; he handled his own forces, specially his artillery, so magnificently; then he took advantage of every weakness of the enemy, turned all their misfortunes to his own account, cut off every hope, resource, and chance of escape, conquering them into submission by his splendid ruling of circumstances. They were at his mercy, and had to accept his terms of surrender."

"That was fine for him, but how did the vanquished feel about it?"

"Oh, of course, it was hard for them, but defeat can't be so bad when you yield to a man like that. I believe I 'd rather enjoy it. If there is ever another Austerlitz, I 'd like to be in it, even if I 'm on the defeated side—that is, I should if I were a man."

"Well, women can send their hearts to battle," I ventured.

"Yes, but they don't meet Napoleons. There are no Napoleons any more."

"What, is n't even your head clerk one?" I should not have said that, but I did.

"Oh, he 's different. He 's a splendid clerk, and the girls are wild about him, but he 's not like the Man of Destiny: nobody is these days."

I knew she had shied away from the subject of her betrothed out of respect to my feelings, yet here she was going into rhapsodies over a kingdom-smasher to a man whose record included nothing greater than a few slain cinnamon bear and a coyote roped and subsequently kicked to death. I ingeniously headed her round to talking about herself again, kept her going till I knew all her personal history and her family's—till I knew, without her making any boasts or definite statements, that she was a sweet, bright light round which more than one man had played the moth. As this last fact slowly penetrated my consciousness, I shut my teeth hard and breathed like a treed bear.

When we made ready to move on, she confessed that the pain and stiffness were creeping deep into her muscles. I knew what she felt; I remembered my own first days in the saddle before I became a mechanism of steel wires. I assured her that another hour would bring us to the hotel, prepared the ponies, and we left the level valley for another struggle through gulches and hills. This accomplished, we would emerge upon the open plain.

The lightning reflections vexed and promised and wavered, then died away altogether; the clouds thinned enough to reveal a few faint, veiled stars, but the darkness still shrouded my companion's face. And I predicted it would be just my luck for the wicked Junction, whose reputation was known far and wide, to have that night a spasm of virtue, and snuff out its window-lights early.

More and more weary grew my charge. I took up the thread of conversation when she let it fall, telling her thrilling incidents of frontier life and the cow-camps. I was pleasant enough now, with Napoleon and the head clerk in the background, with her worn out and dependent, with myself the knight, the staff, the Moses leading out of the wilderness. At the last jump-off she groaned when I lifted her from the saddle; she lost her footing, and slipped down the bank into my arms, bringing a small avalanche of rocks upon my feet, and brushing my cheek with her face.

"There," I said, as I steadied her, "the gods came near being good to me that time."

"It was an accident," she protested weakly.

"I know it; I said 'the gods,' not 'the goddess.' Why, you can hardly stand!"

"If I ever get home, I 'll have you to thank; I could n't go ten steps alone." She said this in tones of utter despair, and sank half-fainting against me.

I drew her head to my shoulder, and played the oak. When I stooped to preach courage and remind her how short a journey remained, the wind laid a silky tress against my lips, her breath mauled my face in fitful gusts, and her moans hit me like Winchester bullets. It was a hard stagger to remember I had only the right to offer soothing words, while the clerk, if he were there—and I was beginning to suspect he was a coyote, too. I lifted her tenderly, carried her to a grassy bank, and left her there while I worried the ponies down; then I placed her in her saddle and tied her reins to my own, cheering, rallying, and bantering till she became herself again.

It was about midnight when we entered the Junction. The town was a boom venture that had apparently generated in mid-air; for its forty houses looked, by day, as if they had fallen in a lump, rebounded upon alighting, and scattered themselves haphazard over a square mile of ground, with the gaunt, ramshackle hotel at the farthest limit. Glancing over the town, I saw that the spasm of virtue had actually clutched; all was dark: payday was three weeks old.

But the worthy are occasionally rewarded. In the very first house, the one we were about to pass, a window grew suddenly alight, and within I saw a wan woman stooping over a cot whereon lay a pallid child; a second later the little drugstore across the street sent forth an answering gleam.

"We must stop before that brightest window while I buckle my reins; they 've been unbuckled all evening," I said. I did not add that they had also been unbuckled all through their previous career—that a knot alone had held them intact. There was no need whatever for her to know that. We paused in the square of generous light, and while I played with my reins I studied her so intently that my gaze drew hers in return. I swept off my hat, bowed profoundly, and told her I was happy to make her acquaintance at last. What she saw did not seem to frighten her, for she looked into my face with tolerance and trust, as if I were a crude but satisfactory convenience for the loan of which she was duly grateful.

What I saw was a dark veil drawn high round a small hat; soft brown tresses in pretty disorder from the piñons' rough work; eyes with depths of character in them; a lovely, soulful face; a light, graceful form; and, crowning all, an air of daintiness and gentility. The beauties photographed themselves on my brain, and I rode out of the light with a parching dryness in my throat and a sickening chill in my blood.

"I 've dragged all that out of the wilderness for another man, and I 'm to have the wages of a fool," I muttered savagely to myself. I was silent, bitter, furious, for five of the worst minutes man ever knew. I recalled the sensitive face quivering with weariness and pain; and thinking how that small-souled cur might be able to torture her, I cursed him mentally with all the vehemence that despair, hunger, and new-born love could inspire. Then a temptation assailed me; I wondered at its audacity, and bade it begone; but every starved year of my life came forward as an individual whip to drive it upon me, and I gave way. I remembered a legion of things, took a deliberate stand, breathed deeply, and felt fear, irresolution, and weakness take flight. So suddenly it all worked that I gave vent to a low, sharp whistle.

"Why did you whistle that way?" she asked.

"Oh, I just remembered a little matter of business—something I 've got to think over carefully for a while."

And I did think, marshaling my ideas, rejecting, reconsidering, till my mind was like a serried field. I made one definite plan, but left open several ways of applying it, so I should not be resourceless if my first attack failed. Our sort don't take pay for rescues; but knowing I had to make her commit herself, I broke silence to say:

"The fact is, I 'm wondering just what I 'm to get out of this deal."

"I 've thought of that," she replied. "I 'll send your money back by Uncle

Bennet; and I have a little gold ring here worth several dollars—one that I paid for myself. Will you take it? Here it is."

"All right. Just slip it off your finger into my hand, and don't let go till I get hold of it; I don't want to lose my night's wages. There, I have it. Now, it 's my ring, is it?"

"Certainly. I gave it to you."

"Well, now you perceive I 'm slipping it back. So just remember you 're wearing my ring, and that you permitted me to put it on your finger." I did not release her hand; being all ready to talk business, I thought it as well to hold on.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"I mean that the other fellow has got to let go."

"But I—I told you—we were definitely engaged."

"'Were' is the right word; you 'were' engaged to him. Now, circumstances have given you over to me, and he 's got to let go. I 'm going to line up where he 's been ranging. I intend to hit town to-morrow, round him up, tell him several things about our night expedition, then advise him to drop peaceably out of the game and keep still."

"But it would n't be gentlemanly to tell him those things, and you 've been a perfect gentleman till right now."

"Correct. But since I looked you over from head to foot, I 'm just a man. If you had proved to be cheap, common stuff, I 'd have cheerfully sent you home to the clerk, and built a stupendous scheme to keep busy-bodies from knowing anything about our harmless night adventure. But it has n't proved that way: I 've saved the finest article I ever saw, and I 'm not fool enough to let it slip through my fingers. You and I 'll have to tie up—that 's the whole situation."

"Well, of all the assurance! Has n't a woman anything to say about whom she marries?"

"Nothing but 'yes' and 'no,' and she so often says those to the wrong fellow, that I sometimes think it 's a pity she has even that much right."

"Thank you, sir. But laying aside the matter of woman's judgment, there is a moral side to engagements. Having promised to marry that man, I belong morally to him, and that settles the matter."

"Certain armies and properties at Austerlitz belonged to the other fellow till Napoleon roped them in," I said, pressing her hand, and remembering just in time it was not a quirt I was grasping. "Now, the proposition you 've got to tackle is this: your soft voice and little, coaxing ways had been growing on me for hours, making me feel like I had a Waterbury watch done up inside of me where my heart ought to be; but I did n't quite lose myself till I saw your face. Then I got all my feet in the noose at once, and went down. Now, I don't cripple myself to save a woman for another man."

"But you promised willingly to do the best you could for me."

"I am going to do that all my life—going to start in by yanking you out of the clutches of that bandbox clerk. Now don't I deserve a fitting reward for all my goodness?"

"You ought to be like the knights of olden times that rescued women just for humanity's sake."

"I 've read about the knights: I remember they always picked out the finest girl in the batch for number one—worked all kinds of schemes, even to carrying her off by force. But about my own case: I got a letter from our owner to-day asking me to get married, then take the ranch house for a term of years, and civilize things up. Not knowing any woman that suited me,—a man can always get plenty of stuff that don't suit,—the letter riled me. But I had so many other worries that I forgot all about it till I saw your face; then it all flashed over me in a minute, and I whistled right out. I 've saved my wages; I have a better start than your Uncle Bennet had at my age, and you say you 're not used to luxury and wealth. You 'll have leisure and seclusion at the ranch house, nobody on your hands but me,—for there 'll be a man to cook for the men same as there is now. So there you are."

"You certainly can't believe I 'll take up with a man I 've known only a few hours."

"But look how well you know me. Have n't I proved myself? And I 'll get you plenty of references before the final

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WE PAUSED IN THE SQUARE OF GENEROUS LIGHT"

tie-up, so you can go into it without fear. I 'll take all the trouble on my own shoulders; as soon as I 've stowed you and your pony safely away, I 'll hump for home, change horses, then hike across country, and beat your train to town if I have to kill the best brute in my string. From what you 've told me I can round up Counter-Hop within ten minutes after I sight the post-office. I 'm going to argue the whole case out with him to such a finish that by the time you see him there 'll be nothing left for you to say. I 'll bluff him right out of the game."

"But I don't want you to argue the case with him. It might make trouble—lots of trouble. Then it would be taking a mean advantage of me—you know it would." Her voice shook, and the soft little fingers I held trembled forth anger and defiance.

"I 've got to play my hand as it 's dealt out to me," I said stubbornly. "It 'll take grit, but you 're worth the trouble, and I 'm not in the game to lose. I won't tell him any lies—won't need to. I can scare up enough truth to swing things my way; the argument is all on my side; I hold all four aces—and the queen."

"What you 're doing is no better than a hold-up."

"Well, in courtship deception is the regular program, and hold-up methods are not so much worse. But you can't accuse me of road-agenting, because I 've no artillery with me to 'handle magnificently.' I 'll have to depend altogether on the 'splendid ruling of circumstances.' But I did n't think you 'd take it so hard—thought you 'd be willing to consider my side of the case a little. Now listen here: I 've swung you, lifted you, held you in my arms; I 've carried you, I 've drunk your breath, and gone wolf-wild over your face. You 'll forget; if I lose my grit and let you off, you 'll brand me an easy mark before to-morrow night, and inside of six months you 'll forget that I exist. But out here in these God-forsaken hills it 'll all stay with me. I 'll be alone so much, and I 'll think, think, think, till I 'm plumb locoed, or driven to going on sprees. Now I 'm not such a yearling as to let a little girl whip me out just by calling me a hold-up."

"But you can't be hurt—so soon."

"If I 'd been used to your extra fine sort I 'd have got off easier; but the devilment 's done, and I don't intend to try any remedy but the preacher cure."

"You 're worse than a Kalmuck-Tartar. They do give a woman—a chance—to run."

"Don't cry," I pleaded. "I meant to say all this a lot smoother; I know I 've made a mess of it; I don't know how to talk flowery stuff; don't know how to run this kind of business at all: but I 've always heard that anything that can be made to work, goes. You look me over: I 'm as decently made as the average, and I don't carouse; I 'm white, and I 'll always be white to you. Don't cry!"

"I 'm not crying. But I 'm so miserably stiff and tired, and you piling all this annoyance on me drives me half wild. If you don't let go my hand, I 'll scream."

"You gave me your hand in giving me the ring; but, there, take it back for the present; it won't make any difference in the final result. I don't want you to scream, because if you do, these good people will rush out of their houses and hang me to one of these cottonwoods before I get you to the hotel and hand over the *dinero* for your journey. The coroner will get what money I have, and you 'll be invited to tell him a lot of interesting history. It will all wind up by your picture getting into the Denver papers right alongside mine."

Knowing that she must yield, I had grown confident, and feeling that the yielding was actually going on, I had become almost merry. I was sure her romantic little heart was on my side and that the stormy protests I heard were merely the battle-cries of conventionalism.

"Oh, I 'll do something desperate!" she said in a low, choking voice.

"Why, little girl, if you 'd kill yourself, I 'd have to go along. You 'd be sure to be sent into the high country, and you 'd never get up the steep grades without me there to help. And now cheer up. When a woman sighs for a Napoleon, and takes up with a ribbon-snipper, it 's high time for some good third party to head her off."

"Well, I warn you solemnly that if you go on with this and compel me to

marry you, I 'll not try to make you happy. I 'll be just as disagreeable as I can."

"You can start in that way, but you 'll have two great advantages over most married women that will eventually make you blest: you can't blame yourself if the affair turns out badly, and I can never throw up to you that you ran me down. As for the time of our tie-up, I want us to get acquainted first; I want to walk with you, and dance with you to slow music; then I want to go back to my work, and think about you, and remember that you 're mine—"

"You want to play with me like a cat plays with a mouse."

"That 's what; but I 'll always keep my paws cushioned—unless you try to run too far."

When you have fairly hooked a trout, it is wise to let him wear himself out threshing before you undertake to haul him in. I rode along in silence, listening to the heavy sighs and labored breathing beside me till we drew near the ramshackle hotel; then I suggested that our contract had as well be completed.

"I 'm no partner to your contract," she said angrily. "You 've pirated your enterprise this far, and you can go on pirating—or let matters stand just as they are."

"Oh, come now," I pleaded, "do the square thing. This is the grandest betrothal man and woman ever had—the man desperately in earnest because he knows he 's after the finest creature on earth, and the woman gradually giving way because he 's the best man of the two. Now don't spoil it by robbing it hollow. How long since you told me you 'd enjoy being beaten out all round by such a chap as Napoleon? Well, this is that other Austerlitz, and all that remains is to sign the terms of your surrender. You can't deny the battle 's gone my way."

"You are taking a cruel advantage both of my foolishness and my misfortunes."

"Like the Man of Destiny. But you 're not having all the trouble. You dragged me away from my supper and tantalized me with a sandwich the size of a slicker button, half a mouthful of peach pie, and a dear little microscopic cooky that completely locoed me. Now you 're beating me out of my kiss, and I 'd get two suppers out of that."

"Oh, go ahead then," she sighed wearily; "but just once—only once."

"Only once," I echoed as I closed my free arm round her. A little involuntary moan met my embrace.

"Now this lamentation is n't fair," I protested. "Back yonder at the jump-off, when I was your humble guide—"

"Oh, get it over with!" she gasped.

"Then quit your mourning and fluttering, and try to realize what it means."

I recalled the story of a lady giving a 'way-up lunch, who, when she came to buy flowers for her table, found she had only a dollar left. She paid that for one magnificent rose, which she so effectively arranged as to make it outdo a dozen ordinary bouquets. I applied the principle to my betrothal kiss, releasing my captive only when her faint struggles awakened in me a sense of shame. Thrilling and half-reeling, I laid her head on my shoulder and smoothed back her tangled hair.

"My wife!" I said rapturously in her ear, then added: "Now say your part."

For the first time since the beginning of the hunt she showed a touch of humor.

"My own special and individual tyrant," she said, with a quivering laugh. Then the laugh turned to a sob, and as we rode along her form shook with a cyclone of them, though she made no effort to lift her head from my shoulder and no protest against my close embrace. Her heavy sobs would have brought me remorse, but I detected the note of submission in them, and knew they boded good for both her and me. Her lazy brute of a pony was getting to lean on my bronco and crush my leg to his heart's content, and was consequently in horse-heaven.

"Such an engagement as this is simply horrible," came her laboring voice.

"Horrible nice," I retorted. "And what you said about me being a tyrant was all right, little girl. All men are tyrants to women; they 're just naturally built that way, no matter how smooth they pretend. I want you to know this at the start, so you can begin early to work up schemes for heading me off."

And right here, believing the "only once" was merely for dedicatory use, I

deliberately signed this as a special proviso of the surrender. She took no notice —just kept on with her little program of heaves and sobs. I was lord, but the long-drawn grief solo told me there was a limit.

Well, she was mine now, and what I brought in generally came quietly. I threw my rein over my elbow, and wound both arms round her, begging her to quit her crying, to be game, to weigh up the fight I was making for her, scolding, petting, patting, shaking, stopping her mouth, reasoning, promising, worshiping, till her sobs gradually died, and she rested unresisting against my heart. My nerves milled like a thousand Texans. I could not half believe in my success. Wild as a man never is but once, I crushed her hands and wrists, I smothered her, I robbed and pillaged her lips, I swore I was ready to be a slave to her, and was only brought to my senses by her whispered doubts as to whether slavery was quite my style. I was a herd of lords rolled into one.

"Now," I said, as the black bulk of the Cavendish House loomed before us, "I 'll do the talking at the hotel. The proprietors are said to be pretty decent; they won't torment you after I get through with them, and I don't believe they 'll make you register. If they do, you 're Miss Bright, of 'most anywhere, and you see to it you 're too bright for them. When you get home, tell your parents everything but the extras, but don't tell any one else you did n't come all the way from Tampa on the train. I 'll hit the high spots across country to your uncle's, get there before day, hand your pony over to him, tell him the main features of the campaign, and that mum 's the word. He thinks I 'm all right, and he 'll keep still. And when I make my appearance next Sunday afternoon,—I won't come in my chaps and blue shirt, either,—you can tell your friends I 'm a man you met while out on your vacation—a very wholesome and convenient truth. I 'll tell them at the Lazy N that I got after a stray, lost myself, and had to stay out all night. By half killing my horse, I can get there by sun-up. Then I 'll rustle some coffee and shoot for Sargent—you know why."

I gave the money into her hand, signed a few more provisos, exceptions, and guarantees to the treaty, then drew down her veil, and advised her to keep it so all the time she was out of her private room. She was not acquainted in the Junction, but I was guarding against future recognition. The morning train, being a continental flyer, was not apt to contain any one she knew. If we saw fit in after years to disclose our night adventure, that was our privilege; but it was certainly wisdom to wait.

Cavendish soon made his appearance in response to my vigorous summons on the door. I explained that I was accompanied by a lady who desired the attendance of his wife. He led us into a dismal parlor, left a spluttering candle on the table, and went to call Mrs. Cavendish. I placed my weary prize upon the couch, drew away her veil, doffed my hat, and proceeded to study her at leisure.

"I 've thought of a way I can break with Bert and not tell him a word about all this. You need n't see him at all; you go right home and rest," she said in a low tone.

"Good for you!" I replied heartily.

"Oh, I must tell you," she went on feebly, "I feel as if you had blotted out my whole past life; as if you had stamped it all completely out of existence, and there was no one left on earth but you and me."

"There is no one else so far as we two are concerned," I replied. I bent and kissed her, watching the expression of her face as I did so. Neither anger nor repulsion was there, only dazed wonderment and submission.

"Little girl," I said, repeating the experiment, "I 'm the drunkest man that ever rode for the Lazy N. One such hour as this last pays for long years of cheerless labor and struggle."

"But are n't you a little bit sorry for me?" she asked.

"No," I said, still narrowly watching her eyes; "I can't be. I know I 'm a miserable, thieving coyote, but I 'm too happy over what I 've stolen to feel sorry for it. You sha'n't be sorry, either. They 're coming. Here 's the last chance. Now down with your veil, and on with my hat."

"Mrs. Cavendish," I said, as the hostess entered the room, "this lady here has had trouble: she 's lost some one that was dear to her,—only learned of the loss

to-night,—and she 's naturally been crying and taking things hard. She 's got to go east on the morning train; will go as far as Sargent on this road; she don't want to be called till nearly train-time. If you 'll take a cup of coffee and a bite of breakfast to her room, and see that she is n't annoyed in any way, it will be a great favor. Her nerves have had a terrible shock, and she ought to be coddled as much as possible. Let her have the best room you 've got."

"Very well," said Mrs. Cavendish; "she can go up-stairs right now."

"I don't believe I can get up-stairs," reached me in a wearied murmur.

"I 'll take you up. Mrs. Cavendish, if you 'll go first with the candle, we 'll follow."

Carrying my light burden up the steep stairway, I detected within it the faint ebb of the recent surge of emotion, and realizing its pitiful weakness, a sudden revulsion of feeling came. The soft draperies, prisoned against my coarse flannel and leather, made my night's work look like that of a fiend.

"You poor little girl!" I whispered. "It is n't too late yet. If you feel so badly, I 'll send you back to him, and work my scheme for keeping things dark just the same. I 've been a brute,—a regular long-horned Texan,—but, honestly, I could n't help it; I went mad when I saw your face." My arms instinctively tightened, and I waited, ready to whimper like a fool boy, for her verdict.

"You have made it impossible for me to marry him," she said in a low, eloquent tone.

"Then you 'll try to be happy with me?"

"I told you you had trampled out my past. I 'll do the best I can. Maybe it 's fate."

Rebellion had gone out of her voice, and into it had come restfulness, trust, and something more—something akin to a caress. I took advantage of the landlady's back to press a last kiss through the veil, and again I whispered the unequaled words:

"My wife!"

Mrs. Cavendish paused at a painted door; I noted that the others were unpainted. I placed my charge on her feet, gave her a quiet good-night, and stalked down-stairs like a king, knowing beyond a doubt that my brand was on to stay.

PASCAL

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THOU lovedst life, but not to brand it thine,
(O rich in all forborne felicities!)
Or use it with marauding power, to seize
And stain the sweet earth's blue horizon-line.
Virgin the grape might in the trellis twine
Where long ago thou layest an hour at ease;
And foot of thine across the unpressed leas
Went light as some Idæan foot divine.
Spirit so abstinent, in thy deeps lay
What passion of possession? Day by day
Was there no thirst upon thee, sharp and pure,
In forward sealike surgings unforgot?
Yes; and in life and death those joys endure
More blessedly that men can name them not.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

THE Senhora Santilla was very angry, and when the senhora was angry,—thank Heaven, it was not often!—she did not care who knew it. Even as far as the shop of Tomaso Bordilo, in the Rua dos Mercadores, the shrill torrent of her wrath rolled out, in the still morning, over the high flower-topped walls of patios and the dusty gray of the olive-trees, like a call to arms. Tomaso, pessimist and free-thinker, as befitted one who thought much, shrugged his shoulders as he bent over his last and told himself that they were all alike—these women. Cross them ever so little, and there you were, face to face with their claws, the pretty cats! *Basta!* he loved peace himself, but that high-pitched voice was like a drum on a battle-field. He wondered if the senhora's eyes and wine and the soft twilights had not sometimes carried him too far, and was a little troubled. After all, he need be in no haste to marry. And yet—

He put down his work, and rising, went to the door, but caught nothing understandingly. He fancied he heard the word "Americanos," and wondered if those senhors from overseas had anything to do with that high-voiced anger. He hoped so; he was not like the rest of his little world; he did not care for the Americanos, and least of all did he care for the very evident pleasure that the senhora took in them. But if now at last she had turned against them, then her wrath was a blessed thing. He went back to his bench with a firm resolve to learn the truth.

Others had heard the senhora, and had hurried up,—if you can call it hurry, the leisurely thing that goes by that name in Santa Cruz, in Flores,—or had craned their necks from doors and patios; but just as they were settling themselves to a real enjoyment of the senhora's outburst, she had slammed the green gate of her patio, and the drowsy quarter became itself again. Meanwhile, all that the Senhora Rodriguez had said to rouse the Senhora Santilla was to ask pleasantly enough if the high-born Americanos paid their board in advance.

Still hot with her wrath, the senhora flung herself down upon a bench in the inn-room, now deserted save for Dolorosa, the maid, who hovered about her mistress, a joint sharer of her anger.

"Beast!" hissed the senhora—"beast of a woman! She knows the *pobrinhos* came hither from the great shipwreck. Do swimming men bear gold? Ah, foolish! And would she have me, who also have lived in their great country, in Gloucester, and seen their country's flag flying at half-mast for my drowned husband, turn them from my door, wanting a few *reis? Mac de Deus,* no! They will pay me with their advance money when they find a ship. But I—I shall say: 'No, senhors; my house is yours. Am I not also of your country in a fashion? I am not as some; I name no names—me.'"

"*Basta!* but no, senhora!" agreed Dolorosa. "And why call names? Does not all the world know the Senhora Rodriguez? But she is of a meanness, that woman!"

"And pay!" cried the senhora. "Have they not paid twice over in that they fill this room each night with the so eager citizens who desire nothing so much as to hear the story of that shipwreck again and again, and also the tales and the beautiful songs? And I likewise, when

the Senhor Kerrigan sings with the voice all tremulous, and the eyes uplifted to the stars, *basta!* I run from the room to weep—me!"

"It is beautiful to weep for the song, but Senhora Rodriguez weeps for the so great silence," said Dolorosa, giggling. "Is her house not empty, while yours is thronged? She is green with the envy, the cat!"

"It is true," acquiesced the senhora. "The good God knows, who has given us eyes." She rose lightly to her feet, a slender little woman of less than thirty. Her dark hair and eyes and piquant, olive-tinted face made a pleasing picture. "It is three weeks to-day since they came in at that door, bringing the prosperity," she went on,—and her hand, in the intensity of her emotion, pointed dramatically at the very door, that there might be no mistaking it,—"and to-night we will make the *festa* in honor—chicken, goat curds, and tortillas, and the best wine, Dolorosa. Remember, the best. She shall see how little we regard her words—the Senhora Rodriguez. *Mae de Deus!* she will rage, that woman!"

"Two," said the senhora with great firmness.

"Three," insisted Kerrigan.

"Two," repeated the senhora, and smilingly stamped her foot. She stood at the head of the table in her private dining-room, a bottle of wine in one hand,—the best wine,—a glass in the other. "'T ees *two* weeks since yo' come at my house. Shall I not rec'lect the day my own godmuzzer wass daid?" she demanded. "'T wass that day yo' come all tired from the sheepwrack. Did the senhor heemself not see me weeth the eye all red? Aha! I as' heem that!" She fixed Kerrigan with her triumphant gaze. Kerrigan shook his head.

"'T is three weeks thot we 've been 'atun' ye out av house an' home," he said, "wid niver a short-handed vessel comun' to the poort in all the time. Mither av saints! 't is fair scandalous!"

The senhora dropped into a chair and looked up at Dolorosa.

"Yo' behol', Dolorosa? What I been tell yo'?" she said piteously. "*Because* I ain' got no mans to go at the country to buy me some chicken an' sheeps to eat, but must go myself, an' likewise to other place, an' spend so lengthy time weethout my house, my dinner must git all spoil', yas." She snatched the chicken platter toward her, eyeing it scornfully. "Yas, 't ees so; 't ees jus' how I tol' yo': the senhors go'n' git starve' weeth so po' dinner. They go'n' want some nice cook, yas. They go'n' want try the dinner of Senhora Rodriguez!" She burst into tears.

Frithjof's huge hand crashed down upon the table, making the dishes dance.

"Ay tank the queen of Sweden nefer taste sooch nize dinners," he roared, and glared at his companions.

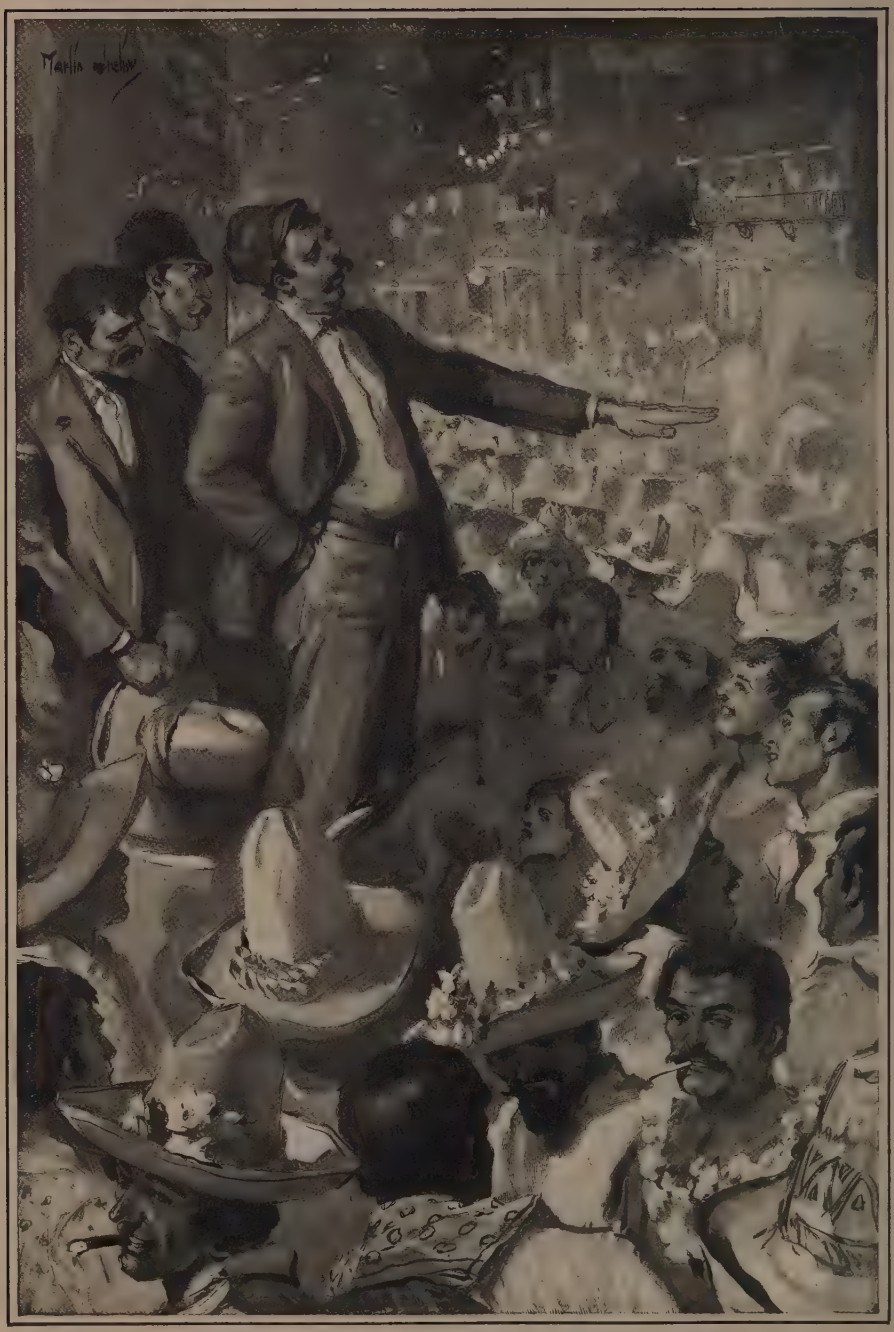
"Tha' 's so," cried Nicolao; "tha' 's how I think." He reached out his arm, and the two shook hands almost tearfully. Kerrigan had risen to his feet, glass in hand.

"Laads," he said gravely, "fill yer glasses an' get up. If ayther av ye like not me worrds, thin till me I 'm a liar, which the same I 'll accipt wid humilithy, which is not me wakeniss, as ye know well. An' 't is this: Did ayther av ye fri'ndliss scuts iver ixpict to find a home riddy-made for ye? Ye found ut here; an' if ut was not for the dacency av ye, which niver broke yer backs to carry, w'u'd ye iver l'ave ut? Ye w'u'd not. Ye 'd set in the shade av the pathio by day, an' niver shtir fut from undher the roof by night, an' spake soft togither, thinkun' ye 'd stole into paradise by the back dure, wid two blissud angels a-hoverun' round ye, ministherun' to yer waants befure ye knew ye had anny. An' thot 's me thaory av hiven, which the same is the finest rasort known to morthal mon." He turned to his listening hostess. "Sanhora Santhilla, we dhrink yer hilth, ma'am; an' as long as there 's a dhrop in the cans in our hands, whereiver we find oursilves in the wide worrld, we 'll dhrink ut to the ind av our days. Dhrink, ye homeliss divils, dhrink!"

So peace came back to the Inn of the Three Ships.

The senhora's face was radiant.

"Ah!" she sighed happily, "I sink tha' 's ver' nice—me." She flashed about toward Dolorosa, who stood smiling at her side. "What yo' sink," she demanded —"yo' sink the Senhora Rodriguez go'n'



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'I 'M A BETTHER MON NOR ANNY AV YE, NOR ALL AV YE TOGITHER'"

find that ver' nice likewise? Ah-h!" They laughed on each other's shoulders. "All the same," continued the senhora, gravely, turning, "'t ees hard to be not like uzzer womans—to be allow' for to *re*-main to my house an' make eet mo' nicer for pipple. 'T ees not the habit to my country for womans to make some journeys."

"No," acquiesced Nicolao; "'a hen an' a woman ees best with a broke' leg'—tha' 's how we say. But, what the devil! We what been to uzzer countries, senhora, we been 'manc'pate."

The senhora looked at him doubtfully.

"What ees that 'manc'pate?" she asked.

"'T ees ver' fine thing," declared Nicolao; "'t ees to say: *Mae de Deus!* to *re*-main to home tha' 's antique habit, ol' woman story. 'T ees play' out, gone to smash."

"M-m-m!" murmured the senhora, and looked far from convinced.

Nicolao, watching her with a smiling face, suddenly leaned forward.

"Yo' think not so?" he asked softly. "No? 'T ees easy to maka all right; git marret with some nice feller. Then 't will be permit to *re*-main at yo' home."

The senhora laughed joyously, and then her face dropped demurely.

"But no, senhor," she answered, and shook her head; "I am so ol' like a gran'-muzzer—me, I sink I go'n' git daid ver' queek."

"Ol'!" cried Nicolao, scornfully. Then he laughed. "Yas, ol' like a flower what jus' begin bloom. Tha' 's how—"

But she was not to be argued down; she could shift her ground.

"But, *basta!* tha' 's one lott'ry—to git marret," she hastened to say. "When yo' git ver' seek, an' they put some candles by yo' head an' feet, an' the *padre* come hurry queek weeth the holy water, *Mae de Deus!* Tha' 's all right, yas; yo' go'n' unnerstand what *that* mean; but to git marret! I sink tha' 's go'n' make yo' git ver' scart weeth some chances—like lott'ry."

"Mither av saints!" thought Kerrigan. "Will I have the laad love-lorn on me hands again prisently? I 'll not."

He went out presently, and in the deserted street came upon Tomaso Bordilo, the shoemaker, quietly deferential and full of gossip.

Half an hour later Kerrigan appeared at the door and beckoned to Frithjof.

"Laad," he said, when they were quite alone, "I 'm thinkun' we 'll be l'avun' the sanhora at wance."

Frithjof's face fell.

"'T is fery goot place," he said gravely.

"'T is so," agreed Kerrigan; "but not for pinniliss divils. I 've been convarsun' wid Bordilo, an' l'arnun' unpleasant things. Here 's the sanhora vexed in her sowl betwane her kindniss av heart an' the throuble to mak' both inds meet whilst we 're 'atun' her out av house an' home. She 's in sore throuble, laad, by raison av us. Thot 's bad, but there 's worse. Do you mind Nicolay? He 's a fine laad, an' I like him well, but all hiven c'u'd not hould him in double harness, nor all hell keep him from thryun' ut, whin wance he sees a pretty face. You mind his talk to-night about marriage wid the sanhora? There 'll be more av ut befure there 's liss, an' I 've no mind to dance at the weddun'. We 'll go to-night."

"Ay tank the senhora will not lak oos to go to anny ot'er place—to the Senhora Rodriguez, heh?" said Frithjof.

"Observe me wisdom," explained Kerrigan. "We 'll go unwillun', at the inshtigation av an outraged polace, by raison av beun' dhrunk an' disordherly on the public streets. Do you mind the city prison? 'T is the finust quarthers in the city, an' 't is mosthly as impthy as the heart av a widdy woman. We 'll get thirrty days' rist-cure in thot ilegant sanathorium, an' by the ind av thot time the spring shipmints will be lookun' up an' ships comun' to poort. The sanhora w'u'd niver luk twice at a dhrunken mon, an' 't will save her the black sorrow."

"But ve a'n't droonk," objected Frithjof.

"We are not," answered Kerrigan, "but I 'm thinkun' we c'u'd ripresint a suparior imitation av the shtate. Annyway, we c'u'd be disordherly. Nicolay w'u'd like thot. We 'll not till him our plan, av coorse. I 'll call him."

He went back to the door, and catching Nicolao's eye, nodded.

"Laad," he said, when Nicolao came to him, "observe me wisdom. We 've been playun' the monkey for thim little Dagoes long anough for wan time: I 've no mind to wear out me welcome befure me shtay is up. We 'll perambulate the streets a bit, an' give thim the chance to miss us. I mind me now thot I saw the sanhora yawnun' behint her hand whilst ye tould the tale av the shipwreck the last time."

"Where yo' go'n' at?" asked Nicolao, a little crestfallen.

"Where glory waits," answered Kerrigan; and arm in arm the three went up the street.

It was still early, and the night hot, and Santa Cruz was enjoying itself light-heartedly, for it was the Feast of the Matanças—the pig-killing. The narrow streets were bright with soft-hued lamps and lanterns, and from balconies and upper windows great flags slanted at a rising angle, making a fluttering, bright-colored arch above the heads of the slowly moving throng, gay with *lençoes,* or head-shawls. There were flowers everywhere; the streets were ankle-deep with them, through which the crowd moved with a soft, slurring shuffle of bare feet. Everywhere sounded the ripple of laughter and shouted repartee and the cloying sweetness of the many bands.

Upon this sedate and orderly scene the three sailormen came with disquieting effect. Abreast, in the middle of the road, they advanced, with the gentle Azoreans fluttering aside like dry leaves before a sudden gust of wind. Now and then a taunting cry was hurled after them, which Nicolao answered in kind; but no one opposed them, and they were beginning to cast about for more effective means of creating a disturbance, when *o Senhor Porco* himself, the idolon of this festival of the pig-killing, was borne past, huge and black, with all suggestion of the materiality of pork for the time being lost in the garlands of flowers, paper rosettes, and ribbons with which his dead body was decked. The chance passing of a policeman at the moment had for Kerrigan almost the force of providential mediation. Stepping aside quickly, he seized the hat of the officer, and brushing past the bearers of the symbol, placed the hat on its garlanded head.

A gasp of astonished horror ran through the throng, and then it shrieked with laughter; for Azoreans do not take kindly to their soft-voiced guardians of the city, deeming them a reflection upon the honor of a people who desire nothing more than peace. But, *basta!* they suffer the penalty—the police, for must they not wear shoes?

"Oh, *Senhor Inglez,*" a voice cried—"*Senhor Inglez,* take his shoes also for *o Senhor Porco,* that nothing may be wanting." And the crowd laughed again.

"But, *basta!* do not forget the cigarette!" called another. "Give the *Senhor Porco* that also. Otherwise will he be *ennuyé.*"

"*Cré!* we will take *o Senhor Porco* to the prison, to be captain of police," shrieked Nicolao; and the childlike crowd, captivated by the suggestion, took up the cry, and from an orderly procession dissolved into a laughing, bantering rout thither.

"But, senhor,"—the meek little policeman, elbowed aside at every frantic attempt to recover his hat, plucked at Kerrigan's sleeve,—"but, senhor," he repeated in his own tongue, "my hat, if you please. It is amusing,—yes, I do not deny it,—but I beg you to keep the peace, senhor. This pleasantry, *cré!* it is nothing if the hat is returned. The *Inglez* are of a gaiety, yes."

"No sabe," said Kerrigan, shaking his head.

"But the hat, senhor—the hat!" cried the little man. Nicolao took his arm.

"He is crazy—*tolo* in the head, the big Americano," whispered Nicolao. "It will pass with a little waiting. *Paciencia,* senhor."

"Yes, yes, I know," answered the officer; "they are all crazy, the Americanos. But it is disorder to take the hat so. I call you to assist in the arrest, or to be considered an accomplice. You were with him."

"As you also are, senhor," retorted Nicolao. "Aha! we are all accomplices." He leaned forward and told Kerrigan.

"Mither av saints!" cried Kerrigan, "have we got to arrist oursilves?"

"'T ees só," replied Nicolao. "We

go to the prison to offer to make some new police, heh? *'Mae de Deus!'* we say, 'ain't yo' got nobuddy what shall arrest some disor-r-rderly pipple? 'T ees disgrace. We taka the job.' "

"An' we 'll tak' this little toy polacemon wid us as a spicimin av our worrk," added Kerrigan. "Tak' his ither arrm, Nicolay, an' we 'll waltz him into headquarthers for daraliction av duty."

As the crowd debouched from the narrow street into a square, and Kerrigan turned aside from the procession, hurrying down toward the city prison, followed by a wondering throng, Nicolao's face grew grave. He had no mind to carry out his lightly spoken suggestion—a suggestion he now feared that Kerrigan would follow to the end. At the edge of the square they came upon a line of two-wheeled Azorean carts in which countrymen had come down to the festival. A saving thought came to him, and he halted.

"Heh, Missa Kerrigan," he exclaimed, "yo' maka spich to the pipple. Gita een a cart an' maka spich. I shall explain yo' words."

"Sure," agreed Kerrigan, and the two pitched their struggling captive into a cart, and clambered in themselves, followed by Frithjof, who was ever ready blindly but confidently to follow where they led. Rising to his feet, with Nicolao at his side, Kerrigan lifted his hand for silence.

"Fri'nds, Romans, an' daginerate sons av locust-'aters, as the po'thry books say," he began in his insolent drawl, "I 've heard av ye frequent, though niver till now had I seen ye, which the same I 'm riddy to confiss is no grreat loss. Ye 're a harrd lot, an' aquil to annything thot 's iver been tould ye by yer wives in thim blissud momints whin the power av spache was given thim to anumerate yer shortcomun's. There 's no worrk in ye, an' no sinse, an' no courage, an' in assault an' batthery, which is the heridithary religion av me ancisthral race,—Hiven rist ut!—ye 're slower than the wrath av God an' aven harrder to undherstand. For the ordinary daversions av rale min ye 've no more appreciation than a blind cow for scanery, but for the tomfoolery av childer, like this standun' a dead pig on ind an' adornun' ut like a naygur bride, ye 're as enthusiastuc as the hind legs av a mule. Ye' re the opprobr'ous rimnant av the bastes thot perish, an' there 's no hilth in ye, an' thot 's prophecy an' me diagnosus av ye all in wan, the which I shtand riddy to prove wid me two fists." He turned to Nicolao. "Now break thot to thim gintly," he said.

For an instant Nicolao looked puzzled, in his doubt of himself as the adequate interpreter of a racial mood of thought and expression wholly alien to his countrymen; then suddenly his face brightened. He had no fear,—in his own way he was as reckless of consequences as Kerrigan himself,—but a thought had come to him that struck his sense of humor as delicious. All that he asked was to see on his friend's face the effect of his own somewhat free translation.

"Senhors," he began, "my countryman here, who knows not your beautiful language, asks me to interpret the words that spring from his heart. I likewise speak it with imperfectness, but sufficiently to the understanding.

" 'Senhors and descendants most illustrious of some heroes who have discovered my native country, I extend against you the right hand very heated. And why, my friends? Because, as it is the habit of my country to say, you are the fabric, the material; you take the cake off the bush. You understand the significance—the compliment? It is to say you are all together great nation. We likewise are great nation; but you are its grandfathers. Therefore are we *simpatico* in all our feelings; likewise in all our hearts.

" 'Senhors, I shall proclaim the truth to my topmost cry: We came sorrowful to your shore, being properly distressful. From the shipwreck we came, after many days drifting on some raft. "Aha!" we cried, "the life is saved, but by some foreign country." That is to us a forlornness very great, senhors, because without money and famished to the full extent. But, senhors, we did not comprehend with completeness the hearts reposed in all your bosoms. We have been made to forget the famish, we have been satisfied as to the thirst, which is very great from shipwrecks,

by reason of the salt waters; we have been shook to the hand, and declared brothers to your illustrious nation, which is to elevate the prides to us. For where is the land so beautiful, the men so kind-hearted and likewise with the so extensive bravery, the ladies with the fairness to approach yours? Senhors, it is the answer—nowhere. Therefore shall we bring the illustrious policeman to be official witness to our declare. Senhor, you are witness. We salute you with the hat off.' " He bowed low, and stepping back, cast a furtive look up at Kerrigan's face.

It had flushed with grim pleasure as a roar went up from the packed square, then slowly a look of astonished wonder passed over it; for the roar was the roar of appreciation, not anger. Dumfounded, Kerrigan turned to Nicolao.

"What is ut?" he demanded; but Nicolao's face was as blank as his own.

"Mebbe they what yo' call poka fun at yo'," that seemingly bewildered young gentleman replied, "or mebbe yo' spika not ver' plain. Yas, tha' 's so, I guess. Some pipple ver' thick-head'. Best to spik some mo' mo' plainer, so they un'-stand weeth precisement."

"Is ut plain spache they waant?" growled Kerrigan. "Glory be! they will have ut." He raised his fist above his head, and instantly the cheering ceased, with the smiling throng gazing expectantly up into his face.

"Ye knock-kneed, wake-minded riff-raff, ye," he roared, "in faith ut 's mesilf thot has the pity for ye thot ye cannot tak' a gintle hint. Is n't there anny tin av ye wid anough av the atthributes av rale min to accipt me challenge? Tin w'u'd I contind wid, an' call ut poor luck, though still a fight, which is Hiven's most glorious gift to morthal; but to sail into the lot av ye w'u'd be the cup av joy runnun' over. Do ye undherstand thot? I 'm a betther mon nor anny av ye, nor all av ye togither, an' can prove ut wid the two fists av me. Do ye undherstand thot? I don't like the looks av ye nor the ways av ye, an' am mon anough to mend thim both; an' is thot plain to ye, or do ye need more hintun', ye daginerate apologies for monkeys? Now till thim thot, Nicolay."

"Senhors," said Nicolao, "you make his cup of joy to be filled to the overflow by reason of your so great shouts of laudation. He says that when he shall die, and must go up to St. Peter's gate, he asks nothing more than that he shall find it like Santa Cruz. It will be to satisfy. He extends the fists amicable into your right hands; likewise he prepare to weep against the shoulder. Alas! he proclaims with loudness, this is not his native land, which is so brotherly to the full extent; but what the devil! Where the heart is unite, there is the similar country to all. It is the heart that speaks the brotherhood, not the tongue. So *viva* the marble heart, senhors, which is, in my language, the home of some friendship which shall not decay."

The laughing shout of delight that followed Nicolao's words rolled far through the night and quickened the pace of the squad of police and prison attendants that Tomaso Bordilo had hurried upon the scene with the false statement that three drunken Americanos were rioting in the Rua dos Mercadores. Tomaso, following the three, had seen the beginning of the trouble, and had gone hot-foot for assistance. Then he had gone to the Inn of the Three Ships, that he might be the first to tell the Senhora Santilla of the fall of her idols. Half-distracted, she had thrown a shawl about her shoulders, and followed by the weeping Dolorosa, had fled to the scene of the conflict.

A crowd packed the square, but so silent and intent was it that the headlong rush of the two women to its outer edge came with the disturbing force of the opening of a door of a noisy street on the hushed interior of a church. Several craning heads turned back with a fierce, long-drawn "S-s-sh!" But the senhora was not to be moved.

"What is it, senhors?" she cried. "What do they do now?" She jostled a man in front of her. *"Cré!* have you no tongue for a simple question?" she demanded.

"Diabo!" he answered irritably, "are we not straining the ears to learn?"

"They are taking up the dead," said another. *"Basta!* there must be many!"

"Undoubtedly," said another, turning toward the speaker. "It must be like

the shambles yonder. But they fought, the *Americanos!*"

"Stupid!" cried the senhora, and wildly shook the speaker's arm. "Will no one say what has happened? No one?"

The man turned angrily, but seeing a pretty, distracted face, softened.

"The *Americanos* were making oration from the cart, senhora," he explained, "but angered the police, who arrived unseen behind their backs, and with great forethought, knowing the marvelous strength of the *Americanos,* threw a fisherman's seine over their heads and brought them to the earth. *There* was a fight! *Mae de Deus!* it was sickening—the blows! But from here—you may judge for yourself—nothing could be seen; but there must be dead men there."

"But he spoke well—the great dark one," said a man who stood near. "He likened Santa Cruz to heaven. That is a thing to break heads over!" he scoffed.

"Cré! exclaimed another, ironically, "must not the police earn their wages! How better than by breaking the head of an *estrangero* or two!"

"Yes," cried the senhora, wildly, "a stranger or two like these, who St. Anton' brought hither from shipwreck! Aha!" she laughed hysterically, "they thought it was Christian land—like heaven, and behold! they get the heads broken!"

She tried to force her way inward, but the throng was compact, and at that moment began to give backward before an authoritative voice demanding passage. A moment later a little procession wormed its way through, making for the city prison.

Apparently there were no dead ones: Kerrigan's head was bound up in a red handkerchief, and blood had hardened on his cheek, and the clothes of Frithjof and Nicolao hung in rags from their shoulders; but they walked strongly, if heavily, and their arms were bound behind them. On each side of them walked a dozen policemen and prison attendants, whose faces and labored breathing proved that the victory had not been lightly won. Behind them hurried a momentarily lengthening tail of excited citizens, now and then flinging a half-stifled jeer at the police, or a joke that provoked an hysterical laugh from the watchers. It was clear enough where the sympathy of the crowd lay.

It was still more evident when they reached the city prison and the captives were brought before the captain of police. With easy familiarity the crowd pressed about him, and to the charges of the officers set up a babel of countercharges and recriminations. At last the captain lifted his hand in despair.

"Diabo!" he exclaimed, "they took the hat of Pedro! Well, does he think it worth three great *Americanos,* who could eat in a day the cost of many such? Was it not possible to recover it more easily than to bring three huge senhors to me because they praise our city? *Cré!* there is sense for you!"

An excited arm reached up out of the press, and tossed the lost hat to the captain's feet.

"There it is, *capitão,*" cried a voice. "I myself alone took it from the head of *o Senhor Porco.* He said not a word."

The crowd shrieked with laughter, but the captain gazed sternly at Pedro, who stood abashed.

"And all this tumult for a little pleasantry," chided the captain. "It would be better to go back to your vineyard and not shame us before strangers." He turned abruptly and began himself to free the arms of the prisoners. Then he shook hands gravely with the three. "Your pardon, senhors," he begged; "it is to be hoped your injuries are light. Good-night."

Kerrigan, bewildered, turned to Nicolao.

"What is ut?" he demanded.

" 'T ees Santa Cruz justice," Nicolao answered warmly. "Some pipple can observe joke. Yas, I guess tha' 's like Santa Cruz pipple; they kind folks—ver' good-natured, kind-hearted, yas."

But Kerrigan turned abruptly to the captain, and put out a detaining arm.

" 'T is raisonable we are, sir," he said; "we 've had the spoort, an' stand riddy to pay for ut. Mak' ut thirrty days, sir, an' we 'll not tak' anny offinse. We 'd not like to embarrass the wheels av justus, sir."

Nicolao explained to the bewildered official; but when he at last understood,

a look of relief came to his face, and, laying a kindly hand on Kerrigan's shoulder, he gently pushed him toward the door.

"But, no, senhor," he said gravely; "it is not necessary to take the harsh measures. Think, senhor, what a memory you would carry away of our beautiful land! *Basta!* it is not to be thought. There is reasonableness in all things."

In the throng outside the door, Kerrigan and Frithjof caught a glimpse of the grave face of the Senhora Santilla; then they lost it. Clutching his companion by the arm, Kerrigan slipped away through the press. Nicolao had already disappeared.

The two hurried on in silence till they came within sight of the roadstead and the riding lights of the anchored vessels, and then they went more slowly, with the sea lapping softly beside them as they wandered aimlessly on.

"'T is all over," said Kerrigan, speaking for the first time. "Did ye see her face, laad? 'T was the black look she gave us. I 'm thinkun' we 'll get shmall thanks for ut, though 't is the good worrk we 've done for her the night." He sighed heavily, then added: "But shmall matter, if ut 's over."

"She iss a voomans," said Frithjof, doubtfully.

"'T is God's trut'," replied Kerrigan. He was silent a moment. "They 're God's own mystheries, thim women. Ye think ye know thim, an' thin ye find ye know thim not at all. Two an' two is as like to mak' foor wid thim as to mak' five, an' likelier, if ye count on the ither. But the Sanhora 's a good wan, an' she 'll not shstand for the ondacency of riotious livun'. They 're like thot, these islanders."

But at last, because they had nowhere else to go and their doubt was heavy on them, they returned to the Inn of the Three Ships. The inn room was dark, but the green door of the patio was open, and in they slipped—and stood dumb.

The kitchen was aglow with light, and at a small table Nicolao and the Senhora sat, gazing across the white, scrubbed surface into each other's eyes. One small brown hand of the Senhora supported her chin, the other lay carelessly along the table. Her eyes were dancing, and her round, olive-tinted cheek held no severity as she listened to Nicolao, who talked on eagerly.

"'T is all oop," whispered Frithjof over Kerrigan's shoulder.

"'T is not," said Kerrigan, stoutly. "'T is only the overture of the pa'-formance. W'u'd she be lookun' thot innocint, an' the two hands of thim—w'u'd they be incognatho like thot, an' nayther persavun' the ither, two inches aparrt, if she was not shtill waitun' to be surprised by the worrd? They w'u'd not. She 's raducun' him to the statue quo, which is Frinch for wan of thim haythen idols; but the worrd 's not spoke' yet. I love the laad like a brother, but ut 's the balanderun', wanderun' son of a wild goose he is, which niver yet laid a tame egg, an' sooner than see him break the hearrt of the lass yon, I 'll marry her mesilf. So march in upon thim, ye Swadish lump, for ut 's our watch on deck."

MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S SERVICE TO OPERA

BY RICHARD ALDRICH

NEW YORK has had the novel experience, in the musical season just closed, of enjoying at once two successful series of operatic performances of the highest class. In undertaking to establish a permanent operatic institution at his new Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein was acting on the belief that New York could furnish audiences to support two operas. The city's wealth and population have grown greatly in recent years, and with them the taste for operatic entertainment; and furthermore, since New York is the only operatic center in the United States, there are attracted hither, for the enjoyment of opera, music-lovers from every part of the country. The result of all this has been a subscription at the Metropolitan Opera House so large as to make it difficult or uncertain for those who are not subscribers to gain admission to its performances.

For them the Manhattan Opera House offered allurement. It has had as yet little support or attention from fashionable society or those who delight in the presence of fashionable society. Its situation and approach are such as to raise doubts whether it ever will have; but for the amateur of music whose interest is centered upon the stage rather than upon a glittering company in the boxes and the stalls, the new institution has offered some extremely interesting and delightful entertainments, of a kind and quality that have been long unobtainable in New York.

Mr. Hammerstein gathered a company of dramatic singers of remarkable, though unequal, excellence; and he had the good fortune to secure in Mr. Cleofonte Campanini one of the most talented and authoritative of Italian conductors; a man whose indomitable zeal and energy, whose knowledge and taste, and whose contagious enthusiasm, have molded and inspired these performances. Mme. Melba's exquisite voice and perfect vocal art have long been known and admired in New York, and her coöperation was an important factor in the success of Mr. Hammerstein's season. Mme. Calvé's arrival in the last weeks of the season renewed the interest that was manifested years ago in this singularly gifted artist. But it was from the results achieved by members of the company less famous or previously unknown that the taste of a new pleasure was obtained. In Alessandro Bonci there was an Italian tenor who possesses the finish and art of the golden days of Italian song—a voice far less beautiful, rich and strong than that of Caruso, but employed with a subtler skill and a finer taste. Charles Dalmorès is one of the most admirable French tenors heard here for a long time, with a noble and powerful voice and a method typically French, a strong dramatic temperament, and abundant resources in action. Maurice Renaud is a baritone whose voice, as he displayed it here, is somewhat past its prime; but the beautiful taste of his singing, his perfect command of his vocal resources, and his positive genius as an actor, won him the warmest admiration. Charles Gilibert is known as an inimitable comedian and a baritone of the purest diction. He and Mario Ancona and Vittorio Arimondi are remembered as singers at the Metropolitan Opera House in years gone by. The company was strongest on the side of the men.

Among the women none, after Mme.

Melba, was more remarkable than Mme. Bressler-Gianoli. In "Carmen" she gave a significant performance of the heroine's part that thrilled her hearers with a new and vivid emotion. She is not remarkably gifted in voice, though it has, like all her other resources, dramatic serviceableness; but her impersonation of *Carmen* was poignant in force and directness, in its dramatic suggestion of the wickedness, the wiles and treacheries, of Bizet's heroine. Mme. Regina Pinkert, the *coloratura* soprano, had scintillating brilliancy and correctness in florid music, but little charm otherwise. Mme. Donalda's fresh voice pleased, but few of the other singers among the women were noteworthy.

The performance of "Carmen"—one of the most successful, and by far the most popular, of the productions made in Mr. Hammerstein's season—was an epitome of the excellences that were revealed there. There was an admirable ensemble, of precision and finish, and full of spirit. The singers entered into it with enthusiasm and comprehension. The chorus sang with freshness of tone and inspiring vigor, and took an intelligent and intelligible part in the scenes in which it appeared. There was no vast disparity between the chief and the subordinate singers; but even minor parts were taken by competent and, in some cases, remarkably good singers. Certain ensembles were given with a spirit and brilliancy which the experienced opera-goer will search his memory long to duplicate. The stage-settings were not magnificent, but were almost always adequate. Mr. Campanini kept the pulse of life beating high in all the performances which he conducted—and they were almost all; and he was able to achieve marvels in his orchestral readings, in finish of detail, in delicacy of nuance, and significance of phrasing. How exquisite were some of his accompaniments, for instance, in "Don Giovanni!"

Here, indeed, should be noted one of the most important elements in the success of the performances at the Manhattan Opera House—the wonderful acoustic properties, and the relatively small size of the auditorium, with structural lines that seemed to bring every listener near the stage, and to put every one into intimate relations with all its doings. The effect of the music was ennobled and beautified, and the diction of the singers made clearly intelligible. Not a detail was lost; and the result was a sort of fascination that has not been experienced by operatic audiences in New York for a long time.

It resulted from the character of the repertories of Mr. Bonci and Mme. Melba, as well as of Mme. Pinkert, that operas of the smaller genre and of the elder schools of composition were chiefly given during the season. And it came about, too, from the size and acoustics of the house just mentioned that these operas were presented with a charm of effect that can never be matched in the sound-devouring spaces of the Metropolitan. Some of these older works no longer move or stir modern audiences; but the revivals of "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Carmen," "La Traviata" (with a return to the costumes of the '30's), "Fra Diavolo," "Marta," even "Dinorah," gave a peculiar kind of pleasure in an operatic genre that has labored at a disadvantage in the more stately and sumptuous home of opera on Broadway. There were excellent performances of the "grander" forms of opera, as "Aida" and "Les Huguenots," though the repertory was limited to Italian and French works. But the best and most characteristic gift of the new opera-house to the musical public was the "intimate" quality in operas to which intimacy belongs.

Mr. Hammerstein's plans for next season contemplate a more comprehensive repertory than he has been able to give this season. He has announced his intention of producing a number of Wagner's works, but will also pay special attention to modern operas of other schools, especially the French, dropping from his list some of the older works that have little attraction for operatic audiences of the present day. He is, of course, already securing the services of singers who are specially qualified for these tasks; and if his projects are realized, there will be a most interesting winter in store for lovers of opera.

EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY CARRIÈRE

I

ONLY painters looked long at the picture which Eugène Carrière exhibited at the Salon of 1877; and for a dozen years afterward, while his portraits and his studies of children and women steadily gained in distinctive character, they puzzled and repelled the unwary. Their merging varied colors in a single tone, their dissolving of sharp contours in smoke-hued mist, suggested either insincerity or myopic vision. Yet little by little Carrière impressed, first a few artists and critics, then part of the public, then even the Ministry of Fine Arts. In 1889 he was decorated; and in the next year, when his paintings were seen at the then new Salon du Champ de Mars, isolated in a single group, Carrière began to be more widely understood. His fervid sincerity, reverberating, as it were, from picture to picture, destroyed all suspicion of pose; and as his technic grew familiar, the sculpturesque solidity of his heads and figures appeared through that mist, in proof of his genius of eye and hand.

Nor was this all. In 1891 his portraits of Daudet, Picquart, Verlaine, and Gustave Geffroy showed, as never before, his insight; in 1892 the "Maternité," since hung in the Luxembourg Gallery, revealed his passion of human yearning; and three years later the crowded interior of his "Théâtre de Belleville" expressed his sorrowing and joyous sympathy with men and women in the mass. These pictures, too, made evident at last what men of insight had long since perceived—that Carrière's very dissolving of outline in fog gave his painting an expressiveness not otherwise to be attained. This fact once grasped, and his works once seen without adverse prejudice, the truth finally flashed on France that here was a painter whose originality of mood and vision, whose adaptation of technic to meaning, were excelled, if at all, only by that giant of a sister art, the sculptor Auguste Rodin. And if Rodin towered high above his fellow-men, Carrière drew near to them through innate powers of body and spirit, strengthened by the heroism of a devoted life.

II

A SEER of the spirit in flesh, Carrière drew, one must suppose, from his father's Flemish blood that sane earthliness without which he would have lapsed into mystic dreaming; from his simple Alsatian mother he doubtless gained the patience and great tenderness that were so individually his; and from an obscure artist, his grandfather, and a drawing-teacher, his great uncle, he inherited the tendency to think in visual terms which he once said was "the way of understanding imposed on him by nature."

From these forbears, however, he learned nothing. Taken early from his natal village of Gournay, in northern France, he spent his boyhood at Strasburg in family surroundings wholly arid for art and poetry; and when, at twelve, he began instinctively to draw, he received only the draftsman's training given at a dry provincial school. Yet of this he

made so much, achieving boyish masterpiece after masterpiece in pencil, that he was ripe at nineteen for the fertilization of art. In Saint-Quentin, where he was sent to learn a trade, Carrière saw in the museum those pastels in which Latour had drawn the ladies, dancers, philosophers, and nobles of an earlier day; and by copying these pastels, he learned the mastery of structure, the power of indicating a bony framework beneath the flesh, which gives to his most mist-enveloped portraits their paradoxical solidity.

Yet the artist in him slept unconscious till Rubens, whose works he saw during a first visit to Paris, astonished him into the sudden resolution to create. As he stood outside the Louvre, still dazed by Rubens's power, his artistic instinct grew into conscious and immovable will; and neither his parents' prudent opposition, nor hardship, nor conflict of duty, could bend that will for a moment. When the Franco-Prussian conflict broke out, he left his studies at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, enlisted for the duration of the war, joined the garrison of a frontier town, and at last was imprisoned at Dresden; and in Paris, after the war, though forced to support himself by night labor at bills of fare, advertisements, and posters, he married. But neither war nor wife nor the need of bread turned him from painting. While a prisoner, he constantly sketched; and before quitting Dresden he managed to see the never-to-be-forgotten Sistine Madonna. A draftsman by lamplight in Paris, he worked while daylight lasted in Cabanel's *atelier*. In London, where he went in search of a rainbow-end fortune, he worked at his craft, and thought continually; and from London he came back with the ineffable memory of Turner. Then, to quote his own phrase, "life and I went our way again, one hard, the other obstinate." He lived "a thief's life"; but he worked with a fury of industry that made him first for sketching in the Beaux Arts competition of 1879, and car-

From the painting by Eugène Carrière. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GUSTAVE GEFFROY, PAINTER

From the painting by Eugène Carrière. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"LA MATERNITÉ"

ried into that year's Salon his painting of a "Young Mother," his wife.

Though the picture was skied, Carrière remained joyous and obstinate. In 1884 he exhibited his portrait of a "Child in a Ruff," a distinguished little boy in ruff and silk jacket, embracing a poodle the eyes of which are averted in offish rebellion. In spite of a charming gaiety of sentiment, in spite, too, of brushwork, the mastery and freshness of which remind one of Velasquez, this painting left Carrière to his "thief's life."

Next year, Benjamin Constant, Gustave Geffroy, Jean Dolent, and others, saw his exquisitely wistful "Sick Child"; saw and extolled it to such good purpose that a paternal government bought the painting for some three hundred and sixty dollars, and followed up its munificence by the purchase of a larger canvas for two hundred and forty dollars, receivable at the bureau of public relief, in monthly instalments of thirty dollars each.

A lover of the poor, whose sufferings he had shared, Carrière accepted the stipend without protest against the meager payment; for he had put his trust in truth. Whether the passing hours were gay or whether they were tragic, he "agreed to life"; and so little was his agreement a stoic's mere acceptance, that he could say from his heart: "Everything is a confidence answering my consent; and my work is a work of faith and admiration."

In faith and in admiration, Carrière watched those human rivers, the streets of Paris; watched, too, the rivers of water and the hills and peaks of the Pyrenees; but, above all, his children and his wife. His days held loving observation in so concentrated a solution that art grew in it like gathering crystals. Movements, moods, the yearning of maternal arms, the abandonment of sleep, the wonder of these things, appeared under his hand in numberless sketches. The curve of their expressive lines surrounded the weariness of a single figure, the throbbing unity of an embrace, a baby's trou-

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CARRIÈRE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AS A YOUNG MAN

bled countenance, a hand, another hand, another, and yet another; for Carrière, as Edmond de Goncourt has said, had a passion for hands; and in his studio drawers might be found, piled up "by the armful," sketches of "these fragments of being that say and tell so many things, and always by the surprise of an eloquent gesture."

Through the observations thus crystallized into art, Carrière learned the most intimate of human secrets. "I doubt," said he, in speaking of the mysteries of life—"I doubt whether reality escapes the mind, since gesture is visible will." Nor was gesture his only source of revelation; for every curve of the body, every subtlety of face, his eye was so keen that he came to paint not only unexampled portraits of a mother, and of babies delect-

ably cublike in their dawn of humanity, but portraits of men as different as that victim of sensualism at war with worship, Paul Verlaine; that soldier of conscience, Georges Picquart; and that seer of spirit in flesh, Carrière himself.

Thus, as men say, uneventfully, but with adventure after adventure in regions of the soul, this frugal workman thought, toiled; finished his "Maternité," his "Crucifixion," his "Théâtre de Belleville," and those symbolic decorations, his figures of the sciences at the Mairie and his "Vue de Paris" at the Hôtel de Ville. Gripped by a fatal disease, his face scarred by the surgeon's knife, he prepared himself for death only by more passionate self-dedication to art. For three years more he painted. Then came the end. On the sixth of March, 1906, Eugène Carrière lay dead.

III

A PHILOSOPHER and man of religion in his worship of truth, Carrière was none the less a painter. Visual terms were not merely "the way of understanding imposed on him by nature"; by instinct and training they were the terms in which alone he could express his understanding of life and his love of it. Pictures were this sober poet's odes; brush-strokes his eloquence. Carrière was indomitably a craftsman.

As craftsman he delved deep in technic, struck ore, and fashioned its gold into forms harmonious with his spirit. The individuality of these forms can, of course, be known through his pictures only. Yet certain of his phrases throw a suggestive, if perplexing, light on the ideal toward which they tend. A portrait, said Carrière, should be "an arabesque connecting the significant masses of a face"; or, again, "an all-inclusive spot of white." And cryptic and contradictory as these sayings are, their meaning is not far to seek. The "arabesque" which he felt should connect the significant masses of a face may be found in many a drawing where his lines, flowing evenly from form to form, create an unobtrusive yet traceable pattern. As for the "all-inclusive spot of white," certain of his painted heads are actually, at first glance, a pallid stain which, as one watches it, becomes first a ghost, then gradually a face alive in all the subtlety of flesh.

Now, one object of Carrière's patterns and pallid stains is, of course, a unity of effect quite inconsistent with literalism. Carrière's "arabesques" connect only "significant" forms, and his spots of white can appear as such only by excluding the trivialities of fact. The statement that Carrière's portraits depict the human face in all the subtlety of flesh requires, then, this counter statement: his art is an art of strict elimination. So eager was he that his pictures should not be "eaten up with details," that he came more and more to paint such visions as memory recalls from the past. All but the essential he purposely forgot. Even color, in its more evident phases, he dissolved in a lethal mist. This he swept in a soft wind of brush-strokes, from contour to contour of his faces, from figure to figure of his clinging groups. And with these mist-swirls he made, as with the lines of his drawings, a half-seen pattern, not restful, like the triangular grouping of a Perugino, but expressive to the verge of poignancy.

Though the rationalizing Frenchman in Carrière craved unity, Carrière the man had expressiveness at heart. While Whistler painted symphonies in blue and gold, Carrière painted monodies in smoke-color expressive of a spirit whose joys were never aloof from suffering. Yet the expression which he sought, and found, was primarily material. If he renounced all brilliancy of color, and all but the essential subtleties of form, it was, first, not to express his own or his subject's spirit; it was to emphasize bodily structure. This had been his study since the days when he learned from Latour how to build up the framework of bone under the human face; and this he felt and depicted with a vigor which only a phrase of his own can suggest: "The human body is not a cast; it is a piece of repoussé work formed by great blows from within."

Take, for instance, the portrait of himself, apropos of which Charles Morice exclaimed: "Oh, the gentle appeal, the valiant defiance of that whole head—the head of a man of action and victory!" With much of what the critic thus apos-

From the painting by Eugène Carrière. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COLONEL (NOW GENERAL) PICQUART, OF THE FRENCH ARMY

General Picquart, prominent in the Dreyfus trial, is now Minister of War

trophized, the portrait surely suggests a patience touchingly characteristic of Carrière. Yet in painting this portrait the craftsman's own first interest was evidently material. The head, as Gabriel Séailles has put it, "has the solid structure of a machine built to batter obstacles until they fall. . . . The high, as it were, the hammered, forehead, the prominent cheek-bones, the firm chin, mark the modeling of a face whose framework grazes the skin as rocks pierce the ground." In short, here as in all his portraits, Carrière has revealed the solid and structural beauty of the skull.

That bone structure, which was Carrière's first interest, he covered with flesh the massive vitality of which, especially in the nude, suggests the flesh of Rubens's most opulent decorations. But

Carrière recreated far more than the body's structure and life. Seeing expressions of mind and temper in every human feature and form, he revealed, for instance, in the intense and powerful eyes, the darkly wilful lips, and the poised hands of his portrait of Gustave Geffroy, all that writer's force and all his delicate, almost fluttering sensitiveness. And the eyes in which he always concentrated a man's spirit, the mouth and miraculous hands in which he found incarnate life, were, after all, only a few of his clues to insight. As gesture was for him the "visible will," each movement and pose was feeling made manifest. In the baby, for example, and the mother and the boy of his "Maternité," every attitude, every tendency toward movement, was first a sign of primitive rest, of clinging, touched with pain, or of wayward and boyish independence. Instead of freezing the three figures into no shapes of formal symmetry, he therefore made their lines express the very sensations of passivity, yearning, and self-assertion. What is more, with his Gallic love of synthesis, he united them into an exquisite whole which, while lacking all contrast of figure against background, gives one soft hints of color appearing through a mist the amber lights of which form on figure and background, as it were, a chord of visual music.

IV

Structural and sculpturesque beauty, human insight, the shaping of mass and line into a whole the irregular harmony of which is enhanced by the charm of varying light—such, in brief hints, are Carrière's very personal aims and achievements. His studies, his groups, and his portraits accordingly contrast with Gérôme's spick and span, or Manet's ironic, masterpieces as absolutely as they differ from the prismatic triumphs of Sisley and of Monet. Carrière's paintings, moreover, are, if possible, yet more unlike the sentimentalist pictures adored throughout England. For Carrière, though he painted emotionally, painted with strength and a sane sincerity that make his works as little sugary as they are dazzling, or spick and span, or ironic.

Just what place their special quality may permanently give them, one can now only guess. Study of his life-work, gathered together, a year after his death, in that Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he so patiently learned the traditions that he afterward defied—study of all these masterpieces can as yet prove only this, that he opened a new path to the painters of to-morrow. As Rodin has said: "Better than his contemporaries, those who are still to come, those who shall understand, will work out his glory."

MONITION

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A FAINT wind, blowing from World's End,
Made strange the city street.
A strange sound mingled in the fall
Of the familiar feet.

Something unseen whirled with the leaves
To tap on door and sill.
Something unknown went whispering by
Even when the wind was still.

And men looked up with startled eyes,
And hurried on their way,
As if they had been called, and told
How brief their day.

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"I SAW EL-FERENGHY IN THE BACKGROUND ON A HILLOCK HOLDING A GLITTERING DIAL FULL IN THE SUNSHINE"

THE MAGIC LANTERN

BY JAMES HUNEKER

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed since I first entered the Café Guerbois, on the Batignolles, where begins the avenue de Clichy. A student of music, *sans le sou,* I lived in a little street that ran off the boulevard des Batignolles, No. 5 rue Puteaux, in a sunless room, at the top of a dark, damp building. I studied finger-problems on a tuneless upright piano-forte. Like the instrument, I was out of tune myself; I was hungry at least eighteen hours of the twenty-four. Dining, as I grandly called it, was an important event in my day; a bowl of chocolate and a dry roll had to suffice me until the evening. Then, what joy! Soup, succeeded by the meat of the same, followed by a salad and cheese. The wine cost eight sous a litre; it was sharp, thin, and blue: yet it warmed, and when one is not twenty, and possesses a ferocious appetite, coupled with a yearning for the ideal, the human machine needs much stoking to keep up steam and soul.

It was not every day I could afford to sit upon the terrace of the Café Guerbois; there I proudly took my coffee and smoked in flush times, after my humble dinner lower down the Batignolles. The place was always crowded, specially *fête*-days and Sunday nights. I knew by sight the celebrities of the new painting crowd (a pupil of Bonnat had disdainfully named them for me): Manet; Desboutins, the engraver; giant Cladel, the novelist; Philippe Burty; Zacharie Astruc, poet-sculptor, friend of Baudelaire; and Degas, greatest of artist-psychologists. Zola also came, though I never saw him. I had eyes for none but Manet, with his fair hair and beard, his restless gestures, so full of eloquence. He and his crowd had been sneeringly christened the "Batignolles School," and the phrase stuck, much to their mingled rage and amusement.

It was one chilly March night, with occasional gusts of rain and wind, that I hugged my dreams in the Guerbois. The clicking domino games did not disturb me, nor did the high, excited voices of some painters discussing divided tones distract my interior vision. I bought a *mazagran* of coffee, and I possessed a box of tobacco, and I had worked at the piano exactly ten hours that day, notwithstanding the icy temperature of my miserable attic and the intermittent objections of my neighbors, expressed in profane and at times wooden terms: bootjacks and sticks played a rataplan on my door, but without effect. I had mastered a page of Chopin; I was happy; I was at the Café Guerbois; I was in Paris; I was young. And being of a practical temperament, I read Browning every morning to prepare myself for the struggle with the life of the world.

The door banged violently open, and in an airy blast and amid volleys of remonstrance from a dozen disturbed groups, there entered a man, who hastily advanced to my table, embraced me, dripping wet as he was, and removing a battered silk hat, sat down, crying out:

"Dear young chap, order me a drink, order yourself a drink. To-night I possess money. Yes, I!"

Our neighbors hardly glanced at him now; the painters did not cease a moment in their objurgation of burnt umber and academic brushwork. They knew the poet. So did I; but I had never seen him with money before. It was a rare event in both our lives. His frock-coat was frayed; his shirt was carefully concealed, while about his neck there was twisted a silk handkerchief. And it was clean. If he did not show his cuffs when

he folded his arms on the table, his hands were those of a poet—long, beautifully modeled, and white. Despite his poverty, an air of personal purity surrounded my friend, with his uncertain, pale-blue eyes of a dreamer. What a head he exhibited when the damp, shapeless hat was lifted! The brow was too wide for its height, but yet a brow of exceeding power and meaning; it was lined with parallel wrinkles, and there were deep depressions in the temples, which made him appear older than he was. He had led such an exhausting mental and emotional life that he seemed nearer fifty than forty. His eyeballs, swimming in mystic light and prominent, were faded when his brain was not excited by some ardent thought, which was seldom. He wore a mustache and an imperial to conceal the narrowness of his weak chin; his jaws sloped abruptly to a point; his whole appearance was fantastic, a little sinister, and sometimes terrifying. But he was a gentleman. Was he not a lineal descendant of the Grand Master of Malta? Was he not the coming glory of French literature? Tossing his long, fair hair from his brow, and looking at me with those faded eyes, the expression of which could be so sparkling, so satirical, he exclaimed:

"I am a friend of Richard Wagner's." It was as if one should proudly say, "I knew Jupiter Tonans." Pride satanic was his foible.

We drank. I asked him: "Is Wagner agreeable in conversation?"

He shrugged his contempt for my idiotic question. "Mt. Etna, is it agreeable in conversation?"

"There are only Romantics and imbeciles," was another of his remarks; he had forgotten time, and did not realize that we were in the full swing of realism of *plein-air* painting. But once a poet, always a dreamer; except Victor Hugo, who was both poet and business man.

He asked me if he could visit me and play some of his compositions. He had set certain verses of Baudelaire's. "Wagner likes it," he said with simplicity. I had met him a few months before, but I knew him for a man of genius. Genius! Those were the mad days when a phrase made one ecstatic, when a word became a beckoning star. Genius was a starry word. I had talked to Walt Whitman at Camden in 1877; but Walt looked more like a Quaker farmer than a genius. Vaguely romantic, I felt that genius must be poor, unrecognized, long in hair, short as to purse. Even disrepute could not destroy my ideal. My French poet was naturally neat, charming in his manner, and the most wonderful talker in the world. Barbey d'Aurevilly could discourse with the magic tongue of a lost archangel; but Barbey, with all his colored volubility, could not improvise for you entire stories, books, plays, during an evening in a hot, crowded, clattering café. These miracles were nightly performed by my poor, dear friend. How did he do it? I do not know. He was a genius, and lived somewhere in the rue des Martyrs. That he barely managed to make ends meet we knew; we also knew that he never sold any of his stories or novels or plays. True, he seldom wrote them. He only talked them, and the prowling animals of Bohemian journalism, sniffing the feast of good things, would pay for the drinks, and later the poet had the pleasure of reading his stolen ideas, in a mediocre setting, filling some cheap journal. How he flayed the malefactors! How he reproached them in that passionate, trembling baritone of his! No matter, he always returned to the café, drank with the crew, and told tales that were haunting. I firmly believe he had at last come to tolerate me because I did not parody his improvisations.

This night he was uneasy. He asked me the whereabouts of Manet. No, I had not seen him. Then he repeated Manet's latest *mot:* Manet, before a picture of Meissonier, the famous "Charge of the Cuirassiers."

"Good, very good!" exclaimed the painter of "Olympe." "All is steel except the breastplates." Meissonier was furious when a kind friend repeated this story of the painter, derided then, a king among artists to-day. The poet predicted this. "Wait," he said—"wait. Richard Wagner, Manet, the crazy Ibsen, myself—wait. Our day is to come." All this was long ago, remember. He was a critic as well as a poet, as might be foreseen from Baudelaire's cherished companion.

We drank in silence. He rattled coin

in his pocket, and smiled at me imperiously. "Yes," he seemed to say, "my hour of triumph is at hand." I asked him questions with my eyes. He stretched a friendly hand across the table, fairly bursting with pride.

"*Holá,* young American! It is true; to-day I have sold a play. Here is the earnest money." He showed a palm full of gold pieces. Then he glanced furtively about him. Not a literary buzzard was in the café. Some one back of us cried the praises of a monster magic lantern exhibition that had been given in the Clichy Quarter. I saw that my poet was interested. He turned his head, listened for a few moments, then he scornfully said:

"They call *that* a magic lantern! I saw a magic lantern once, and on a scale that would have frightened these poor devils." I felt that something was coming; but I sat still, knowing the slightest interruption would arrest the story. He leaned back in his chair, put his pipe between his teeth, and in the tones of a noctambulist improvised his tale. His eyes at times seemed to have a delicate film over them, yet sufficiently translucent to allow a gleam of blue to penetrate the misty covering. I trembled. He spoke slowly,—and Rémy de Gourmont, poet and prose master, will bear witness to the outline of the story; once Villiers sketched it for him:

"When I was in Africa,—don't stare, I 've been all over the world,—I found myself, some fifteen years ago, on the border of the Red Sea. Though winter by the calendar, it was furnace-hot in this gehenna of cactus and sand. I had affiliated with a small tribe of Arabs,—I was disguised *en Arabe,*—and we rode all night to escape the English, who were behind us with two battalions. El-Ferenghy, our chief, a man of profound learning and unheard-of bravery, did not act as if discouraged when the scouts he had posted at our rear reported that the red-coats were not far away. We skirted the sandy shores of the horrible sea, and reached finally a vast ravine between two gigantic heaps, rather mountains, of sand. El-Ferenghy deployed his forces into the deepest of the ravines and the most inaccessible part of this arid wilderness. It looked like the bottom of a sea the water of which had vanished after some cataclysm in a prehistoric past. We pitched no tents, but squatted under the rays of the burning sun and waited. My nerves drove me to imprudence. I ventured to ask the chief if we were not in a trap: our horses' hoofs had left clear traces for the enemy; and to give battle against such odds would be impossible. He pierced me with his magnetic eyes. '*Frank,*' he proudly said, and oh! the indescribable pride of his voice—'*Frank,* let us trust to Allah. I have magic, too. Rest.'

"The sun was still overhead; the earth a gigantic reflector; my brains wabbled in my skull as if cooking. Suddenly our captain gave orders in a harsh voice. The Arabs jumped to their feet and, in single file, raced about in circles, firing their long, archaic muskets, yelling like devils. 'We are lost,' I muttered, for my ear had distinguished the sound of answering guns from a distance. 'The English—they must be advancing.' Quivering, I awaited the onslaught. I saw El-Ferenghy in the background, on a hillock, holding a glittering dial full in the sunshine. He shifted it at every angle in the most incomprehensible manner, his devil's eyes puckered with cold malice. Was it madness? Again there was distant firing, and new pantomime on our part. A word from the chief, and his men dropped in their tracks, crouching earthward. The rattling of shots ceased. Our men dispersed, as the captain hid the dial in his robes, and we sat down silently to our evening meal.

"At moonrise, after we had slept a few hours, there was another call to arms, and once more the mysterious manœuvers were repeated. This time I could distinctly hear the cries of the English. They betrayed an accent of surprise—shall I say terror? El-Ferenghy manipulated his medal of metal, and the firing, screaming, racing, and confusion ceased only at the break of dawn. We tethered our horses, which in this second mock sortie had been driven full speed around the sandy, moon-shaped enclosure. At noon it was all begun over again. There was half-hearted firing from the English lines. Their men no longer cheered. We must have been only a few hundred yards from them, for we could note certain

movements. A despairing silence settled on their encampment. During the afternoon they neither fired nor answered our unseen challenges. What had occurred? I asked the chief. This time he smiled indulgently:

"'To-morrow night,' he whispered—'to-morrow night they will no longer fight with ghosts, but the ghosts will fight them.' I understood. I shivered. Unhappy men, what chance had they against devils! I am a Frenchman, I am not a lover of the English; but, after all, they are of our white race. I pitied them.

"The chief had spoken the truth: they were fighting ghosts—worse still, shadows from the sky; they were warring against the impalpable, and at first, flushed by the success of their attack, by the number of seeming slain that had fallen before their volleys, they had dashed upon the Arabs only to grasp at—nothing. Even our dead had been carried away. This comedy of terror had been enacted under the moon, and the bewilderment of our foe was supplemented by something disquieting. The white soldiers refused to fight phantoms. There were devils abroad, they asserted. The troops turned sulky, and we heard the officers' agitated voices berating their cowardice, and urging them to the conflict. Then brandy must have been dealt out; during the afternoon of the third day there was a determined and vigorous sally, accompanied by a frightful fusillade. But to no avail. They felt the returning fire of the Arabs, they *saw* them tumble in heaps upon the ground, but when they attacked them with their brutal bayonets, they prodded only the sand. All this time the demon El-Ferenghy, immobile as a statue, consulted his little hellish chronometer, while his men spun around, shrieked, and shot off their pieces into the empty air. It was no longer an enigma. I gazed into the sky, knowing that there the battle was fiercest waged.

"The moon sank from sight soon after midnight. A whistle summoned us to action. This time it was no mimic war, or cruel hoax. We clambered up the sand-dunes and without warning fell upon the English. It was a too easy victory. Half of them were bloated corpses; hideous exertions under the blaze of the African sun had killed them; the others were too weak or frightened to resist. We slew them to a man. And upon their congested faces, when the sun shot its level beams in the morning, the expression was one of supreme horror. We rode away to the nearest oasis, leaving our enemy with the vultures. I refused an English sword offered me by El-Ferenghy, for I loathed the man, loathed his magic. A week later I escaped. I had been told that the motto of his band was that of the Ancient of Assassinations: 'All is permitted. Nothing is true.' Ah, my friend, in the East everything may be expected. There the old magic still prevails. There the age of miracles has not passed."

His voice came in whispers. From my corner I blinked at him with the eyes of the hypnotized. Yet I was not satisfied. What had really happened? What the magic employed? Why the tactics of the Arabs and the senseless behavior of the brave British? I stammered:

"And—wherefore—tell me—"

He smiled, answering:

"You spoke of magic lanterns. El-Ferenghy had a real magic lantern." I betrayed my ignorance of his meaning.

"Must one, then, explain everything in this stupid world, where electricity is performing such wonders, where my master Edison—"

I interrupted his impending rhapsody:

"Yes, *cher maître,* I understand as far as the shining dial, but there I stop. Why should the English continue firing in the air at nothing?"

"They did not fire in the air at nothing. They fired at living Arabs; they saw them fall; and when they attempted to seize them, they had disappeared; their dead, too, had disappeared with them."

"I give it up," I sourly replied; "I never was good at riddles."

"Ha! *You* give it up, you young materialist who will not acknowledge that life is a miracle, living as we do on a ball of mud and fire balanced in space, you give up this story of a magic toy—a mere toy, I tell you, in the hands of a man who knew more than all our men of science. Yet you pretend there is no devil in our universe—you, prophet and seer not out of your teens—" He paused

for want of breath. The café was quite empty. Soon the lights would be extinguished.

I grasped my chance:

"And do you, dear poet, believe in the devil?"

He crossed himself piously, for he was, even in his most blasphemous moods, a sincere Roman Catholic. Then, in a hollow voice that froze my youthful blood, he quaveringly concluded:

"El-Ferenghy was not the devil; but he understood the mechanism of the mirage. Mirages are frequent phenomena in that steaming hot region. He knew how to control the mirage—that 's all. With his round steel mirror, his magic lantern, he threw a mirage of his band upon the sands, making a false picture, which the English mistook for reality. Hence the alarums, the attacks, the firing, the ghostly pursuits, the sickening discouragement, and the cruel denouement. Have I made myself clear, *jeune fumiste?*"

"Oh," I cried, "there is but one master of the mirage in Paris, and his name, his name—"

The head waiter turned out the lights, and we found ourselves in the avenue de Clichy. He bade me a short, disagreeable good-night, and I walked in a very depressed humor down the Batignolles. It was the last time I ever enjoyed the irony, fluted and poignant, of that rare clairvoyant soul, Villiers d'Isle Adam.

THE LEPER

BY KARL JUNKER

HEAR the leper! Down the street
Sound his shuffling, weary feet.
Run within!
Little children, do not look;
Hide your eyes behind your book:
For his face is scarred and thin,
Lined by sin.

Hear the leper! Shut the door;
Double lock the gate once more.
Do not peep
Round the curtain's lifted side;
If he sees you, woe betide,
For that dreadful face will creep
Through your sleep.

'Ware the leper! Who can know
That he loves these children so—
That he slips
Through the hated market-place
Just to watch a baby's face
And the joys its mother sips
From its lips?

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXXI

"I SHALL ASK SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE FOR WHAT I HAVE TO GIVE"

THERE was no detail the significance of which Sir Nigel missed as Betty and he went about the place together the next morning. He had keen eyes, and was a quite sufficiently practical person on such matters as concerned his own interests. In this case it was to his interest to make up his mind as to what he might gain or lose by the appearance of his wife's family.

His personal theories concerning women presented to him several effective ways of managing them. You made love to them; you flattered them either subtly or grossly; you roughly or smoothly bullied them; or you harrowed them with haughty indifference—if your love-making had produced its proper effect—when it was necessary to lure or drive or trick them into submission. Women should be made useful in one way or another. Little fool though she was, Rosalie had been useful. He had had, after all was said and done, some comparatively easy years as the result of her existence. But she had not been useful enough, and there had even been moments when he had wondered if he had made a mistake in separating her entirely from her family. There might have been more to be gained if he had allowed them to visit her, and had played the part of a devoted husband in their presence. A great bore, of course, but they could not have spent their entire lives at Stornham. Twelve years ago, however, he had known very little of Americans, and he had lost his temper.

The first thing he tried with Betty was to touch with dignified pathos on the subject of Ughtred. She, he intimated gently, could imagine what a man's grief and disappointment might be on finding his son and heir deformed in such a manner. The delicate reserve with which he managed to convey his fear that Rosalie's own uncontrolled hysteric attacks had been the cause of the misfortune was very well done. She had, of course, been very young and much spoiled, and had not learned self-restraint, poor girl.

It was at this point that Betty first realized that there would be at the outset many times when she could protect her sister only by refraining from either denial or argument.

"I am very fond of Ughtred," was the sole comment he was granted. "We made friends from the first. As he grows older and stronger his misfortune may be less apparent. He will be a very clever man."

"He will be a very clever man if he is at all like—" He checked himself with a slight movement of his shoulders. "I was going to say a thing utterly banal. I beg your pardon. I forgot for the moment that I was not talking to an English girl."

This was so stupid that she turned and looked at him, smiling faintly. But her answer was mild and soft.

"Do not deprive me of compliments because I am a mere American," she said. "I am very fond of them, and respond at once."

"You are very daring," he said, looking straight into her eyes—"deliciously so. American women always are, I think." "The young devil!" he was saying internally. "The beautiful young devil! She throws one off the track."

They went from gardens to greenhouses, from greenhouses to stables, and he was on the watch for the moment

when she would reveal some little feminine pose or vanity; but this morning, at least, she laid none bare.

"Of course I continue to be amazed," he commented, "though one ought not to be amazed at anything which evolves from your extraordinary country. In spite of your impersonal air, I shall persist in regarding you as my benefactor. But, to be frank, I always told Rosalie that if she would write to your father he would certainly put things in order."

"She did write once, you will remember," answered Betty.

"Did she?" with courteous vagueness. "Really, I am afraid I did not hear of it. My poor wife has her own little ideas about the disposal of her income."

And Betty knew that she was expected to believe that Rosy had hoarded the money sent to restore the place, and from sheer, weak miserliness had allowed her son's heritage to fall to ruin.

He continued to converse amiably.

"Of course it is you one must thank not only for rousing in the poor girl some interest in her personal appearance, but also some interest in her neighbors."

If he could make her openly lose her temper he would have made an advance.

"It is a great happiness to me to see Rosy gaining ground every day," she said. "She has taken me out with her a good many times, and people are beginning to realize that she likes to see them at Stornham."

"You are very delightful," he said, "with your 'She has taken me out.' When I glanced at the magnificent array of cards on the salver in the hall, I realized a number of things, and quite vulgarly lost my breath. The Dunholms have been very amiable in recalling our existence. But charming Americans, of your order, arouse amiable emotions."

"I am very amiable myself," said Betty.

It was he who flushed now. He was losing patience at feeling himself held with such lightness at arms' length, and at being, in spite of himself, somehow compelled to continue to assume a jocular courtesy.

"No, you are not," he answered.

"Not?" repeated Betty.

"You are charming and clever, but I rather suspect you of being a vixen. At all events, you are a spirited young woman, and quick-witted enough to understand the attraction you must have for the sordid herd."

And then he became aware, if not of an opening in her armor, at least of a joint in it. For he saw, near her ear, a deepening warmth.

"I confess, however," he proceeded cheerfully, "that, notwithstanding my own experience of the habits of the sordid herd, I saw one card I was surprised to find, though, really"—shrugging his shoulders—"I ought to have been less surprised to find it than to find any other. But it was bold. I suppose the fellow is desperate."

"You are speaking of—" suggested Betty.

"Of Mount Dunstan. Hang it all, it *was* bold!"

She stooped to break off a spire of pale-blue campanula. And she was, as with a shock, struck with a consciousness that she bent because she must—because to do so was a refuge. She must hide her face because it was this one man—just this one and no other—who was being dragged into this thing with insult.

As for Nigel Anstruthers, he went on talking in his low-pitched, disgusted voice.

"Surely he might count himself out of the running. There will be a good deal of running, my dear Betty. You fair Americans have learned that by this time. But that a man who has not even a decent name to offer, who is blackballed by his county, should coolly present himself as a *prétendant* is an insolence he should be kicked for."

"Whatsoever the 'running,'" she remarked, "no *prétendant* has complimented me by presenting himself so far, and Lord Mount Dunstan is physically an unusually strong man."

"You mean that it would be difficult to kick him? Is this partizanship? Am I to understand," he added with deliberation, "that Rosalie has received him here?"

"Yes."

"And that you have received him, also, as you received Lord Westholt?"

"Quite."

"Then I must discuss the matter with Rosalie. It is not to be discussed with you."

"You mean that you will exercise your authority in the matter."

"In England, my dear girl, the master of a house is still sometimes guilty of exercising authority in matters which concern the reputation of his female relatives. In the absence of your father, I shall not allow you, while you are under my roof, to endanger your name in any degree. I am at least your brother by marriage. I intend to protect you."

"Thank you," said Betty.

"You are young and extremely handsome. You will have an enormous fortune, and you have evidently had your own way all your life. A girl such as you are may either make a magnificent marriage or a ridiculous and humiliating one. Neither American young women nor English young men are as disinterested as they were some years ago. Each has begun to learn what the other has to give."

"I think that is true," commented Betty.

"In some cases there is a good deal to be exchanged on both sides. You have a great deal to give, and should get exchange worth accepting. A beggared estate and a tainted title are not good enough."

"That is businesslike," Betty made comment again.

Sir Nigel laughed quietly.

"The fact is,—I hope you won't misunderstand my saying it,—you do not strike me as being *un*businesslike yourself."

"I am not," answered Betty.

"When you marry—" he began.

"When I marry I shall ask something in exchange for what I have to give."

"If the exchange is to be equal, you must ask a great deal," he answered. "That is why you must be protected from such fellows as Mount Dunstan."

"If it becomes necessary, perhaps I shall be able to protect myself," she said.

"Ah," he added, regretfully, "I am afraid I have annoyed you—and that you need protection more than you suspect." If she were flesh and blood, she could scarcely resist resenting the implication contained in this.

"You have wounded my vanity by intimating that my admirers do not love me for myself alone," she said.

He paused, and narrowing his eyes, looked straight between her lashes.

"They ought to love you for yourself alone," he said in a low voice. "You are a deucedly attractive girl."

"Oh, Betty," Rosy had pleaded, "don't make him angry! Don't make him angry!"

So Betty lifted her shoulders slightly without comment.

"Shall we go back to the house now?" she said. "Rosalie will naturally be anxious to hear that what has been done in your absence has met with your approval."

In what manner his approval was expressed to Rosalie, Betty did not hear, this morning at least. Externally cool though she had appeared, the process had not been without its results, and she felt that she would prefer to be alone.

"I must write some letters to catch the next steamer," she said as she went upstairs.

When she entered her room she went to her writing-table, and sat down with pen and paper before her. She drew the paper toward her and took up the pen, but the next moment she laid it down and gave a slight push to the paper. As she did so, she realized that her hand trembled.

"I must not let myself form the habit of falling into rages, or I shall not be able to keep still some day when I ought to do it," she whispered.

She was a strong girl, but a girl, notwithstanding her powers. What she suddenly saw was that, as if by one movement of some powerful, unseen hand, Rosy, who had been the center of all things, had been swept out of her thought. Her anger at the injustice done to Rosy had been as nothing before the fire which had flamed in her at the insult flung at the other.

XXXII

A GREAT BALL

A certain great ball given yearly at Dunholm Castle was one of the most notable social features of the county. It took place when the house was full of its most interestingly distinguished guests, and though other balls might be given at other times, this one was marked by a degree of greater state. One's invitation must convey by inference that one was

either brilliant, beautiful, or admirable, if not important.

Nigel Anstruthers had never appeared at what the uninvited were wont, with derisive smiles, to call the "Great Panjandrum Function." Stornham Court was not a popular house in the county; no one had yearned for the society of the Dowager Lady Anstruthers, even in her youth, and a not too well-favored young man, with an ill-favored temper noticeably on the lookout for grievances, is not an acquisition to one's circle. At nineteen Nigel had discovered the older Lord Mount Dunstan and his son Tenham to be congenial acquaintances, and had been so often absent from home that his neighbors would have found social intercourse with him difficult, even if desirable. Accordingly, when the county paper recorded the splendors of the Great Panjandrum Function, which it by no means mentioned by that name, the list of "among those present" had not so far contained the name of Sir Nigel Anstruthers.

So on a morning a few days after his return the master of Stornham turned over a card of invitation and read it several times before speaking.

"I suppose you know what this means," he said at last to Rosalie, who was alone with him.

"It means that we are invited to Dunholm Castle for the ball, does n't it?"

Her husband tossed the card aside on the table.

"It means that Betty will be invited to every house where there is a son who must be disposed of profitably."

"She is invited because she is beautiful and clever. She would be invited if she had no money at all," said Rosy, daringly.

"Don't make silly mistakes," said Nigel. "There are a good many handsome girls who receive comparatively little attention. But the hounds of war are let loose when one of your swollen American fortunes appears. It 's as vulgar—as New York."

"I would rather," Rosy said quite distinctly, "that you did not speak to me of New York in that way."

"What!" said Anstruthers.

"It is my home," she answered. "It is not proper that I should hear it spoken of slightingly."

"Your home! It has not taken the slightest notice of you for twelve years. Your people dropped you as if you were a hot potato."

"They have taken me up again."

He walked over to her side, and stood before her. "Look here, Rosalie," he said, "you have been taking lessons from your sister. She is a beauty and young, and you are not. People will stand things from her they will not take from you. I would stand some things myself, because it rather amuses a man to see a fine girl peacocking. It 's merely ridiculous in you, and I won't stand it—not a bit of it."

It was not specially fortunate for him that the door opened as he was speaking, and Betty came in with her own invitation in her hand.

"I am being favored with a little scene by my wife," he explained. "She is capable of getting up excellent little scenes, but I daresay she does not show you that side of her temper."

Betty took a comfortable chintz-covered easy-chair. Her expression was evasively speculative.

"Was it a scene I interrupted?" she said. "Then I must go away and leave you to finish it. You were saying that you would not stand something. What does a man do when he will not stand a thing? What *is* the resource in these dull days of law and order—and policemen?"

"Is this American chaff?" He was disagreeably aware that he was not wholly successful in his effort to be lofty.

Betty's smile was quite without prejudice.

"Dear me, no!" she said. "It is only the unpicturesque result of an unfeminine knowledge of the law. And I was thinking how one is limited—and yet how things are simplified, after all."

"Simplified?"

"Yes, really. You see, if Rosy were violent, she could not beat you, even if she were strong enough, because you could ring the bell and give her into custody. And you could not beat her because the same unpleasant thing would happen to you. Policemen do rob things of color, don't they? And, besides, when one remembers that mere vulgar law insists that no one can be forced to live with another person who is brutal or loath-

some, that 's simple, is n't it? You could go away from Rosy at any moment you wished—as far away as you liked."

"You seem to forget"—still feeling that convincing loftiness was not easy—"that when a man leaves his wife, or she deserts him, she is likely to be called upon to bear the onus of public opinion."

"Would she be called upon to bear it under all circumstances?"

"You know that what I said is true. Women who take to their heels are deucedly unpopular in England."

"I have not been long in England, but I have been struck by the prevalence of a sort of constitutional British sense of fair play among the people who really count. The Dunholms, for instance, have it markedly. In America it is the men who force women to take to their heels who are deucedly unpopular. The Americans' sense of fair play is their most English quality."

"But the fact remains," said Nigel, with an unpleasant laugh,—"the fact remains, my dear girl."

"The fact that does remain," said Betty, not unpleasantly at all, and still with her gentle air of mere unprejudiced speculation, "is that if a man or woman is properly ill-treated—*properly*—not in any amateurish way, they reach the point of not caring in the least. But one could settle the other point by experimenting. Suppose you run away from Rosy, and then we can see if she is cut by the county."

His laugh was unpleasant again.

"So long as you are with her, she will not be cut. There are a number of penniless young men of family in this as well as the adjoining counties. Do you think Mount Dunstan would cut her?"

She looked down at the carpet thoughtfully a moment and then lifted her eyes.

"I do not think so," she answered; "but I will ask him."

"Oh, come now," he said, "that goes beyond a joke. You will not do any such absurd thing. One does not want one's domestic difficulties discussed by one's neighbors."

Betty opened coolly surprised eyes.

"I did not understand it was a personal matter," she remarked. "Where do the domestic difficulties come in?"

He stared at her a few seconds with the look she did not like, which was less likeable at the moment because it combined itself with other things.

"Hang it!" he muttered. "I wish I could keep my confounded temper as you can keep yours," and he turned on his heel and left the room.

Rosy had not spoken. She had sat with her hands in her lap, looking out of the window. She had at first had a moment of terror.

"Betty," she said, when her sister came to her, "you said those things to show me things as well as to show him. I knew you did, and listened to every word. It was good for me to hear you."

"Clear-cut, unadorned facts are like bullets," said Betty. "They reach home, if one's aim is good."

A CERTAIN thing became evident to Betty during the time which elapsed between the arrival of the invitations and the great ball. Despite an obvious intention to assume an amiable pose for the time being, Sir Nigel could not conceal a not quite explainable antipathy to one person. The whole truth was that the "Lout," as Mount Dunstan had been called, had indulged in frank speech in his rare intercourse with his brother and his friends, and had once interfered, with hot young fury, in a matter in which Tenham and Nigel had specially wished to avoid all interference. His open scorn of their methods of entertaining themselves they had felt to be disgusting impudence which would have been deservedly punished with a horsewhip if the youngster had not been a big-muscled, clumsy oaf with a dangerous eye. Upon this footing their acquaintance had stood in past years, and to decide, as Sir Nigel had decided, that the oaf in question had begun to make his bid for splendid fortune under the roof of Stornham Court itself was a thing not to be regarded calmly. It was more than he could stand, and the folly of temper which was forever his undoing betrayed him into mistakes more than once. This girl, with her beauty and her wealth, he chose to regard as a sort of property rightfully his own. She was his sister-in-law, at least, she was living under his roof, and he had more or less the power to encourage or discourage such aspirants as appeared.

Miss Vanderpoel, when she entered the ball-room at Dunholm Castle with her brother-in-law, bore herself as composedly as if she had been escorted by the most admirable and dignified of conservative relatives, instead of by a man who was more definitely disliked and disapproved of than any other man in the county whom decent people were likely to meet.

Betty, as well as Rosalie and Nigel, knew that many people turned undisguisedly to look at them, even to watch them, as they came into the splendid ball-room. It was a splendid ball-room and a stately one, and Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt shared a certain thought when they met her, which was that hers was distinctly the proud young brilliance of presence which figured most perfectly against its background. Much as people wanted to look at Sir Nigel, their eyes were drawn from him to Miss Vanderpoel. After all, it was she who made him an object of interest. But her manner committed her to no recognition of a shadow of a flaw in the character of her companion. It even carried a certain conviction with it, and the lookers-on felt the impossibility of suggesting any such flaw by their own manner. For this evening, at least, the man would have actually to be treated as if he were an entirely unobjectionable person. It appeared as if that was what the girl wanted and intended should happen.

Sir Nigel saw about him all the people who held enviable place in the county. Some of them he had never known, some of them had long ceased to recall his existence. There were those among them who lifted lorgnettes or stuck monocles into their eyes as he passed, asking one another in politely subdued tones who the man was who seemed to be in attendance on Miss Vanderpoel. Nigel knew this, and girded at it internally, while he made the most of his agreeable smile.

The distinguished personage who was the chief guest was to be seen at the upper end of the room talking to a tall man with broad shoulders who was plainly interesting him for the moment. As the Stornham party passed on, this person, making his bow, retired, and, as he turned toward them, Sir Nigel recognized him. The agreeable smile was for the moment lost.

"How in the name of Heaven did Mount Dunstan come here?" broke from him involuntarily.

"Would it be rash to conclude," said Betty, as she returned the bow of a very grand old lady in black velvet and an imposing tiara, "that he came in response to invitation?"

The very grand old lady seemed pleased to see her, and with a royal little sign called her to her side. As Betty Vanderpoel was a great success with the Mrs. Weldens and old Dobys of village life, she was also a success among grand old ladies. When she stood before them there was a sweet submission in her air which was beautifully suggestive of obedience to the dignity of their years and state. In the irreverent iconoclasm of modern times it was most agreeable to talk to a handsome creature who was as beautifully attentive as if she had been a specially perfect young lady-in-waiting.

This one even patted Betty's hand a little when she took it. She was a great county potentate who was known as Lady Alanby of Dole, her house being one of the most ancient and interesting in England.

"I am glad to see you here to-night," she said. "You are looking very nice. But you cannot help that."

Betty asked permission to present her sister and brother-in-law. Lady Alanby was polite to both of them, but she gave Nigel a rather sharp glance through her gold pince-nez as she greeted him.

"Janey and Mary," she said to the two girls nearest her, "I daresay you will kindly change your chairs and let Lady Anstruthers and Miss Vanderpoel sit next to me."

The Ladies Jane and Mary Lithcom, who had been ordered about from their infancy, obeyed with polite smiles. They were not particularly pretty girls, and were of the indigent noble. Jane, who had almost over-large blue eyes, sighed as she reseated herself a few chairs lower down.

"It does seem beastly unfair," she said in a low voice to her sister, "that a girl such as that should be so awfully good-looking. She ought to have a turn-up nose."

"Thank you," said Mary; "I have a turn-up nose myself, and I 've got nothing to balance it."

"Oh, I did n't mean a nice turn-up nose like yours," said Jane; "I meant an ugly one. Of course Lady Alanby wants her for Tommy."

"What she,—or any one else, for that matter" — disdainfully — "could want with Tommy, I don't know," replied Mary.

"I do," answered Jane, obstinately. "I played cricket with him when I was eight, and I 've liked him ever since. It is *awful*"—in a smothered outburst—"what girls like us have to suffer."

Lady Mary turned to look at her curiously.

"Jane," she said, "are you *suffering* about Tommy?"

"Yes, I am. Oh, what a question to ask in a ball-room! Do you want me to burst out crying?"

"No," said Lady Mary, sharply. "Look at the Prince. Stare at that fat woman curtseying to him. Stare, and then wink your eyes."

Lady Alanby was talking about Mount Dunstan.

"Lord Dunholm has given us a lead. He is an old friend of mine, and he has been talking to me about it. It appears that he has been looking into things seriously. Modern as he is, he rather tilts at injustices in a quiet way. He has satisfactorily convinced himself that Lord Mount Dunstan has been suffering for the sins of the fathers."

"Is Lord Dunholm quite sure of that?" put in Sir Nigel.

Old Lady Alanby gave him an unencouraging look.

"Quite," she said. "He would be likely to be before he took any steps."

"Ah," remarked Nigel. "I knew Lord Tenham, you see."

Lady Alanby's look was more unencouraging still. She quietly and openly put up her glass and stared. There were times when she had not the remotest objection to being rude to certain people.

"I am sorry to hear that," she observed. "There never was any room for mistake about Tenham. He is not usually mentioned."

"I do not think this man would be usually mentioned if everything were known," said Nigel.

Then an appalling thing happened. Lady Alanby gazed at him a few seconds, and made no reply whatever. She dropped her glass, and turned again to talk to Betty. It was as if she had turned her back on him, and Sir Nigel, still wearing an amiable exterior, used internally some bad language.

"But I was a fool to speak of Tenham," he thought—"a great fool."

A little later, Miss Vanderpoel made her curtsey to the exalted guest, and was commented upon again by those who looked on. It was not at all unnatural that one should find one's eyes following a girl who, representing a sort of royal power, should have the good fortune of possessing such looks and bearing.

Remembering his child *bête noir* of the long legs and square, audacious little face, Nigel Anstruthers found himself restraining a slight grin as he looked on at her dancing. Partners flocked about her like bees, and Lady Alanby of Dole and other very grand old or middle-aged ladies all found the evening more interesting because they could watch her.

"She is full of spirit," said Lady Alanby, "and she enjoys herself as a girl should. It is a pleasure to look at her. I like a girl who gets a magnificent color, and stars in her eyes, when she dances. It looks healthy and young."

It was Tommy with whom Miss Vanderpoel was dancing when her ladyship said this. Tommy was her grandson, and a young man of greater rank than fortune. He was a nice, frank, heavy youth who loved a simple county life spent in tramping about with guns, and friendly hobnobbing with his neighbors, and taking afternoon teas with people whose jokes were easy to understand, and who were ready to laugh if you tried a joke yourself. He liked girls, and especially he liked Jane Lithcom; but that was a weakness his grandmother did not at all encourage, and as he danced with Betty Vanderpoel, he looked over her shoulder more than once at a pair of big, unhappy blue eyes whose owner sat against the wall.

Betty Vanderpoel herself was not thinking of Tommy. When she had entered the ball-room, she had known at once who the man was who stood before the royal guest; she had known before he bowed low and withdrew. For a few moments her throat felt hot and pulsing. It was true that the things which con-

cerned him concerned her. All that happened to him suddenly became her affair, as if in some way they were of the same blood. That he should be at this place, on this special occasion, swept away dark things from his path.

He had come to them and said a few courteous words, but he had soon gone away. At first she wondered if it were because of Nigel, who at the time was making himself ostentatiously amiable to her. Afterward she saw him dancing, talking, being presented to people, being with a tactful easiness taken care of by his host and hostess and Lord Westholt. Apparently there had been no past at all. All began with this large young man, who, despite his Viking type, really looked particularly well in evening dress. Lady Alanby held him by her chair for some time, openly enjoying her talk with him, and calling up Tommy that they might make friends.

After a while, Betty said to herself, he would come and ask for a dance. But he did not come, and she danced with one man after another. Westholt came to her several times, and had more dances than one. Why did the other not come? Several times they whirled past each other, and when it occurred, they looked, both feeling it an accident, into each other's eyes.

The strong and strange thing—that which moves on its way as do birth and death, and the rising and setting of the sun—had begun to move in them. It was no new and rare thing, but an ancient and common one—as common and ancient as death and birth themselves; and part of the law as they are. As it comes to royal persons, as it comes to scullery maids in royal kitchens and grooms in royal stables, as it comes to ladies-in-waiting and the women who serve them, so it had come to these two from the opposite sides of the earth, and each started at the touch of it and withdrew a pace in bewilderment and some fear.

"I wish," Mount Dunstan was feeling throughout the evening, "that her eyes had some fault in their expression—that they drew one less. I am losing my head."

"It would be better," Betty thought, "if I did not wish so much that he would come and ask me to dance with him—that he would not keep away so. He is keeping away for a reason. Why is he doing it?"

The music swung on in lovely measures, and the dancers swung with it. Sir Nigel waltzed dutifully once or twice with his wife and once with his beautiful sister-in-law. Lady Anstruthers, in her new bloom, had not lacked partners, who discovered that she was a childishly light creature who danced extremely well. Every one was kind to her, and the very grand old ladies who admired Betty were absolutely benign in their manner. Betty's partners paid ingenious court to her, and Sir Nigel found he had not been mistaken in his estimate of the dignity his position of escort and male relative gave to him.

Rosy, standing for a moment looking out on the brilliancy and state about her, meeting Betty's eyes, laughed quiveringly.

"I am in a dream," she said.

"You have awakened from a dream," Betty said.

From the opposite side of the room some one was coming toward them, and, seeing him, Rosy smiled in welcome.

"I am sure Lord Mount Dunstan is coming to ask you to dance with him," she said. "Why have you not danced with him before, Betty?"

"He has not asked me," Betty answered. "That is the only reason."

"Lord Dunholm and Lord Westholt called at the Mount a few days after they met him at Stornham. They wanted to know him very much. Then it seems they found they liked one another. Lady Dunholm has been telling me about it. She says Lord Dunholm thanks you—because you said something illuminating. That was the word she used—illuminating. I believe you are always illuminating, Betty."

Mount Dunstan was certainly coming to them. Here and there one sees a man or woman who is, through some trick of fate, by nature a compelling thing, unconsciously demanding that one should submit to some domineering attraction. One does not call it domineering, but it is so. This special creature is charged unfairly with more than his or her single share of force. Betty Vanderpoel thought

this out as he came to her. He did not use the ball-room formula when he spoke to her. He said in rather a low voice:

"Will you dance with me?"

"Yes," she answered.

Lord Dunholm and his wife agreed afterward that so noticeable a pair had never before danced together in their ball-room. Certainly no pair had ever been watched with quite the same interested curiosity.

"He is a magnificently built man, you know," old Lady Alanby commented, "and she is a magnificently built girl. Everybody should look like that. My impression would be that Adam and Eve did, but for the fact that neither of them had any particular character. Eve has always struck me as being the kind of woman who, if she lived to-day, would run up stupid bills at her dressmaker's, and be afraid to tell her husband."

"I am glad to be dancing with him," Betty was thinking. "I am glad to be near him."

"Will you dance this with me to the very end," asked Mount Dunstan—"to the last note?"

"Yes," answered Betty.

The music was perfect; the brilliant, lofty ball-room, the beauty of color and sound about them, the jewels and fair faces, the warm breathing of flowers in the air, the very sense of royal presence and its accompanying state and ceremony, seemed a naturally arranged background for the strange consciousness each held close and silently, knowing nothing of the mind of the other.

Nigel Anstruthers had been watching the pair, as others had; he had seen what others saw; and now he had an idea that he saw something more, and it was something which did not please him. The instinct of the male bestirred itself—the curious instinct of resentment against another man, any other man. And in this case Mount Dunstan was not any other man, but one for whom his antipathy was personal.

"I won't have that," he said to himself. "I won't have it."

The music rose and swelled, and then sank into soft breathing as they moved in harmony together.

To herself, Betty was saying:

"I have no intelligence where he is concerned—only a strong, stupid feeling which is not like a feeling of my own. I am no longer Betty Vanderpoel, and I wish to go on dancing with him 'to the last note,' as he said."

She felt a little, hot wave run over her cheek uncomfortably, and the next instant the big arm tightened its clasp for just one second, not more. She did not know that he himself had seen the sudden ripple of red color, and that the equally sudden contraction of the arm had been as unexpected to him and as involuntary as the quick wave itself. It had made him angry. He looked the next instant entirely stiff and cold.

"He did not know it happened," Betty said to herself.

"The music is going to stop," said Mount Dunstan. "I know the waltz. We can get once round the room again before the final chord. It was to be to the last note." But he said it quite rigidly, and Betty laughed.

The music hastened a little, and their gliding whirl became more rapid; a running sweep of notes, a big, terminating harmony, and the thing was over.

A slight stir was felt throughout the ball-room. The royal guest was retiring, and soon the rest began to melt away. The Anstruthers, who had a long return drive before them, were among those who went first.

When Lady Anstruthers and her sister returned from the cloak-room they found Sir Nigel standing near Mount Dunstan, who was going also, and talking to him in an amiably detached manner. Mount Dunstan himself did not look amiable, or seem to be saying much, but Sir Nigel showed no signs of being disturbed.

"Now that you have ceased to forswear the world," he said as his wife approached, "I hope we shall see you at Stornham. Your visits must not cease because we cannot offer you G. Selden any longer."

He had his own reasons for giving the invitation—several of them. And there was a satisfaction in letting the fellow know casually that he was not in the ridiculous position of being unaware of what had occurred during his absence—that there had been visits, and also the objectionable episode of the American

"bounder." That the episode had been objectionable he knew he had adroitly conveyed by mere tone and manner.

Mount Dunstan thanked him in the usual formula, and then spoke to Betty.

"G. Selden left us tremulous and fevered with ecstatic anticipation. He carried your kind letter to Mr. Vanderpoel next to his heart. His brain seemed to whirl at the thought of what 'the boys' would say when he arrived with it in New York. You have materialized the dream of his life."

"I have interested my father," Betty answered, with a brilliant smile. "He liked the romance of the Reuben S. Vanderpoel who rewarded the saver of his life by unbounded orders for the Delkoff."

As their carriage drove away, Sir Nigel bent forward to look out of the window, and having done it, laughed a little.

"Mount Dunstan does not play the game well," he remarked.

It was annoying that neither Betty nor his wife inquired what the game in question might be, and that his temperament forced him into explaining without encouragement.

"He should have stood motionless, with folded arms, or something of the sort, and watched her equipage until it was out of sight."

"And he did not?" said Betty.

"He turned on his heel as soon as the door was shut."

"People ought not to do such things," was her simple comment.

To which it seemed useless to reply.

XXXIII

FOR LADY JANE

NEVER was man more tormented by lack of power to control his special devil at the right moment of time than Nigel Anstruthers, and therefore never was there one so inevitably his own frustration. This Betty saw after the passing of a few days, and wondered how far he was aware of the thing. At times it appeared to her that he was in a state of unrest—that he was as a man wavering between lines of action, swayed at one moment by one thought, at another by an idea quite different, and that he was harried because he could not hold his own with himself.

This was true. The changed atmosphere of Stornham, the fitness and luxury of his surroundings, the new dignity given to his position by the altered aspect of things, rendered external amiability easier. The power which produced these results should of course have been in his own hands,—his money-making father-in-law should have seen that it was his affair to provide for that,—but since he had not done so, it was rather entertaining that it should be for the present in the hands of this extraordinarily good-looking girl.

He had begun by merely thinking of her in this manner—as "this extraordinarily good-looking girl"—and had not for a moment hesitated before the edifying idea of its not being impossible to arrange a lively flirtation with her. She was at an age when, in his opinion, girlhood was poised for flight with adventure, and his tastes had not led him in the direction of youth which was fastidious. His Riviera episode had left his vanity blistered and requiring some soothing application. His life had worked evil with him, and he had fallen ill on the hands of a woman who had treated him as a shattered, useless thing. He had kept his illness a secret on his return to Stornham, his one desire having been to forget, even to disbelieve in it; but dreams of its suggestion sometimes awakened him at night with shudders and cold sweat. He was hideously afraid of death and pain, and he had had monstrous pain. And while he had lain battling with it upon his bed in the villa on the Mediterranean, he had been able to hear in the garden outside the low voices and laughter of the Spanish dancer and the strong young fool who was her new adorer.

When he had found himself face to face with Betty in the avenue, after the first leap of annoyance which had suddenly died down into perversely interested curiosity, he could have laughed outright at the novelty and odd unexpectedness of the situation. If she did not prove suitably amenable, there would be piquancy in getting the better of her,—in stirring up unpleasant little things which would make it easier for her to go away than to remain on the spot,—if one should

end by choosing to get rid of her. But for the moment he had no desire to get rid of her. He wanted to see what she intended to do—to see the thing out, in fact. It amused him to hear that Mount Dunstan was on her track. There exists for persons of a certain type a pleasure full fed by the mere sense of having "got even" with an opponent. Throughout his life he had made a point of "getting even" with those who had irritatingly crossed his path or much disliked him. The working out of small or large plans to achieve this end had formed one of his most agreeable recreations. He had long owed Mount Dunstan a debt which he had always meant to pay. He had not intended to forget the episode of the nice little village girl with whom Tenham and he had been getting along so enormously well when the raging young ass had found them out and made an absurdly exaggerated scene, even going so far as threatening to smash the pair of them, marching off to the father and mother, and setting the vicar on, and then scratching together, God knows how, money enough to pack the lot off to America, where they had since done well. Why should a man forgive another who had made him look like a schoolboy and a fool? So, to find Mount Dunstan rushing down a steep hill into this thing was edifying. You cannot take much out of a man if you never encounter him. If you meet him, you are provided with heaven-sent opportunities. You can find out what he feels most sharply, and what he will suffer most by being deprived of. Mount Dunstan was an obstinate, haughty devil, and just the fellow to hide with a fury of pride a score of tender places in his hide.

At the ball he had seen that the influence of the girl had been of a kind which even money and good looks, uncombined with another thing, might not have produced. And she had the other thing, whatsoever it might be. He observed the way in which the Dunholms met and greeted her; he marked the glance of the royal personage, and his manner when, after her presentation, he conversed with and detained her; he saw the turning of heads and exchange of remarks as she moved through the rooms. Most especially he took in the bearing of the very grand old ladies, led by Lady Alanby of Dole. Barriers had thrown themselves down; these portentous, rigorous, old tabby-cats admired her, even liked her.

He had not for so long a time himself been impelled by such agreeable folly that he had sometimes felt the stab of the thought that he was past it. That it should rise in him again made him feel young. There was nothing which so irritated him against Mount Dunstan as his own rebelling recognition of the man's youth, the strength of his fine body, his high-held head, and clear eye.

These things and others it was which swayed him, as was plain to Betty in the time which followed, to many changes of mood.

"Are you sorry for a man who is ill and depressed," he asked one day, "or do you despise him?"

"I am sorry."

"Then be sorry for me."

He had come out of the house to her as she sat on the lawn under a broad, level-branched tree, and had thrown himself upon a rug, with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Are you ill?"

"When I was on the Riviera I had a fall," he lied. "I strained some muscle or other, and it has left me rather lame. Sometimes I have a good deal of pain."

"I am very sorry," said Betty. "Very."

A woman who can be made sorry it is rarely impossible to manage.

He looked at her reflectively.

"Yes, you are capable of being sorry," he decided. To give the impression of dignified reflection was not a bad idea, either. "Do you know," he said at length, "that you produce an extraordinary effect upon me, Betty." She was occupying herself by adding a few stitches to one of Rosy's ancient strips of embroidery, and as she answered, she laid it flat upon her knee to consider its effect.

"Good or bad?" she inquired with delicate abstraction.

He turned his face toward her again, this time quickly.

"Both," he answered.

His tone held the flash of a heat which he felt should have startled her slightly; but apparently it did not.

"I do not like 'both.' If you had said that you felt yourself develop angelic

qualities when you were near me, I should feel flattered; but 'both' leaves me unsatisfied."

"I see. Thank you," he said stiffly, and flushing. "You do not believe me. You set yourself against me as a child, Betty," he said, "and you set yourself against me now. You will not give me fair play. You might give me fair play." He dropped his voice at the last sentence, and knew it was well done. A touch of hopelessness is not often lost on a woman.

"What would you consider fair play?" she inquired.

"It would be fair to listen to me without prejudice, to let me explain how it has happened that I have appeared to you a—a blackguard, as I have no doubt you would call it, and a fool."

"Do not put it so strongly," she replied, with conservative politeness.

"I don't refuse to admit that I am handicapped by a devil of a temperament. That is inherited."

"Ah!" said Betty. "One of the temperaments one reads about—for which no one is to be blamed but one's deceased relatives. After all, that is comparatively easy to deal with. One can just go on doing what one wants to do—and then condemn one's grandparents severely."

It was as if a dart being aimed at her, she caught it in her hand in its flight, broke off its point, and threw it lightly aside without comment. Most women cannot resist the temptation to answer a speech containing a sting or a reproach. She had not been taught by her existence the importance of propitiating opinion. Under such conditions, how was fear to be learned? She had not learned it.

"I suppose I deserved that for making a stupid appeal to sympathy," he remarked. "I will not do it again."

If she had been the woman who can be gently goaded into reply, she would have made answer to this.

"Have you any objection to telling me why you decided to come to England this year?" he inquired, with a casual air, after the pause which she did not fill in. She turned on him a clear gaze.

"I came to see Rosy. I have always been very fond of her. I did not believe that she had forgotten how much we had loved her, or how much she had loved us. I knew that if I could see her again, I should understand why she had seemed to forget us."

"And when you saw her, you, of course, decided that I had behaved, to quote my own words, like a blackguard and a fool."

"It is of course very rude to say you have behaved like a fool, but—if you 'll excuse my saying so—that is what has impressed me very much. Don't you know,"—with a moderation which singularly drove itself home,—"that if you had been kind to her and had made her happy, you could have had anything you wished for—without trouble?"

This was one of the facts which are like bullets.

"She would have wanted only what you wanted, and she would not have asked much in return. She would not have asked as much as I should. What you did was not businesslike." She paused a moment to give thought to it. "You paid too high a price for the luxury of indulging the inherited temperament. Your luxury was *not* to control it; but it was a bad investment."

"The figure of speech is rather commercial," he answered coldly.

"It is curious that most things are, as a rule," she answered. "There is always the parallel of profit and loss, whether one sees it or not. The profits are happiness and friendship, enjoyment of life and approbation. If the inherited temperament supplies one with all one wants of such things, it cannot be called a loss, of course."

"You think, however, that mine has not brought me much?"

"I do not know. It is you who know."

"Well," he said viciously, "there *has* been a sort of luxury in it—in lashing out with one's heels and smashing things, and in knowing that people prefer to keep clear."

"Then perhaps it has paid."

"No," he added suddenly and fiercely; "damn it! it has not."

She made no reply to that.

"What do you mean to do?" he questioned as bluntly as before. He knew she would understand what he meant.

"Not much. To see that Rosy is not unhappy any more. We can prevent that. She was out of repair—as the house was. She is being rebuilt and decorated. She knows that she will be taken care of."

"I know her better than you do," he said with a laugh. "She will not go away. She is too frightened of the row it would make, of what I should say. I should have plenty to say. I can make her shake in her shoes."

Betty let her eyes rest full upon him, and he saw that she was softly summing him up, quite without prejudice, merely in interested speculation upon the workings of type.

"You are letting the inherited temperament run away with you at this moment. It was foolish to say that."

He had known it was foolish two seconds after the words had left his lips. It suited him best at the moment to try to laugh.

"Don't look at me like that," he threw off, "as if you were calculating that two and two make four."

"No prejudice of mine can induce them to make five or six—or three and a half," she said. "No prejudice of mine—or of yours."

There was no further conversation for them, as they were obliged to rise to their feet to receive visitors. Lady Alanby of Dole and Sir Thomas, her grandson, were being brought out of the house to them by Rosalie.

He went forward to meet them, his manner that of the graceful host. Lady Alanby, having been welcomed by him and led to the most comfortable, tree-shaded chair, found his bearing so elegantly chastened that she gazed at him with private curiosity. To her far-seeing and highly experienced old mind it seemed the bearing of a man who was "up to something." What special thing did he chance to be "up to?" Was he falling in unholy love with the girl under his stupid little wife's very nose?

She could not, however, give her undivided attention to him, as she wished to keep her eye on her grandson, and, outrageously enough, it happened that just as tea was brought out, and Tommy was beginning to cheer up and come out a little under the spur of the activities of handing bread and butter and cress sandwiches, who should appear but the two Lithcom girls, escorted by their aunt, Mrs. Manners, with whom they lived? As they were orphans without money, if the Manners, who were rather well off, had not taken them in, they would have had to go to the workhouse or into genteel amateur shops, as they were not clever enough for governesses.

The swaying young thinness of those very slight girls whose soft summer muslins make them look like delicate bags tied in the middle with fluttering ribbons, has almost invariably a foolish attraction for burly young men whose characters are chiefly marked by lack of forethought, and Lady Alanby saw Tommy's robust young body give a sort of jerk as the party of three was brought across the grass. After it, he pulled himself together hastily and looked stiff and pink, shaking hands as if his elbow joint were out of order, being at once too loose and too rigid. He began to be clumsy with the bread and butter, and ceasing his talk with Miss Vanderpoel, fell into silence.

Why should he go on talking, he thought? Miss Vanderpoel was a cracking handsome girl, but she was too clever for him, and he had to think of all sorts of new things to say when he talked to her. And—well, a fellow could never imagine himself stretched out on the grass, puffing happily away at a pipe, with a girl like that sitting near him, smiling, the hot turf smelling almost like hay, the hot blue sky curving overhead, and both the girl and himself perfectly happy, — chock-full of joy, — though neither of them was saying anything at all. You could imagine it with some girls.

Lady Jane was a nicely behaved girl, and she tried to keep her following blue eyes fixed on the grass or on Lady Anstruthers or on Miss Vanderpoel; but there was something like a string which sometimes pulled them in another direction, and once, when this had happened, quite against her will, she was terrified to find Lady Alanby's glass lifted and fixed upon her. As Lady Alanby's opinion of Mrs. Manners was only a poor one, and as Mrs. Manners was stricken dumb by her combined dislike and awe of Lady Alanby, a slight stiffness might have settled upon the gathering if Betty had not made an effort. She applied herself to Lady Alanby and Mrs. Manners at once, and ended by making them talk to each other. When they left the tea-table un-

der the trees to look at the gardens, she walked between them, playing upon the primeval horticultural passions which dominate the existence of all respectable and normal country ladies until the gulf between them was temporarily bridged. This being achieved, she adroitly passed them over to Lady Anstruthers, who, Nigel observed with some curiosity, accepted the casual responsibility without manifest discomfiture.

A few minutes later Tommy found himself standing alone with Jane Lithcom in a path of clipped laurels. In this manner it had happened. At the end of the laurel walk was a pretty peep of the country, and Miss Vanderpoel had brought him to see it. Nigel Anstruthers had been loitering behind with Jane and Mary. As Miss Vanderpoel turned with Tommy into the path, she stooped and picked a blossom from a clump of speedwell growing at the foot of a bit of wall.

"Lady Jane's eyes are just the color of this flower," she said.

"Yes, they are," he answered, glancing down at the lovely little blue thing as she held it in her hand. And then with a thump of the heart: "Most people do not think she is pretty, but I—" desperately—"I *do*."

"So do I," Betty answered.

Then the others joined them, and Miss Vanderpoel paused to talk a little, and when they went on, she was with Mary and Nigel Anstruthers, and he was with Jane, walking slowly. And somehow the others melted away, turning in a perfectly natural manner into a side-path. Their own slow pace became slower. In fact, in a few moments they were standing quite still between the green walls. Jane turned a little aside and picked off some small leaves nervously. Tommy saw the muslin on her chest lift quiveringly.

"Oh, little Jane!" he said in a shaky whisper. The following eyes incontinently brimmed over. Some shining drops fell on the softness of the blue muslin.

"Ah, Tommy," she murmured, "it 's no use—talking at all."

"You must n't think—you must n't think—*anything*," he said, drawing nearer, because it was impossible not to do it.

What he really meant, though he did not know how decorously to say it, was that she must not think that he could be moved by any tall beauty toward the splendor of whose possessions his revered grandmother might be driving him.

"I am not thinking anything," cried Jane in answer; "but she is everything, and I am nothing. Just look at her—and then look at me, Tommy."

"I 'll look at you as long as you 'll let me," gulped Tommy, and he was boy enough and man enough to put a hand on each of her shoulders and drown his longing in her brimming eyes.

MARY and Miss Vanderpoel were talking with a curious intimacy in another part of the garden, where they were together alone, Sir Nigel having been re-attached to Lady Alanby.

"You have known Sir Thomas a long time?" Betty had just said.

"Since we were children. Jane reminded me at the Dunholms' ball that she had played cricket with him when she was eight."

"They have always liked each other?" Miss Vanderpoel suggested.

Mary looked up at her, and the meeting of their eyes was frank to revelation. This splendid girl was understanding her.

"Oh, you *see!*" she broke out. "You left them together on purpose!"

"Yes, I did." And there was a comprehension so deep in her look that Mary knew it was deeper than her own, and somehow founded on some subtler feeling than her own. "When two people want so much—care so much to be together," Miss Vanderpoel added slowly, "it seems as if the whole world ought to help them."

Mary stared at her, moved and fascinated. She scarcely knew that she caught at her hand.

"I have never been in the state that Jane is," she poured forth, "and I can't understand how she can be such a fool; but—but we care about each other more than most girls do—perhaps because we have had no people. And it 's the kind of thing there is no use talking against, it seems. It 's killing the youngness in her. If it ends miserably, it will be as if she had had an illness and got up from it a faded, done-for spinster, with a stretch of hideous years to live. Her blue eyes will look like boiled gooseberries, because she will have cried all the color out of

them. Oh, you *understand!* I see you do!" Before she had finished, both Miss Vanderpoel's hands were holding hers.

"I do! I do!" she said. And she did, as a year ago she had not known she could. "Is it Lady Alanby?" she ventured.

"Yes. Tommy will be helplessly poor if she does not leave him her money. And she won't if he makes her angry. She is very determined. She will leave it to an awful cousin if she gets in a rage. And Tommy is not clever. He could never earn his living. Neither could Jane. They could *never* marry. You *can't* defy relatives and marry on nothing unless you are a character in a book."

"Has she liked Lady Jane in the past?" Miss Vanderpoel asked.

"Yes. She used to make rather a pet of her. She did n't like me. She was taken by Jane's meek, attentive, obedient ways. Jane was born a sweet, little, affectionate worm. Lady Alanby can't hate her even now. She just pushes her out of her path."

"Because—" said Betty Vanderpoel.

Mary prefaced her answer with a brief, half-embarrassed laugh.

"Because of *you.*"

"Because she thinks—"

"I don't see how she can believe he has much of a chance,—I do not think she does,—but she will never forgive him if he does n't make a try at finding out whether he has one or not."

"It is very businesslike," Betty remarked.

Mary laughed.

"We talk of American business enterprise," she said, "but very few English people are dreamy idealists. We are of a coolness and a daring—when we are dealing with questions of this sort. I don't think you can know the thing you have brought here. You *stay* in a dull country place and amuse yourself by doing extraordinary things, as if there was no London waiting for you. Every one knows this won't last. Next season you will be presented, and you will have a huge success, and Lady Alanby knows there would be no chance for Tommy then. He must make his try now."

Their eyes met again, and Miss Vanderpoel looked neither shocked nor angry, but a shadow swept across her face. As a result of her being her father's daughter, here she was indecently and unwillingly disturbing the lives of innocent lovers.

"And so long as Sir Thomas has not tried, and found out, Lady Jane will be made unhappy?"

"If he were to let you escape without trying, he would not be forgiven. His grandmother has had her own way all her life."

"But suppose, after I went away, some one else came?"

Mary shook her head.

"People like you don't *happen* in one neighborhood twice in a lifetime. I am twenty-six, and you are the first I have seen."

"And he will only be safe if—"

Mary Lithcom nodded.

"Yes— *if,*" she answered. "It 's silly, and frightful, but it is true."

Miss Vanderpoel looked down on the grass for a few moments, and then seemed to arrive at a decision.

"He likes you? You can make him understand things?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"Then go and tell him that if he will come here and ask me a direct question, I will give him a direct answer—which will satisfy Lady Alanby."

Lady Mary caught her breath.

"Do you know you are the most wonderful girl I ever saw," she exclaimed. "But if you only knew what I feel about Janie!" And tears rushed into her eyes.

"I feel just the same thing about my sister," said Miss Vanderpoel. "I think Rosy and Lady Jane are rather alike."

WHEN Tommy tramped across the grass toward her he was turning red and white by turns, looking somewhat like a young man who was being marched up to a cannon's mouth. It struck him that it was an American kind of thing he was called upon to do, and he was not an American, but British from the top of his closely cropped head to the thick soles of his boots. He was in truth overwhelmed by his sense of his inadequacy to the demands of the brilliantly conceived but unheard-of situation. Joy and terror swept over his being in waves.

The tall, wood-nymph look of her as she stood under a tree waiting for him would have struck his courage dead on

the spot and caused him to turn and flee in anguish if she had not made a little move toward him with a heavenly, every-day humanness in her eyes. The way she managed it was amazing. He could never have managed it at all himself.

She came forward and gave him her hand, and really it was *her* hand which held his own comparatively steady.

"It is for Lady Jane," she said. "*That* prevents it from being ridiculous or improper."

He actually fell upon his knee, and bending his head over her hand, kissed it half a dozen times with adoration. Good Lord! how she *saw* and *knew!*

"If Jane were not Jane, and you were not *you,*"—the words rushed from him,—"it would be the most outrageous—the most impudent thing a man ever had the cheek to do."

"But it is not." She did not draw her hand away, and, oh! the girlish kindness of her smiling, supporting look! "You came to ask me if—"

"If you would marry me, Miss Vanderpoel," he said, his head bending over her hand again. "I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon! Oh, Lord! I do!"

"I thank you for the compliment you pay me," she answered. "I like you very much, Sir Thomas,—and I like you just now more than ever,—but I could not marry you. I should not make you happy, and I should not be happy myself. The truth is, each of us really belongs to a different kind of person. And each of us knows the fact."

"God bless you!" he said. "I think you know everything in the world a woman can know—and remain an angel."

She took it with the prettiest laugh, which had in it no touch of mockery or disbelief in him.

"What I have said is quite final—if Lady Alanby should inquire," she said, adding rather quickly, "Some one is coming."

It pleased her to see that he did not hurry to his feet clumsily, but even stood upright with a shade of boyish dignity, and did not release her hand before he had bent his head low over it again.

Sir Nigel was bringing with him Lady Alanby, Mrs. Manners, and his wife, and when Betty met his eyes she knew at once that he had not made his way to this particular garden without intention. He had discovered that she was with Tommy, and it had entertained him to break in upon them.

"I did not intend to interrupt Sir Thomas at his devotions," he remarked to her after dinner. "Accept my apologies."

"It did not matter in the least, thank you," said Betty.

"I AM glad to be able to say, Thomas, that you did not look an entire fool when you got up from your knees as we came into the rose garden," said Lady Alanby as their carriage turned out of Stornham village.

"I 'm glad myself," Tommy answered.

"What were you doing there? Even if you were asking her to marry you, it was not necessary to go that far. We are not in the seventeenth century."

Then Tommy flushed.

"I did not intend to do it. I could not help it. She was so—so nice about everything. That girl is an angel. I told her so."

"Very right and proper spirit to approach her in," answered the old woman, watching him keenly. "Was she angel enough to say she would marry you?"

Tommy, for some occult reason, had the courage to stare back into his grandmother's eyes quite as if he were a man, and not a hobbledehoy expecting to be bullied.

"She does not want me," he answered; "and I knew she would n't. Why should she? I did what you ordered me to do, and she answered me as I knew she would. She might have snubbed me, but she has such a way of saying things and understanding, that—that—well, I found myself on one knee kissing her hand—as if I were being presented at court."

Old Lady Alanby looked out on the passing landscape.

"Well, you did your best," she summed the matter up at last, "if you went down on your knees involuntarily. If you had done it on purpose, it would have been unpardonable."

(To be continued)

OF FINE FEATHERS

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie

IT was made entirely of blush-rose petals and white cobwebs, or so, in my prejudiced state of mind, it seemed to me, and it fell about Rosette's feet in beautiful, incomparable folds. It seemed a thing exquisite, unrivaled, marvelous, hopelessly expensive, delicate, perfect, and wonderful. That Rosette should wear it merely to teach me wisdom under the pear-trees in the orchard made me feel extraordinarily happy. That she should consider me worth it!

I tried to express all this coherently in one sentence, and at least I made her understand that I admired her new gown.

She looked pleased.

"Is it?" she said doubtfully. "*Do* you? Are you sure you are n't trying to be agreeable, Jerry? It does n't seem likely, but—"

"*You* know what you look like in it," said I, abruptly.

"Oh, well," she laughed, "I did think it looked rather sweet. And it 's only a very, very cheap muslin, with some of Mother's worn-out lace. Hortense threw it together."

"*Threw* it together!" I gasped. *Worth,* I should have thought, at least.

Rosette sat down on the plank seat under the Morella cherry.

"It 's very nice of you, Jerry, to like it so much. Any woman would scorn it, you know. Really, it would be considered beneath contempt by any person of means and unlimited credit. Our credit is getting more and more limited, and Mother cuts me down every quarter. Until I marry money—" She sighed.

"Rosette!"

"And you think I need n't change it for lunch? Mr. Vanderberg 's coming."

"Perhaps," I said miserably and unkindly, "something of crimson plush, with all your jewelry hung about you in festoons, would please him better. Talk about casting pearls before— Rose-leaves and moonshine will be thrown away before Vanderhog."

"On the contrary," said Rosette, coldly, "his taste is excellent. And his name is 'berg,' *not* 'hog.' I 've told you that before."

"I beg your pardon, Rosette."

"I wish you 'd try to do him justice, Jerry," she said gravely, "especially as he may—"

"Be your husband some day?" I suggested miserably.

"Who knows?" Rosette sighed. "But about dress, Jerry. It 's a dreadfully serious question for a poverty-stricken girl. I used to try to dress to please women once, when I first came out, but I don't now."

"Why not?" I asked, with some disapproval.

"Too expensive." She shook her dark head sadly. "It can't be done. Now, a man—"

"Don't stop. You interest me."

Rosette glanced at her pretty gown and smiled.

"Well, any rag pleases a man if it 's pretty and fresh and well-cut."

"What more can a *woman* want?" I asked in surprise.

"Expense and fashion," she replied promptly. "But with men—I wonder, Jerry, if you remember that dress you liked so much—"

"Which of 'em?" said I.

"A yellowish thing. The one I wore the day—oh, you know—"

"Go on," said I, hurt by the sudden sting of a priceless memory.

"Well, it had once been an old, faded forget-me-not muslin, and I dyed it my-

self. It was a thing that had cost about six three when it was new. No woman would have been taken in for a moment, but you were tremendously struck—or you seemed to be. It made you think of your favorite roses,—William Allan Richardson, I think you said,—and you sent me some to wear with it, like a dear. Apricots and cream, too, you said I looked like. Do you remember?"

"*I* remember," said I, with a groan.

"And yet you hated that pastel Paquin gown I had for Lucille's wedding, and it cost ever so much money, not to speak of the night of sighs and tears I was obliged to devote to it after Daddy had seen the bill."

What was there in this frank expression of her opinion which was making my spirits rise so high? If Rosette was learning to dress with such beautiful and effective inexpensiveness, perhaps—

"I suppose, if I married a poor man," she said slowly and inconsistently, "I should be expected to live entirely in one tweed tailor-made a year, with thick boots and a deerstalker hat."

"On the contrary," said I, hotly, "to your own proving."

"Mr. Vanderberg *hates* mannish clothes," Rosette murmured thoughtfully. "I 'm afraid he likes a woman to look a *little* bit theatrical. Floppy hats, don't you know, and lots of rustle—"

"Vandersplash," said I, "is at heart an Eastern, a great mogul. If you want to please him, Rosette, dress yourself in a white saree, with gold stars and silver moons on it; wear silver anklets on your little brown feet, to clash and chime with joy at his coming; fetter your delicate wrists together with jasmine chains; and veil yourself to the rest of the world."

Rosette grew scarlet, and, indeed, it was unpardonable of me.

"How dare you, Jerry! Oh, how dare you!"

"Forgive me, Rosette."

It was the utter misery in my eyes which she forgave, however. She knew I should never ask her to marry a beggar, and so brought herself once more to overlook my jealousy of the more fortunate.

"If you really want to know what I think about dress, Jerry, *I* think it is one of a woman's most important duties to wear pretty clothes, to brighten up dark, dull rooms and ugly, monotonous streets; to wear pretty, delicate colors whenever she can, and to be as different as possible from a gray-and-brown check-plaided man."

"You do *your* duty," I murmured, with my silly heart in my eyes.

"When I see," said Rosette, hotly, "the hundreds of rich women who help to make our little town hideous instead of pretty, I could kill them, in their tweeds and their friezes and their absurd tartans belonging to no clan in the world. And their hats! Oh, Jerry!"

"*I 've* seen their hats," said I, with sympathy.

"Dress is everything to a woman," Rosette went on. "Don't talk to me of beauty unadorned!"

"I was n't," said I, with ready sympathy.

"Mother once had little Chrystabel Grey up from the country. Her father 's a doctor, you know, on nothing a year, and her mother 's evangelical. You should have seen her best frock—confirmation, I should think, high, with a blue sash, and one stiff little flounce. And her hair! We had a little impromptu dance, and no one would dance with her. I had to make my partners *promise* to ask her before I gave them any with me, and then they did n't even attempt to make the best of her and draw her out. It was her get-up which made her seem so impossible in every way—dull, heavy, stupid; and mother and I were in despair. The poor child went to bed in tears; said she hated the vanities of this world, and was going into a Protestant sisterhood to live a life of self-denial and Christian endeavor. It went to my heart to see the way the village dressmaker had cut the skirt of that unspeakable frock. And the hunt ball was the next day but one. Oh, Jerry!"

"But was n't it little Miss Chrissie who—"

"Yes," said Rosette, with meaning. "And you were one of the worst, Jerry. But it was Hortense who did it—Hortense and I. We took that child into my room next day, and we found an old lace gown of mine, worn into rags at the bottom, but Chrystabel was short, and we cut the rags off. And we made it fit,

over an apple-green slip—I 'd worn it over pink, you see. And I 've never seen prettier dimpled arms and a rounder neck. Hortense did her hair. It was flaxen, and lots of it."

"Some of the men said she was the belle of that particular ball," I ventured, "though I—"

Rosette sighed.

"She 's married now," said she, "to lots and lots of money. And she met him that night. I lent her my emerald chain that I loved as my soul, and she stole my first sweetheart away from me in two waltzes and a barn-dance—"

"I only danced twice—" I began hastily. She looked all innocent surprise.

"*You,* Jerry? I 'd forgotten that *you* were there. But you should see her sables now."

"Here 's Vanderpry coming out to look for you," I cried savagely. "Why on earth can't the man wait till—"

"He knows how pleased I always am to see him," said Rosette, gently. "And it 's 'berg,' Jerry, not 'pry.' But it was all fine feathers that did Chrystabel's business, and that proves everything, does n't it?"

"Everything," said I, with a groan.

HALF ASLEEP

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON McGIFFERT

TO let one's fancy range;
To play the bed is so,
The window so, as it used to be
In that home of long ago;

To play the door is here;
The street is crisscross there:
And then to wait, as I used to wait,
For the step upon the stair.

To count as the footsteps pass,
Now near, now faint and far—
How personal they sound at night,
What company they are!

Some brisk and some sedate,
I wonder where they go;
And I drowse a little, till suddenly
The dear, dear step I know.

The start of joy, the flush,
The tender, happy thrill,
And then, oh, God! I am homeless and old,
And his grave is on the hill!

OUTDOOR BOSTON

BY SAMUEL M. CROTHERS

Author of "The Gentle Reader"

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

AMONG our big cities, Boston is peculiar in not thrusting its bigness upon us. Its outward demeanor is demure. At its portals Liberty Enlightening the World would look out of place; we should rather expect the Puritan maiden Priscilla to stand as doorkeeper. The evidences of commercial prosperity are present; but they do not stare us out of countenance. They are not concentrated in any one spot, but are "a good diffused." Here and there an incipient sky-scraper attempts to lift its head, only to be severely snubbed. Sky-scraping is considered architectural *lèse-majesté* in the presence of the gilded dome of the State House.

Old Boston, with its narrow, winding streets, has many curious survivals of the past, but the Greater Boston has advanced further than any of our communities toward the city of the future, which is to be not a city at all, but a thickly settled country.

Half-way between London and Cambridge a company of English idealists have founded such a "Garden City." It is a beautiful dream rapidly being realized. The aim is to unite the necessary business of the town with the wholesome life of the country. In the vicinity of Boston this desirable state of things has been brought about by natural evolution. The well-to-do Bostonian lives in one of the garden cities that form a circle around the business center. Here are his real interests. He is not a suburbanite in the New York sense. Milton, Brookline, Cambridge, and the Newtons are not mere bedrooms for Boston. Each community has a life of its own.

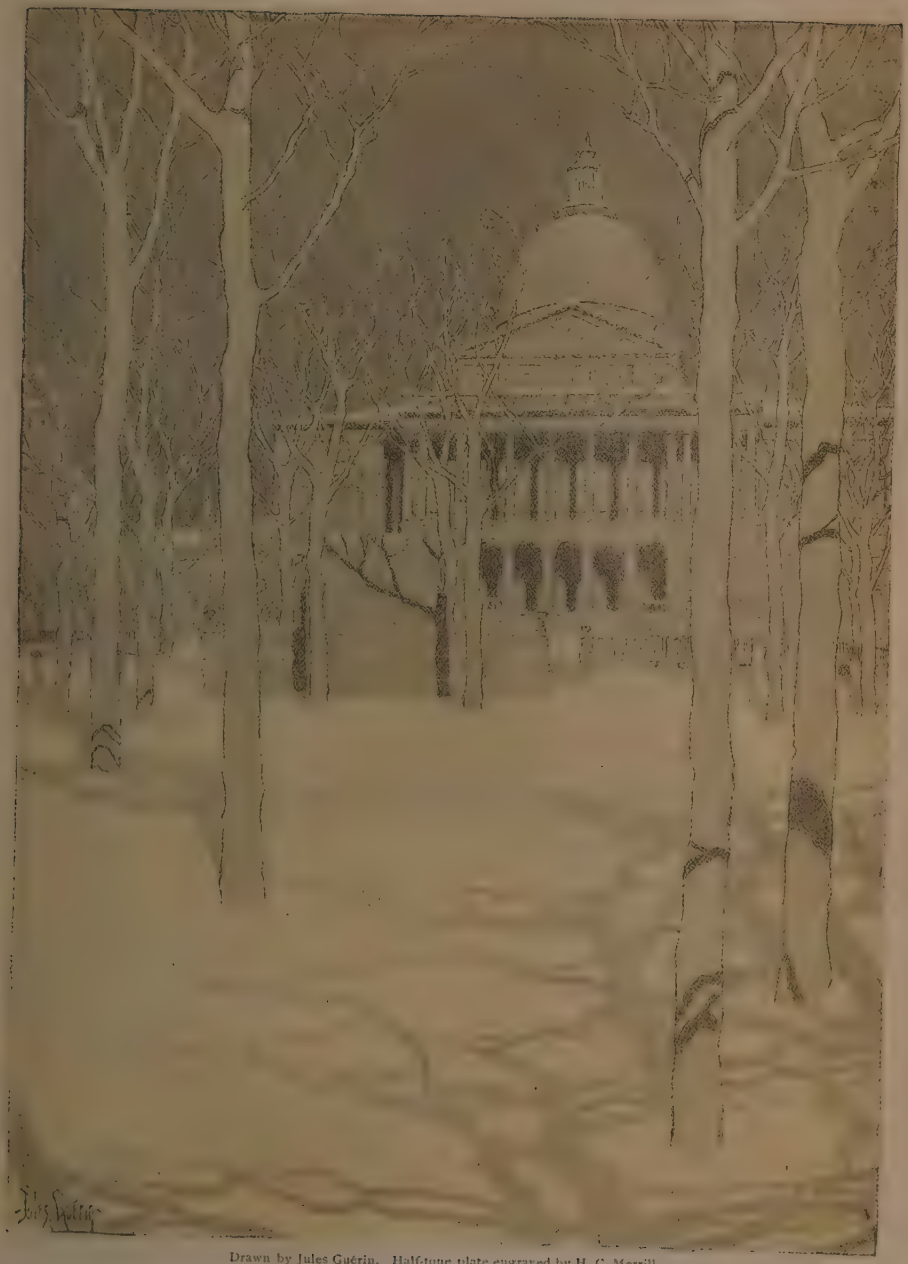
For one thing, each has a history reaching back to the beginnings of New England. The Puritans were not naturally an adventurous folk. They had undertaken one great adventure, and that was enough for them. They had come to the edge of the wilderness, but they had no notion of being lost in it. So they clung closely to the shore-line, and built their villages as near together as if they had not a whole continent in which to expand. The rocky promontories jutting out into the water were reasonably safe from Indians and wolves. Here they built their meeting-houses.

The settlements followed the meandering streams, the Charles, the Mystic, and the Neponset. Where the streams came together in the bay was the natural site for the chief trading-place. At first it was only one of a group of tiny villages. In process of time these villages have grown into one great urban community; but the original units still preserve their individuality, their old traditions linger, and the names have a pleasantly simple sound. One takes the cars to Brookline Village or to Upham's Corners or to Meeting-House Hill. The rural expectations are not always adequately fulfilled, but they are seldom so rudely dispelled as when, in London, one travels to Shepherd's Bush, only to find that both the shepherd and the bush have disappeared in the roaring metropolis.

Nature has done much to prevent Boston from becoming "citified" in appearance. It is not built upon the open, inviting the endless extension of the checker-board pattern so dear to American cities. Neither is it insular, neces-

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, WITH ITS SO-CALLED PAUL REVERE TOWER



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE STATE-HOUSE, ON BEACON HILL

sitating abnormal growth skyward. It is peninsular. Not only in the peninsulas of Boston and Charlestown, but everywhere in the vicinity, there is the mingling of the land and the waterways. The early settlers, when they went to the Thursday lecture in an adjoining town, always had the choice of two routes, just as Paul Revere must look for the signal-lanterns on the Old North Church,

"One, if by land, and two, if by sea."

Whichever way they chose, they must give up the ambition to follow a straight line. Near the First Parish Church in Cambridge is an eighteenth-century mile-stone that perplexes the modern wayfarer. It states that the distance to Boston is eight miles. At the present time it is a scant three miles over Harvard Bridge; but the mile-stone was accurate enough in the days when the traveler had to go around by Roxbury and come into Boston by the Neck.

These original peninsularities have been largely effaced by the filling in of the shallow waters of the bay, but they have left their mark on outdoor Boston. For one thing, a tract of most valuable real estate was preserved in brine till such time as it was needed for first-class residences. One of the things which makes Boston homelike is that one can walk easily from the business center to the best residence districts. One has only to cross the Common to be among the stately old houses of Beacon Hill. He crosses the Public Garden, and he is among the elect of the Back Bay. There is a sense of snugness about it like that of a prosperous little provincial town. To get lost in the city wilderness one has to go in a different direction.

Copley Square, in the Back Bay, with Trinity Church, the New Old South Church, the Art Museum, and the Public Library, is a creation of the New Boston. The whole district of which it is a center is a bit of the country bodily transplanted into the old city.

In another way the interpenetration of the land and water has given to Boston a character of its own. The various inlets and tidal streams had wide, unsightly margins. From this waste land, neglected by the utilitarian, the landscape-artist has extracted beauty, as a by-product of municipal growth. Leading to the extensive forest reservations on the more distant hills are broad park-ways, following for the most part what were once marshlands. The most important part of the comprehensive plan is the transformation of the Charles River into a pleasure-stream. When the great dam now being built is completed, if the inhabitants of Boston and Cambridge do not indulge in gondolas, the fault will be in the Yankee temperament. Here is a magnificent Grand Canal; it will be strange if the Venetian "pleasures and palaces" do not come in due time.

The new Boston gives the impression of breadth and openness. One may ride mile after mile through a pleasant park-like country interspersed with houses. It is the twentieth-century idea of civic development. Every year, as the facilities for rapid travel are improved, the citizen goes farther afield, and demands more space about his home.

But to the stranger the interest centers in the old Boston, which has clustering about it so many memories of the early life of the commonwealth. The historic imagination still clings to what is left of the old hills. From Charlestown one looks across upon Copp's Hill, with its ancient burying-ground, and the spire of the old church.

Sometimes in the evening, from the Cambridge bank of the Charles, the picturesque old Puritan city reveals itself with peculiar intimacy. The commercial buildings do not monopolize the sky-line. We see, as in the cities of the Old World, the houses where people live, with the churches lifting themselves above the houses. We turn from the made lands, and see the compact older city rising up the slopes of Beacon Hill. Crowning the hill is the dome of the State-House. Down the river rises the granite shaft of Bunker Hill. The sentiment of the place makes it a direct appeal.

And Boston Common, in spite of recent changes, has not lost its original character. It is still a common, and not a city park. It is a place to be used, and not merely to be admired. To be sure, cows are not now grazing upon it, but the memory of them still lingers, and this

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OLD PARK STREET CHURCH, AT THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF BOSTON COMMON

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

FANEUIL HALL

bit of green earth has still a simple pastoral charm.

At the head of the Common stands the Park Street Church. That it has a graceful spire is not enough to account for the storm of protest which arises when the periodical suggestion for its removal is made. It is a symbol of the old Puritan town. The Bostonian believes that the Park Street Church "is, and of right ought to be" where it is. It is a meeting-house which stands just where a New England meeting-house always stands—by the village green.

For Boston has been singularly reluctant to change from its first estate, and it has become more and not less solicitous about the preservation of its old landmarks. King's Chapel, with its ancient graves around it, the Old South Church, Faneuil Hall, and the Old State-House, are more than carefully preserved antiquities: they are symbols, the outward and visible signs of an inward grace.

For the modern Boston is an illustration of the persistence of a civic tradition. In no city of the United States has the change of population, owing to unrestricted immigration, been so startling during the last generation.

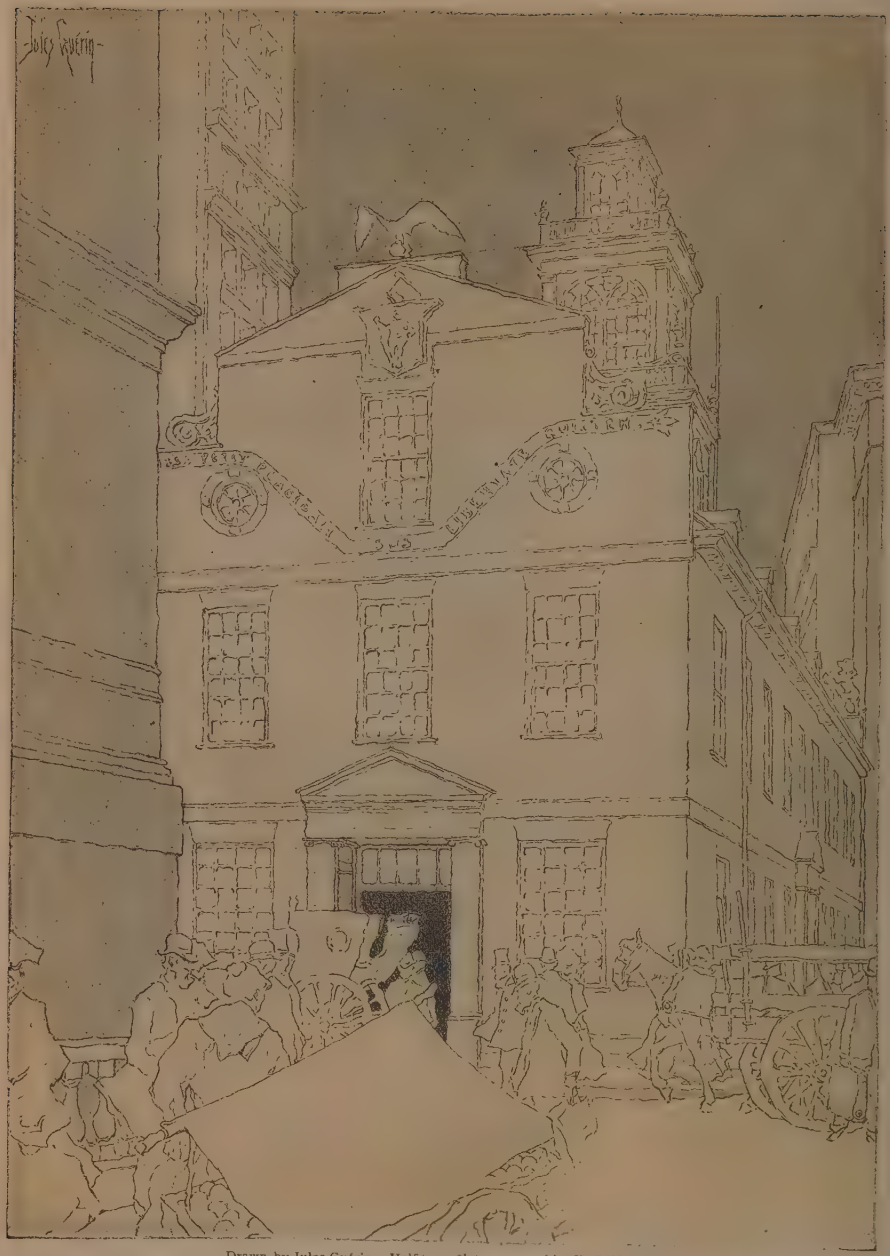
The city of the Puritans has become cosmopolitan. Were Cotton Mather to come to life again and revisit his haunts in the North End, even his linguistic acquirements would be severely tested in finding his way about. And yet, though the population has so largely changed, the type remains. If clever Mrs. Ann Hutchinson were to return and resume her afternoon discussions of things theological and social, she would find an audience waiting for her. Her fashion in dress and in thought might need a little revision, but she would soon come to her own again. Boston would still relish her assaults on the old orthodoxy. Governor Winthrop could still appeal confidently to the Bostonian respect for minorities, "the best part is always the least, and of that best part the wiser is always the lesser." This method of arriving at truth by the elimination of the mentally unfit is not infallible, but it often works well. It is refreshing to find one spot where "the dissidence of dissent" is respected. If the charm of Oxford lies in the fact that it is the home of lost causes, the perennial charm of Boston lies in its hospitality to causes that have not yet found themselves. And Samuel Adams would still find quick response to his appeals for sturdy resistance to every kind of tyranny. The spirit of the town meeting is not dead.

Yet though Nature, which is "so careful of the type," sees to it that the Bostonian state of mind is preserved, it must be confessed that that state of mind is not so highly intellectual as the newspaper wits would have us believe. Boston suffers the fate of the precocious child who, when he grows up, has all his early feats of intelligence thrown up at him. He is seen through a haze of anecdotes which emphasize his juvenile unusualness at the expense of his present achievements.

Boston took to literature at a time when literature was looked upon as an oddity on the American continent. The other communities, absorbed in the multifarious activities of pioneering, looked with half-envious amusement upon the eager little city which was trying to improve its mind. It was an infant phenomenon. Now, an infant phenomenon has a hard time, and must suffer many things from his contemporaries. They never fail to twit him on account of his divergencies from the average. If he has any intellectual superiority, he is soon made to feel ashamed of it, and he learns to conceal his gifts. So it has happened with Boston. The self-conscious intellectuality of the transcendental period was a passing phase which has long since vanished. In the meantime a score of other cities have become "literary centers." Still, the reputation gained in a previous generation remains.

Even so keen an observer as Mr. H. G. Wells allows himself to see Boston only through the spectacles of the literary tradition. It seems to him to be altogether too superstitious in its worship of "culture." Everywhere he saw copies of the Winged Victory, which seemed symbolic of the spirit of the place. It indicated boundless aspiration, but an aspiration that was not closely related to the facts of mundane life. There was an impression of the lack of strict contemporaneousness.

This is the impression one might easily



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OLD STATE-HOUSE

get from the talk of many a Boston drawing-room. But why should one choose his symbol from an indoor ornament? Outdoor Boston is more representative. Here one may see what people are interested in. The statues scattered about the town are not all works of art, but they indicate the kind of men the people delight to honor. There is certainly no lack of wholesome virility.

Turning from the equestrian statue of "Fighting Joe" Hooker, by Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter, in front of the State-House, we linger before the Shaw Monument, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. If we are looking for a symbol of the real Boston, here we may find it. It is aspiration and an eager forward movement that is represented; but there is nothing vague about it. These men are urged on by something more grimly real than the pursuit of culture. On the Public Garden stands Herbert Adams's statue of Channing, the first of American preachers to discern the significance of modern philanthropies and social reforms. A little farther on we come upon the uncompromising figure of Garrison, sculptured by Olin L. Warner.

Let the stranger, then, ask a policeman to direct him to French's monument erected to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly. Instantly he will have made a friend. If the stranger be of a philosophic mind, he will linger over the inscription, "Poet, Patriot, Orator." Then let him stop at the Public Library, and look over the works of this Irish-American Bostonian. He will arise with a new appreciation of what has been going on. The mingling of races has led to a mingling of ideals. Once Boston represented only the spirit of the English Puritan. To-day the Irish Catholic is too important an element to be ignored. In Boyle O'Reilly we see the two lines of tradition merging. The newcomer lifts his voice in praise of the Pilgrims of Plymouth and of the men of the town-meeting. New England ideas are garnished with Celtic wit. Perhaps nothing in outdoor Boston is more significant than the monument which recognizes that the new element entering into the city's life is destined to modify it profoundly.

THE HOODOO OF THE MINNIETTA

BY MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Isidro"

SOUTH by east from the leprous shore of Owens Lake, untangling the network of trails that lead toward the lava flanks of Coso, one comes at last to the Minnietta, a crumbling tunnel, a ruined smelter, and a row of sun-warped dwellings in a narrow gully faced by tall, skeleton-white cliffs.

It lies so secretly in the cut of the country rock, and has so somber a tone in the stark, wide light, that you perceive it at once to be one of those places that contribute to the fixed belief of mining countries that the hot essences of greed and hate and lust are absorbed, as it were, by the means that provoke them, and inhere in houses, lands, or stones, to work mischief to the possessor. This is common in new and untamed lands, where destinies are worked out in plain sight. Manuel de Borba could not persuade the sheriff to accept as a gift the knife with which he killed Mariana, and no miner acquainted with its hoodoo will have anything to do with the Minnietta.

Antone discovered it in a forgotten year. No one knew his other name: at Panamint he was called Dutchy, after the use of mining camps, from which you gather that he might have been a German, Swede, Norwegian, Dane, or even a Dutchman. He was a foreigner, very sick when he came to the hills, sicker when he left them; and he discovered the ledge in a three-weeks prospecting trip, from which he returned to Jake Hogan's cabin with his pockets full of ore, elate, penniless, and utterly worn.

He talked it all out with Hogan, on into the night, with the candle guttering in a bottle and the winking specimens spread out on the table between them. The ore was heavy and dull, and had the greasy feel of richness. Between the pains of a racking cough, Antone promised himself great things. He talked on afterward in his bunk, maunderingly, as his fever rose, to which succeeded the stupor of exhaustion. That was why, three days later, not being able to attend to it himself, he asked Hogan to have the ore assayed and to bring him the report. And the report was so little in the eye of his expectation that a week later, loathing the filthy cabin and the ill-cooked food, feeling death in his throat, all his thought set toward home, Antone accepted the two hundred dollars which Hogan offered him for all right and interest in his claim. Hogan considerately saw him off on the Mojave stage, and immediately gathered his pack to set out for a certain gully faced by tall white cliffs, where the outcrop was heavy and dull, with a greasy feel.

Long afterward, when rage had made him drunk, Hogan—his wickedness, as it were, an added poison to his curse—explained how, when it was full dark, when the one street was barred with blocks of light from dance-houses full of roaring song, he had gone down to the assay office, the light of the furnace glowing low and evilly along the ground, with other specimens than Antone's, but so like them in all but richness that Dutchy,

turning in his blanket and shaken terribly with coughing, never knew. That, said Hogan, when he cursed the men who had done him out of the Minnietta, was the sort of man he was; as much as to say, being a toad, he spat venom, and was not to be trod upon. But at the time he must have thought more cheerfully of his offense.

Within a month it was known in all the Panamint and Coso camps, and as far north as Cerro Gordo, that Jake Hogan had made a good strike at the Minnietta.

Hogan organized a stock company to open the mine and build a smelter, and began to grow rich amazingly. Jigging burro trains went up and down with water; eighteen-mule freighters trailed in with supplies in a wake of tawny dust. Beflounced and fluttered women, last indubitable evidence of a prosperous camp, preened themselves in the cabins set askew under the white cliffs.

It is not given to every man to deal successfully with mining-stock companies. Hogan prospecting a grub-stake and Hogan owner of the Minnietta, putting out its thousands a week, were much the same person. Because he was ignorant, Hogan did not understand his stock company when he had organized it; and because he had come into his property by stealth, feared to lose it by conspiracy. Before the end of the second year, Hogan and the Minnietta Mining and Milling Company were taking away each other's characters openly in court.

Hogan got a judgment that gave him little less than half what he asked; contumaciously he carried it to a higher court, and got a reversal of judgment that gave him nothing at all. So at the last he went out of Minnietta with little more than he had brought into it,—folly and shame, you understand, peering with painted faces from the little cabins under the cliff, had had their pickings of him, —and going, cursed it with fluency and all his might. Tunnel and shaft and winze, he cursed it; sheave and cross-cut; pulley and belt; and blast and fall-rope under the hoist. As he had made it, he cursed it in every part. Those who heard him maintain that in the cursing of Hogan was wrought the hoodoo of the Minnietta; but, in fact, it began in the fake assay which Hogan carried to Antone in his bed, a villainy of which he despoiled himself in his cursing, with the wantonness by which a man, checked in an evil, reveals the iniquity in which he shaped it.

After that the Minnietta Mining and Milling Company was not uniformly prosperous; the price of silver went down or the quality of the ore fell off, and there were months at a time when the mine was shut down while the directors settled their private squabbles. Now and then, and always at inopportune moments, the company had streaks of economy.

In one of these they happened upon McKenna for superintendent, whose particular qualification was that he was cheap, and being no spender at the best of times, was not always careful to draw his salary at the end of the month. This was very bad business for a mining country, as McKenna came to know when the next shut-down found him with a salary some fifteen months in arrears. He said uncomplimentary things about the management, but did not unnecessarily harass the directors, because he held his job on half-pay until work began again—all of which was still unpaid when the mine reopened with a small force in April.

By this time, you understand, the Minnietta Mining and Milling Company was in a bad way. When the ore was of high grade or the price of silver went up a few points, they could work the mine at a profit; when neither of these things happened, it ran at a loss, and McKenna was their chief creditor. All this time the flux of mining life slacked throughout that district—slacked and dribbled away down the trails of desolate gulches; poured off quick, as it had come, like the sudden rains that burst over those ranges, leaving it scarred with dump and shaft and track. Houses, full of the cheap, garish furniture of the camps, warped apart in the sun; rabbits ran in and out of the sagging sills. Five days' desolation lay between the world and the Minnietta.

During the shut-down McKenna stayed and looked after the mine, because, as he said, it owed him so much that he could not afford to neglect it; but really because the desert had him, catlike, between her paws. So he stayed on, and tinkered

about repairs for the mill and the smelter. After one such session he was observed to go about in the tumultuous silence of a man with a doubtful project; also he ceased to vex the management greatly about his arrears of salary. That was about a year before the Minnietta was shut down altogether.

In the course of time McKenna, as the chief creditor, brought suit, attached the property of the company, and got a judgment by default.

At that time he could have had the whole district on the same terms, for something had happened or was about to happen in some other quarter which made the value of silver to the ton about half the cost of working it. The first thing McKenna did when he came into possession was to rip up the smelter.

This was before the cyanide process was discovered, and the smelter was of the rudest description, and McKenna had repaired it. Four great bars of virgin silver, half the length of a man's body and of incredible thickness, he took out of it in the way of leakings. McKenna used it to put the property in working order. The thing which was about to happen in Germany or Argentina or wherever, had not happened, or, if it had, not with the anticipated effect. Silver went up. McKenna looked to the management himself, grew sleek, and married a wife. But the hoodoo worked.

In the second year Mrs. McKenna had a child, and it died. Did I say somewhere that women mostly hate the desert? Women, unless they have very large and simple souls, need cover—clothes, you know, and furniture, social observances to screen them, conventions to get behind. Life, when it leaps upon them large and naked, shocks their souls into disorder. Mrs. McKenna at the Minnietta had the arm-long grave under the skeleton cliffs, and McKenna, with no screen to his commonness. Her mind traveled back and forth from these and down the gulch to a vista of treeless, discolored hills. Finally, for very emptiness, it fixed upon McKenna's assistant. The assistant was also common, but he had a little veil of unfamiliarity, and Mrs. McKenna was the only woman within three days. I do not say that, given the conditions, the thing that happened would not have happened without the hoodoo, but it served to take McKenna's mind off the mine, and the hoodoo cut in between. After a while the two went out of the story by way of the Mojave stage, and McKenna, leaving the mine in charge of Jordan, whom he had promoted from his foreman's job to be superintendent, was supposed to have gone in search of his wife. Whether he found her, or if the hoodoo stayed by him in the place where he had gone, nobody ever heard. I think myself that it inheres where it was bred, in the hollow of the comfortless, thick hills. He was, however, bound to lose the mine in some such case as he had got it.

Jordan was the man McKenna had to help him when he ripped up the smelter; he knew exactly how the Minnietta came into his employer's hands, and thought well of it. In every mining-camp there are men incurably unable to be taught by the logic of events. McKenna was certain not to come near the mine again; might reasonably wish to be quit of it. This he might have done profitably, except for the hoodoo, for the grade of ore was increasingly rich. Jordan, as a practical miner, was much about the tunnel, and being left to himself too much, had time for thought, and, as I have said, he was the sort of man who admired the sort of thing McKenna had done. Along in the early summer the direction of the work in the main gallery was altered at never so slight an angle, and in due course of time was boarded over.

Jordan reported to McKenna that, as the main lead appeared to be nearly worked out, it would be better to put the mine on the market before the fact became generally known. Eventually this was done. The selling price was not large, but considering what McKenna thought he knew of the property, and what the purchasers, tipped by Jordan, did know, it was satisfactory to both parties. In some unexplained way the Minnietta came shortly into the hands of the foreman, Dan Jordan, who ripped up the siding, and uncovered a body of high-grade ore.

The Minnietta is a nearly horizontal vein in a crumbling country rock that necessitates timbering and an elaborate system of props and siding. The new

owner had all the petty, fiddling ways of a man accustomed to days' wages. He bought second-hand timbers from abandoned mines, and took unnecessary risks in the matter of siding, and the men grumbled.

Jordan did not get on well with his men; he gave himself airs, and suspected an attempt to cry down his new dignities. He was swollen and sullen with the pride of his prosperity. By this time the conviction of the hoodoo was well abroad in that country, and men were few and fearful who could be hired to work in the Minnietta. When there was a good twenty thousand on the dump the men refused to go into the tunnel again until certain things were remedied. Jordan, who did not believe in it, cursed the hoodoo, cursed the hands, and went down into the tunnel, trailing abuse behind him for the men who followed timorously far at his back.

"Better keep this side the cut, sir," said one of them, respectfully enough. "Them props ain't no'ways safe." Jordan kicked the prop scornfully for answer, and when the men, starting back from the sound of falling, dared to approach him, they found him quite dead, his skull crushed and buried under the crumbling rock.

After that the Minnietta passed in due course to Jordan's heirs, two families of cousins who knew nothing of silver mines except that they were supposed to be eminently desirable.

Now, as they had come into the property through no fault of theirs, if the hoodoo were nothing more than the logical tendency of evil-doing to draw to and consume the evil-doer, they should have been beyond its reach. This would have been the case if, as you suppose, the hoodoo were a myth begotten of a series of fortuitous events. But you, between the church and the police, whose every emanation of the soul is shred to tatters by the yammering of kin and neighbor, what do you know of the great, silent spaces across which the voice of law and opinion reaches as small as the rustle of blown sand? There the castings of a man's soul lie still in whatever shape of hate and rage he threw them from him.

There are places in Lost Valley where, in the early fifties, emigrant trains went through—places so void of wind and jostling weather that the wheel-tracks still lie upon the sand, clear from that single passing; other places where, as at the Minnietta, the reek of men's passions lies in the hollow desertness like an infection, as if every timber had absorbed mischief instead of moisture, and every bolt gives it off in lieu of rust.

If it were not so, there is no reason why the heirs of Dan Jordan should have gone to law about it while the price of silver went down and down. They stripped themselves in litigation while the timbers sagged in the tunnel and the cuts choked with rubble. The ore on the dump, by no means worth twenty thousand by this time, went to a lawyer who had been a very decent sort until he became dissolute through prosperity and neglected his family. The battens of the mill, warped through successive summers, fell off, and the boards shrunk from one another and curled at the edges like the lips of men dead and sun-dried in the desert. And the two cousins, who were once very good friends, do not speak. And if they should come together, or the price of silver go up, say, three points, I do not know, unless they are able to charge the enterprise with some counter passion of nobility or sacrifice, how they will escape the hoodoo of the Minnietta.

BREAKING HORSES WITH KINDNESS

A RECORD OF SUCCESS WITH NOVEL METHODS

BY MARY K. MAULE

TWENTY years ago, on a ranch in southern Texas, a cattle-man sat on a discarded saddle outside the bars of a corral, sick at heart.

Stretched out on a horse-blanket beside him lay a cow-boy,—his "bunkie,"—maimed and crushed and bleeding; and inside the corral a beautiful, high-spirited mustang lay panting out the last moments of a life that she had sacrificed in her mad struggle for liberty.

"It 's all wrong, boys," he cried, with a sob in his throat; "it 's all wrong, and foolish, and wicked, and inhuman. There 's no sense in this sacrifice of life. This is no way to break horses, and I know it, and I 'm going to prove it. From this very day I am going to devote my life to saving the men and the horses that are being sacrificed every year under this brutal system of breaking horses, which is as senseless as it is wicked."

And he has done it. The very next day Daniel Boyington started out, traveling from one ranch to another all over the West, the Northwest, and the great Southwestern cattle-country, getting up classes among the ranchmen and cow-boys, and teaching them how to break, train, and educate their horses without the roping, choking, blindfolding, throwing, dragging, and beating which they had heretofore held to be an essential part of the education of the unbroken mustang or broncho.

At first he was hooted and jeered at, and the news that "Uncle Dan was coming" was the signal for the larking cow-boys to get together all the "outlaws" and condemned horses for miles around, anticipating great sport in seeing them "do up the old man," or "run the professor plumb out of the corral."

When they had seen "the professor" go into the corral without whip, rope, or hackamore, and had seen him subdue, pet, saddle, bit, and ride the most vicious horse in the bunch within three or four hours, when they had seen the trembling outlaw rub its nose against his shoulder and eat out of his hand, they said that it was hypnotism or magic. They accused him of "doping" the horses, and privately offered him big bribes to tell them what charm or medicine he used.

"Uncle Dan" only shook his head and laughed, and his answer was always the same.

"The only charm I use, boys, is the Golden Rule. Treat a horse as you would like to be treated if you were a horse yourself. There is never any need for any one to beat or abuse a horse," he told them, "for there is no creature living more faithful or loving, if you are only kind and patient with him. Teach him to love and have confidence in you, and give him time to find out what you want, then he will serve you not only willingly, but gladly and proudly. The best charm that any man can use in breaking a horse is kindness. The first impression that a wild horse or a young colt should get from man is that of confidence and friendliness. Teach the youngsters first of all that you do not mean to beat or abuse them, but to become their best friend. Be kind, gentle, and considerate with them, and you will find that you have soon won their confidence and can do anything you like with them."

The old method, and, sad to say, the method that is still used on many ranches for subduing the unbroken horse, had been to "round up" a herd of the wild creatures that had been running free on

the range, run them into a corral, "cut out," or drive apart from the herd, the horse to be broken, and run him into a large corral, where he was then roped and thrown. If the furious and terrified creature showed fight,—which he always would do if he had any spirit,—he was often choked almost into insensibility, blindfolded, his feet hobbled, a hackamore put on his head, a bit forced into his mouth, and a saddle strapped on his back, and cinched so tight that it almost cut him in two. Then the hobbles were removed from his feet, the blind from his eyes, a cow-boy sprang into the saddle, and the "fun" began.

The broncho got to his feet stiff, stunned, and sore from his fall, in a strange place that he had never seen before, with a hard, cold, torturing thing in his mouth that cut his tongue and tore his lips and gums, and with a burden on his back which he could not understand. It was no wonder that he began to rear and kick and buck; that the sole thought in his mind was to rid himself of these new and painful sensations; and that he struck out with fore-feet, pitched, reared, lay down, and threw himself over backward, hoping to shake off the thing that was terrifying him. The more the horse fought and struggled, the more the cow-boys laughed and shouted, cheering on the "boy" upon his back, who beat him over the head with his quirt, prodded him with the rowels of his long Spanish spurs until the blood ran from his quivering flanks, and goaded him round and round the corral, until, dropping with terror and exhaustion, the poor creature gave up the unequal contest, and was called "broken"; or, if he happened to be a horse of better blood and more spirit, kept up the fight until he killed or injured himself or his rider,—often both,—or until, after a useless struggle, he was turned out on the range again as a hopeless outlaw.

It was Boyington's observation of these methods of breaking, and of the fact that out of every bunch that was driven in to be broken there were a large number killed, or so maimed or injured that they were never of any account afterward, and that the cow-boys who broke them were continually being killed or crippled for life, that decided him to start out to teach his method of training, in which neither men nor horses are injured, and which, by its gentleness and common-sense usefulness, has not only attracted the attention of the more intelligent breeders of horses and cattle all over this country, but has been enthusiastically recommended and endorsed by a large number of humane societies all over the United States.

Mr. Boyington has a troupe of educated mules, and it was while watching the antics of these homely creatures, which are as docile as dogs, as intelligent as human beings, and as loving and affectionate with their teacher as a lot of frolicsome children, that the writer learned of his methods of training horses.

"I love all animals," he said, stroking his silvery-white hair, and smiling out of his keen, blue eyes, "and experience has taught me that roughness or unkindness should never be used in training them. The first thing to be done in training any animal is to win its confidence, the next, its love. When I am called to a ranch in Wyoming, Dakota, New Mexico, Texas, or any other place where they have a lot of wild, condemned, or outlawed horses to be broken, I make a point of beginning my work as early as I can in the morning, for both horse and trainer are in their best condition then, and are less likely to be irritable and nervous. I never want a horse that I am going to handle to be roped or thrown. As soon as a lariat is thrown over and tightens about a wild horse, that moment he gets a shock and fright that only hours of patient labor can overcome.

"I like to have the horse I am going to break 'cut out' from the herd and driven by himself into a corral. For my method of training I prefer a small corral, perhaps forty or fifty feet square.

"When the horse is turned into the corral, he is always scared and excited, and, as a general thing, runs up into a corner, where he stands all hunched up, trembling and sweating with fear.

"The first thing to do is to show him that he has nothing to be afraid of and to gain his confidence. I never hurry him. I let him stand there for a while, look about him, nose the bars of the corral, find out where he is, and get somewhat accustomed to his surroundings. When he begins to calm down, I go into the corral. At first I don't try to get

near him. I stand back, close to the bars on the opposite side from where he is; and when he has become a little bit accustomed to the presence of that queer black thing behind him, I make some little motion with my hand or foot. When he turns a frightened glance toward me from the corner of his eye, I step back, as if I were just a little afraid of him. This cheers him up a bit and gives him confidence. I repeat this motion several times, and before long he ceases to shake and tremble, his ears come up, and he begins to pluck up courage and look around him.

"When I enter the corral to begin the training of a wild horse that never has been handled before, I take with me no rope, hackamore, whip or spur. The only thing I carry is a long, jointed fishing-pole, and some oats or corn, or some lump sugar in my pocket.

"When I see that my horse is getting over the first terror and excitement of his capture, I begin to talk to him in a low, soothing tone, and as I talk I gradually reach out my long rod and touch him with it now and then very lightly and gently. Sometimes I fasten a sheaf of wheat or oats on the end of the pole, and let him sniff and nibble at it. One thing you can always count on, and that is the curiosity of a horse. He is one of the most curious animals in existence, and when a strange object is presented to him, he will always investigate it, if he is not too much frightened or excited. A horse fresh from the herd knows nothing of grain or sugar, but he likes the first sniff of it, and will usually take to it immediately.

"The reason I use a jointed fish-pole in first getting acquainted with a wild horse is on account of its length and flexibility. With this long pole I can stand far off, without frightening or making him angry by my approach, and at the same time can stroke and 'gentle' him. By using the rod quietly and dexterously, he soon ceases to rear and plunge when he is touched, and gradually comes to like it. As I stroke him and talk to him, I gradually begin to work up nearer to him, and after a while take off the first joint of the rod and go on stroking and rubbing him, being careful to pass the rod close to his nose, so that he may see and smell it, and then rub it gently along his back and neck and sides. In ten or fifteen minutes I have him so that he ceases to plunge and rear, but stands still to be stroked, and turns his head and regards me curiously. He wonders what this thing is that is caressing him so softly, and coming a step nearer, he stretches out his curious nose to investigate. I keep on talking to him, take off another joint of the pole, and come that much nearer; and little by little approach, without startling him, until I can run my hand cautiously up the stock of the pole and lay it upon him. This usually frightens him a little, and he will rear and snort and back away; but I don't follow him up or force his confidence, for a little time spent now is much time saved later on. So I keep still, and when I see that he is quieted down, I begin again, and before one can imagine such a thing possible, I have the wildest, most vicious horse, or the animal that has never before been near a human creature, standing still while I pat and stroke him all over, accustoming him to feel my hands about his head, his ears, his neck, his back, and even his tail.

And now that I have gained his confidence, it is time to show him that I am worthy of it by giving him a little reward. I feed him a little oats or sugar out of my hand, pet him, pat him, and tell him that he is a good fellow and that I know we shall be great friends. He may not understand my words, but he will comprehend the tone, and will from that moment begin to trust me.

"When I have got my wild horse this far I am ready to begin to train him.

"Laying my arm over his neck or back, I walk along by his side, urging him forward very gently with a slight pressure of my arm or the rod along his neck or side. He soon learns that that pressure means that I want him to move along beside me. Then as we amble gently from side to side of the corral, every time we come to the fence, where we can go no farther, I say 'Whoa!' in a loud, firm voice. He very soon learns that 'Whoa' means to stop, and soon, no matter what part of the corral we are in, he will stop short at the word of command. This I consider a most important part of horse-breaking, as a well-trained horse should

always obey the voice more than the bit, and should be so educated from the very first that, in case of accident to the lines, he will stop at the word of command.

"By this time it is perhaps ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I have got my wild horse so that I can come up to him in the corral, lay my hands on him, guide him about a little, and stop him without rope, whip, bit, or halter having been laid upon him, and without having struck a blow or used a single harsh measure.

"Could I do this if he were a 'mean' horse?

"There is no such thing as a 'mean' horse, if you treat him right. I have dealt with almost every known kind of horse-flesh in the something over thirty years of my experience, and I can say truthfully that I have never seen the horse yet that cannot be conquered, trained, and broken with kindness and patience. Of course horses are like people. There are varying degrees of intelligence, stubbornness, and temper in bronchos and mustangs, just as there are in men; but the only thing one has to do is to back one's wit against theirs. Be kind, gentle, and patient, and you are sure to win out in the end, and make of the stubborn, high-tempered horse a good and useful animal. A wild horse is naturally afraid of man, and if he rears, strikes, kicks, bites, or runs away, it is through fear, and from his natural impulse of self-defense, not because he is 'mean.' If a horse is properly introduced to man, his master, and is properly handled and well broken when he is young or wild, he will never turn out to be a vicious horse. Many horses, like many children, have their characters and tempers ruined by an improper training and education.

FIRST TOUCHING THE BRONCHO WITH A JOINTED ROD

PROGRESSING IN FRIENDLY ACQUAINTANCE

"When I have taught my wild horse what it means to guide him about a little, I bring in the halter and a blanket. I throw the blanket over my shoulder and let him look at and smell it. Then I take it off, whirl it about my head, throw it all over him, lay it on the ground, and lead him over it, rub it gently along his rump and shoulders, and get him used to see it flapping about him. This will prevent him from being frightened at everything that he sees whirling by his head.

CORRECTING A TENDENCY TO KICK

praise him, and lead him on. He soon knows that in order to avoid the unpleasant cinch of the body-rope he must follow the halter, and it is only a few minutes before I can remove the body-rope completely, and lead him anywhere by the halter.

"When I have him broken to the halter, I begin on the bit. That is more difficult. A horse hates a bit, and who

TEACHING THE BRONCHO TO LEAD WITH A HALTER

Then I take the halter and lay it loosely about his neck. If he shows fight, or does not seem to like it, I take it off, pass it along his neck and nose, let him sniff it, rub it gently over his head, and after a while put it on again. I never let him get angry over his halter, for once you have allowed a horse to fight his halter, you always have trouble with him.

"After a few minutes, during which I pat and pet him, and feed him a little sugar or oats to put him in a good humor, I put on the halter and fasten it up, and then I begin to walk him about a little, and teach him to lead. This I accomplish by passing a rope with a running noose in it very gently about his body. Holding the halter in one hand and the end of the body-rope in the other, I move up a few steps, petting him and encouraging him to follow, and while he does so, I hold the rope loose in my hand, so that he does not feel it. But if he begins to pull back, or refuses to follow, I pull gently on the halter and tighten up on the body-rope. This cinches him a little, and he naturally starts forward. Then I loosen up on the rope quickly, pat and

can blame him? I hold the bit in my hand, warm it up a little if the weather is cold, coat it with sugar, rub it around on his nose, and at last put it in his mouth. Of course he does n't like it, and forces it out. Then, instead of jerking back his head and forcing the bit between his set teeth until his mouth is torn, his lips and gums are sore and bleeding, and he has established in his mind an ineradicable fear and hatred of the torturing thing that has hurt him so badly, I take it away, let him look at it and lick a little of the sugar off, and then I begin again. After a few trials the bit is adjusted without a struggle, and the horse has learned to know what a bit is, and to be willing to have it put in his mouth. To me, bitting a horse is one of

the most important parts of his education. Many horses are always hard to bridle, and make a point of holding their heads so high that it is almost impossible for a person of ordinary height to reach them. This is a trial to temper and patience, and gets the poor horse many a cuff and blow that might be saved him if he had been properly taught a very simple thing in his early education.

"When you are ready to put on the bridle, stand by your horse's head and press down very gently with your thumb and fingers on the head just back of the ears. That will make him at once lower his head. Then pet and praise and reward him. A horse has more intelligence than most people suppose, and as soon as he learns that the pressure behind his ears means that he is to lower his head, and that lowering his head means a caress and a lump of sugar, he will soon learn to lower his head of his own accord when he sees the bridle, and save his master many a back-ache and himself many a blow.

"By the time I have the horse bitted, and have led and driven him about the corral a little, it is noon, and both horse and trainer are tired and hungry.

"I take off the bit and halter, pat and pet him, and turn him loose to feed and rest while I eat my dinner.

"After dinner I begin again. This time when I enter the corral he is not afraid of me. He looks up to meet me, and has an idea that somewhere about this strange new friend there is a handful of oats or a lump of sugar. And he is right. He gets it every time. I believe in bribery when it comes to training a horse. Sugar is cheaper than whips, and in the long run a good deal safer.

"The first time the wild horse puts out his nose to your hand is like the first time a child begins to lisp its A,B,C's: its education is begun. It is proud, pleased, and glad, and looks for your praise and encouragement, and praise, caresses, and reward should be given every time.

"When I have fed and patted him a little, I put on the bridle, and then begin to accustom him to the idea of a rider. I put my hands on his back, jump up and down beside him, throw one foot over him, and then rub and press all along his sides and back. After a while

Drawn by I. W. Taber, from a photograph

DOCILITY OF AN "OUTLAW" HORSE AFTER A LITTLE OVER THREE HOURS' HANDLING. (WATER VALLEY, TEXAS)

I bring in a small ladder, and set it up near him, placing it so that he may see and become accustomed to it. Presently I lead him up beside it, and mounting the ladder, throw one leg across his back. If he seems at all frightened, I get down, talk to him, and pet him a little, give him time to think the thing over, and then begin again. In the course of thirty minutes I have the horse so that I can not only mount him from the ladder, but can lead him up to the side of the corral, and mount him from a rail of the fence. After that it is a small matter to teach him to let his rider mount when and how and where he will.

"It is not always an easy matter to accustom a horse to the saddle; but this, too, can be accomplished easily if one is only patient and gentle and goes at it in a way to win, rather than to repel, the confidence of the horse. My method is to bring in the saddle and let him become accustomed to the sight of it before I try to put it on. I take it up to him, let him look at it and smell it, and rub it

Drawn by I. W. Taber from a photograph

MR. BOYINGTON'S TROUP OF EDUCATED MULES

along on his neck and sides. After a while I lay it very gently along his neck, slide it gently down his back, and slip it off over his tail. This I repeat several times before I try to fasten it. When he has got a little bit accustomed to it, I put the saddle on, cinch it loosely, and lead him about. If he begins to rear and buck and act foolishly, I tie up one of his feet, sometimes a hind foot, sometimes a fore. In this way he cannot bolt, and soon learns that pitching, rearing, and bolting will be punished by having one of his feet tied up. If he attempts to kick, I immediately draw up his foot, and the moment he ceases to struggle I let it down, pat and pet him, and tell him that now he is acting sensibly.

"He knows all right. He reasons it all out, and if you only hold on to your own temper, and are kind and patient with him, he soon ceases to struggle, and learns to be good. I have worked in this way with the most vicious horses that could be brought to me, and in no case have I found a horse which I could not break and ride in half a day.

"Long before sundown I have my wild horse not *broken,* but *educated,* so that if he is not afterward abused and spoiled in the handling, he is safe, gentle, kind, and a pleasant animal to ride or drive, a true friend in time of need, and a faithful servant whom you can love and trust. He has never had a blow, he is not broken-spirited, winded, jaded, discouraged, and worn out, but comes away from his first day of education, fresh, pleased, and proud, with confidence and affection established between himself and mankind, and a long and useful career before him."

THE STANDARD OF REALITY

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

DR. FARNHAM experienced a vague nervous irritation. But he was careful not to betray it; indeed, being a man of fair mind, he wondered if it was n't altogether unjustifiable, as he glanced round the pleasant dining-room with due appreciation of the well-appointed table and deft service. Nevertheless, he confessed to himself that his luncheon-hour seldom afforded that interval of rest and refreshment so desirable to an overworked physician. There were always things to be adjusted—stupid things, petty things. Did women really enjoy this perpetual discussion of details that might be disposed of in a single word? Mrs. Farnham was turning to him now in helpless appeal, her face flushed with the humiliating recognition of her own lack of authority.

"Won't *you* talk to Maud about the bazar, George? I 've done my best, I can't make her see how unsuitable it is for a girl of sixteen to come before the public."

And Maud, both arms on the table, reiterated mutinously: "But it 's for such a good cause—the new hospital."

Farnham let his eyes rest in dispassionate contemplation on the two figures before him. Middle-aged heaviness had settled upon his wife, and her small features, which in youth had attracted him by a certain feminine piquancy, were fast losing outline and significance through the encroachment of cheek and chin. And the same fatal tendency toward exuberance was already apparent in Maud's early bloom. More than promise, it had a luscious quality; it needed subduing and restraint. But in spite of the opulence of her figure and the dawning self-consciousness in her warm brown eyes, her mouth remained the mouth of a child. It was quivering almost babyishly as she answered her father's look with renewed pleading.

His voice softened to tenderness, though he was firm in decision.

"No, Maud; you can't do it, dear. Your mother 's quite right, it is n't suitable." Then, as two big tears ran over her cheeks, he added: "Don't be in too great a hurry, little girl, don't give yourself too freely. You 'll miss the real fragrance of your life if you blossom before your time."

But Maud, in a tempest of disappointment and rebellion, sprang to her feet and flung herself stormily out of the room. They caught the sound of a half-stifled sob as she ran through the hall.

Pleasure-loving and undisciplined, neither child nor woman, how was it possible to find the clue to her nature? Farnham felt a sudden pang. No help to be had from Alice, that was plain. Her wide blue eyes were slightly moist, her mouth drooped at the corners with an expression as childishly hurt and grieved as Maud's own.

"Poor girl!" she murmured remorsefully. "It *does* seem hard to disappoint her, after all. She 'd set her heart on it. No wonder she wants to take part; everybody thinks she 's so pretty, and she dances beautifully." Irrepressible maternal pride surged up in her tone despite her effort to express only a proper disapproval. "I declare, I can't tell what to do with her. Next year we shall certainly have to send her to boarding-school. She has no time for study; the boys are all crazy about her—"

"That 's all wrong; it must be stopped at once," Farnham interrupted emphatically, and Alice continued with relieved abandonment of responsibility: "Well, I 'll be only too glad if you 'll take a hand and manage her. You 're out of

the house so much of the time you don't really know how things go with the children."

A rush of cold air, a stampede in the hall, a noisy flinging down of books, hats, and coats, and the two boys, just home from school, made a violent entrance. Their mother began at once to remonstrate.

"Dear me! *did* you leave your rubber boots in the vestibule, boys? I 'm afraid you 've tracked snow into the house. *Why* can't you learn to do as you 're told?" Alice, though an accomplished housewife and devoted mother, certainly had n't the knack of discipline and was in a chronic state of bewilderment over her children's cheerful disregard of her mandates.

"You 're still hoarse, Ned," she pursued anxiously to the apple-cheeked lad who was vigorously assaulting a heaped plate. "You 'd better let your father look at your throat before he goes out."

Farnham glanced at the sturdy child.

"Ned can wait until to-morrow, I don't believe he needs any dosing. I must be off now. Don't expect me at dinner to-night; I have some out-of-town calls to make and shall be late getting home. I must pick up a meal somewhere on my rounds." Depositing a perfunctory conjugal kiss on Alice's forehead, he left the room.

But she followed him to the hall door.

"I hate to have you wear yourself out as you do. You 're looking pale now. Let me tie this handkerchief round your neck; it 's very cold out. And I 've been meaning to ask you—what about that new patient of yours, the charming widow you told me of? You know you said you wanted me to go to see her, as she 's a stranger here."

Farnham submitted good-naturedly to the muffling process, smiling down upon the kindly hands always ready for practical service.

"Mrs. Latimer, you mean? Ah, that was a long time ago. You 're too late; she 's well again and sails for Italy next Saturday."

"Dear me! how time does fly! I meant to go when you first asked me, but kept putting it off, and now, of course, it 's not worth while." And Alice turned back to the dining-room, vexed with herself for her neglect. Her husband was the least exacting, the most placable of men, and she considered it a point of honor to gratify his rarely-expressed wishes.

Alone in his electric brougham, Farnham drew a sigh of relaxation. He leaned back against the cushions, crossed his legs, and lighted a cigar. His eyes deepened into a withdrawn and brooding look. They were the eyes of a dreamer and an observer, at once secretive and keen; and this ambiguity of expression, suggesting so much more than it revealed, no doubt contributed somewhat to his influence over the feminine portion of his clientele, causing the flutter of a sentiment quite distinct from curiosity in certain susceptible hearts. Able physician though he unquestionably was, his success seemed a triumph of personality even more than of skill, and at times he humbly felt that his reputation had outstripped his achievement. He accepted the tribute offered him with a sort of surprised humor, not finding himself rigid enough to reject it altogether. As a matter of fact, his humility sprang from the self-questioning and distrust of an egoism intensely preoccupied with its own ideals—an egoism which unconsciously drew sustenance from its atmosphere of half-worshipful admiration, like those plants that feed on air and sunshine. The personal equation was therefore of primary importance to him—the patient, not the malady. He could never reduce the client to the abstraction of the "case," and he had a warmly human feeling which made him always eager to help. But he could not escape the defect of his quality; the imaginative sympathy which enabled him to slip readily into another's place also quickened his sensitiveness to impressions. Absurd that he had n't yet learned to harden himself to the inevitable jar and fret of a prosaic family life! Just now the recollection of his daughter's contumacious behavior disturbed him unduly; it was another unpleasing indication of the line of her development. She was growing into a noisy flirt, the type of woman he specially detested. Well, it was disappointing.

However, these small domestic worries were soon counteracted by the require-

ments of his practice. Urgent conditions absorbed him for the next two or three hours, and it was late in the afternoon when he stopped his motor at the entrance of an amorphous structure with a pretentious façade which unmistakably marked it as that monument of urban prosperity, a modish hotel.

He made his way through its heated ornate halls to the elevator without sending up his name, and on reaching the top floor was admitted by a trim maid to a corner apartment. It had character, this hotel parlor in which he found himself; by a process of discreet substitutions its occupant had contrived to redeem it from garishness and to stamp upon it the impress of herself. It seemed some light aërial refuge swung above the noise and turmoil of the streets, its four windows looking out into a world of flying snowflakes beyond the pall of smoke and fog. Within, there was a sense of harmony produced by a few good prints and photographs on dull-green walls, fresh muslin curtains, a log-fire crackling on the hearth, and white azaleas bravely blooming in their boxes. Calmness of color and absence of trivial ornament made the room restful, while a profusion of books and magazines on the table supplied variety and interest.

Mrs. Latimer, coming toward him with outstretched hand, was the key-note of her surrounding. The swish of her trailing skirts made a musical accompaniment to her leisurely rhythmic movement. For a moment neither spoke, then, just as the pause threatened to become significant, she broke silence.

"Poor man, you 're tired! Come, draw up a chair to the fire, and don't try to talk until you feel like it." She seated herself on the other side of the hearth, and gave him a smile, half tender, half mocking.

He threw himself back in his easy-chair and studied her as she meant he should, following with his gaze the lovely lines of her long, slender body in its draped folds of white silk, the fall of lace over her narrow pointed hands, the poise of her small head. Irregularity of feature only added to her charm, giving it a peculiar poignancy. Prettiness—any prettiness he had ever known—was something crude and commonplace in comparison with the mystery of an eye too deeply set, the ardor of a full-lipped large mouth, the delicacy of a slightly hollowed cheek. She was a finished product, exquisitely supple in body and mind. Her talk, varied and animated, played lightly over the surface of subjects of his choosing, provoking him to his best expression. He felt thoroughly enlivened, stimulated, and it was only when warned by the gathering darkness without that he reluctantly broke off the thread, straightening himself to say:

"But of course I 'll see you to-morrow; we can finish then."

She grew suddenly serious, her tone changed.

"Not to-morrow, no. This is the last time—"

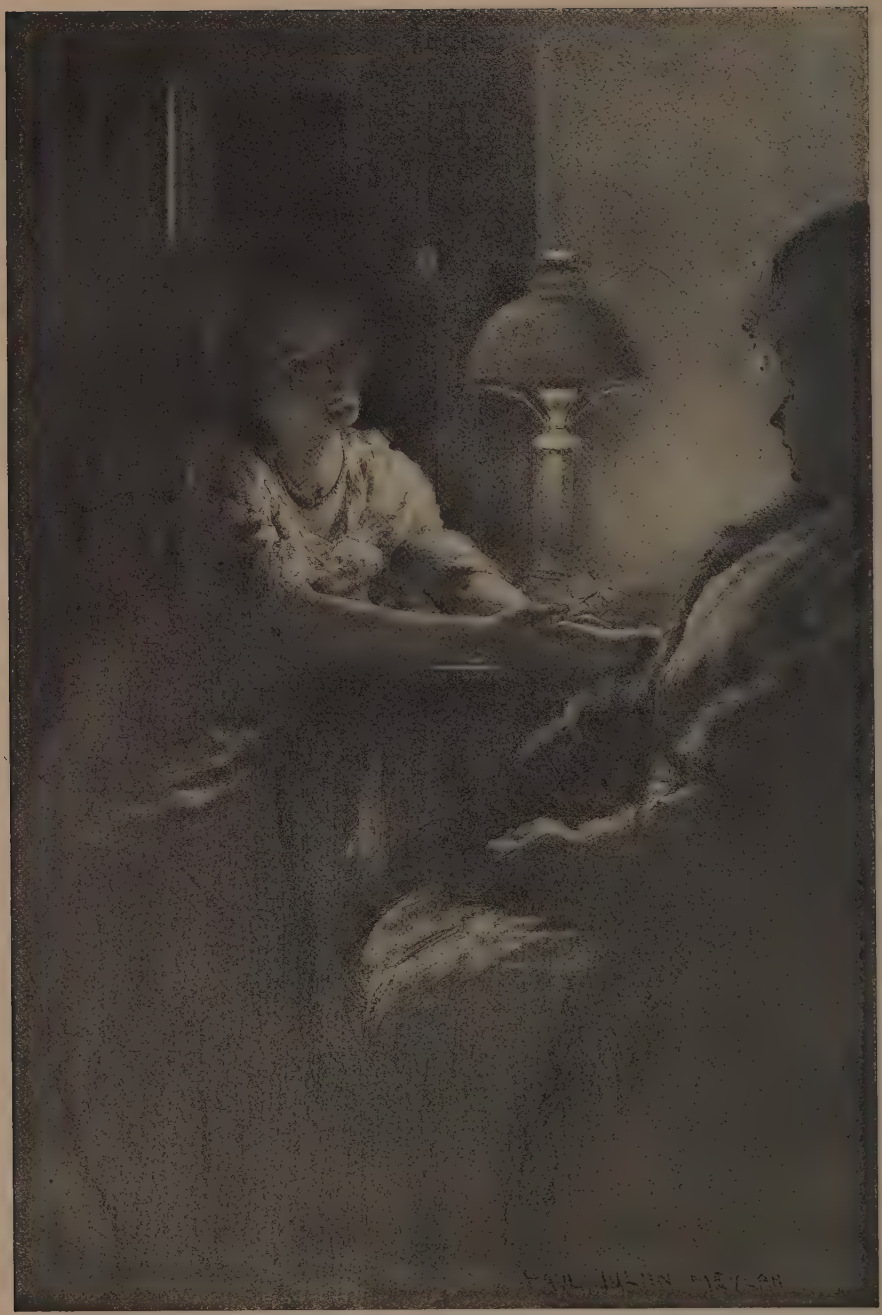
"The last time! You don't go until Friday; why should n't I see you to-morrow?"

"Because I want you to remember things as they are now. To-morrow my packing must begin; everything will be in confusion, trunks standing about, all personal touches removed. You 've always said you loved my eyrie, its calm and quiet. Well, I want you to keep the picture intact; I want to leave you the clear impression. If you come to-morrow, you must inevitably think of me as a bird of passage, a wanderer—"

"Ah, that 's just the thought I can't bear! You, so fitted for place and power, to make and rule a home—"

She smiled. "You put it extravagantly, my friend, but in a measure I believe it true. Sometimes I feel an instinct for administration that has never been wholly satisfied. Still, you need n't be sorry for me; it 's not half bad, my lot. You know how I delight in travel and the study of my kind, and I 'm fortunate in having an income which permits me to gratify these innocent tastes—not enough to count in this wonderful plutocratic town of yours, but 't will make a very good showing abroad. This is the day of the independent woman, and there 's a joy in putting one's natural strength to the test, unaided."

"You have the transforming touch," he declared. "Any situation becomes not only dignified, but desirable, from the moment it 's yours."



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'DEAR MRS. FARNHAM,' SHE SAID EARNESTLY, 'THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE REAL'"

Without heeding him, she continued musingly:

"One is often lonely, of course; that 's the price to be paid for freedom. But there 's a loneliness harder to bear than being alone—"

"Ah, how well I know it—that cruel loneliness of spirit!" Farnham exclaimed impulsively, then instantly regretted his words as he saw their implication.

With her unfailing intuition she was quick to defend him from his own thought.

"Of course you know it; we all do. It 's a universal experience, I fancy. In the long run one's self is one's best companion,—you see you 're driving me to truisms,—though only the solitary man or woman can ever understand the full meaning of this silent comradeship. As for me, I *love* myself"—her face shimmered into playfulness—"with a good, strong objective love that is n't shaken by faults and failings. It 's such a satisfying attachment—no uncertainty, no fear of change, for 'one's self—that is the final substance—that out of all is sure.' "

"What triumphant individualism! I envy you your conviction. For you 're stronger than I am, I have no such faith in myself; I can't even hazard a guess at what it is—the essential 'me.' "

She paused a moment, looking at him consideringly.

"Is n't it, in the last analysis, neither more nor less than one 's greatest desire?"

A silence fell. Then Farnham rose, the muscles of his face twitching in the effort for self-control.

"Yes, you are right. And I have no doubt, at this moment—my heart's desire—"

But she interrupted him quickly, lifting a protesting hand.

"No, no, don't say it! For you *don't* know, you have n't thought long or deeply enough—ah, you don't know your own heart, not as it really is!" She, too, had risen, and stood confronting him in the fire-lighted dusk, a wraith-like figure in her long white tea-gown, her deep lustrous eyes shining out of the pallor of her face. "But you must go now, my dear, dear friend; we 've said all that may ever be said between us."

He acquiesced silently, bending his head over the hands she gave him. Outside, the snow was falling softly; inside, the atmosphere of the warm, flower-scented room became charged and vibrant. It hummed about him until he was deafened and bewildered. Then her hands were withdrawn very gently, and still he stood before her, powerless to move or speak. With half-closed eyes he leaned his head against a chair-back. Suddenly, across his forehead and through his hair he felt a light drifting touch, whether of lips or delicate fingers he could not tell, a caress as soft and cool as a snowflake. He drew a sharp breath. When he raised his eyes to her face she was smiling, amused and compassionate, with something of the look of a mother who sees the transiency of her child's disappointment and desire.

"Good-by," she said, and motioned him toward the door.

He obeyed her gesture without demur. Giving the next address to his chauffeur, he stepped into the motor with his usual composed professional manner. But his brain was whirling and the blood beat in his pulses.

What a woman! She diffused an aroma all her own, filling one's "vase with wine and roses to the brim," capturing the imagination by something enigmatic about her. Was it that most potent charm, a secrecy of passion under light external grace? With her, no fear of deadening monotony; the bottom of her mind could n't be reached; unexplored regions would always open to lure the privileged adventurer.

She renewed his youth, stirring the old longings. What was it, this gift he so passionately asked of life, this Blue Flower he never ceased to seek? He and Alice had found it together in the springtime of their courtship, inhaling its fragrance for a brief moment; then, through clumsy handling, it had withered in their grasp, and now not a whiff remained to sweeten the dry and dusty ways of their common life. Where did the fault lie? He was honest enough to admit his own shortcomings; he knew too well the weakness of his mind and heart. This present emotion would pass: there was the galling thought. For it was no new thing,—he had felt it before,—the uplift, the rapture, the marvelous intensification of being. He had felt it when Alice's illumined face had flushed under his first

kiss, and again, later—ah, more times than he cared to count! Always the vision and the dream would take the form of woman. Then, as the glamour faded, for a while he would be free, only to find himself again, at some new contact, a willing victim of the same tyranny of sensation. These perturbations, to be sure, invariably ended as they began, never deflecting him from his appointed orbit. But he despised himself none the less. It seemed to him that he was a mere flux of emotions; there was nothing fixed and stable in his nature. How could he believe in the integrity of self if he had no feelings that might be eternalized, no persistent principle of being under the changing surface of his moods?

At least, the habit of mental concentration was established. His work claimed him, and he gave himself up to it with no slackening of interest and attention. It was perhaps only another instance of his flexibility of temper that he was able to put aside completely the besieging impressions of the last hour, transferring every faculty to the service of those who listened for his step and hung on his words, and who found him, in his directed knowledge and perception always sufficient to their need.

Such transitions are not accomplished without much using of nerve-stuff, and he was numb with fatigue when he reached his own door at midnight and entered a silent house. Believing that Alice would be asleep, as was usual on such occasions, he went softly into his own bedroom, careful to make no disturbing movement. As he turned on the light, he was startled to hear an ominous sound from the adjoining room—the sound of a sob, a dull, choking gasp of pain.

Pushing open the door in alarm, he saw Alice on her knees by the bed, her head pillowed on outspread arms. At his approach, she raised a face twisted and swollen with weeping.

"Alice, what is the matter? For heaven's sake tell me! the children—"

She dried her eyes and made an effort to compose herself. "Oh, it 's not the children—the children are well."

"Then what can have happened to upset you like this?" He sat down on the bed by her side, forcibly drawing her hands away from her face and clasping them in his own. His tone was full of entreating sympathy.

"*Nothing* has happened—nothing new, I suppose. It 's only that my eyes are opened. I 've been very blind and stupid, but I see now. I 've found *that;* it tells the story." She pushed toward him a little vellum-bound volume which lay at her hand. She had been sobbing over its pages.

He recognized it at once. A dull flush mounted to his cheek.

"You 'd hidden it away very carefully," Alice continued in the same artificially level tone; "but accidents will happen. I kept Ned in the house this afternoon on account of his throat—which you were too hurried to look at, for pressing reasons, no doubt,—and of course he was in all sorts of mischief. He ended by cutting his finger badly. I was frightened and went to your office to get some plaster, and in a drawer, behind rolls of bandages, I found that book. A strange place to keep a gift, it seems to me!" Alice's voice shook. Sarcasm was a new weapon to her, and she realized the ineffectiveness of her handling.

Farnham sat motionless, maintaining his equilibrium. He spoke gently and gravely, as if to an unreasoning child.

"Many of my patients give me books; surely there 's nothing shocking or even surprising in that."

"But poems—poems like *that,* to a married man! And some of them marked! Your name on the fly-leaf, with such an inscription, from—" Her voice shivered, and broke at the words.

Again the heavy color darkened his face. Yes, it had been her one error of taste, the giving and inscribing of that betraying little volume,—the one occasion when judgment had failed to hold woman's sentimentality in check. For the poems were lyrical, in a minor key, penetrated by an intimate romantic strain, not of a character to be left free to the casual eye. He had read them with delighted appreciation, although he had not been able to repress a slight movement of annoyance at the moment of receiving such a sign-manual of intimacy. The book seemed to give palpable form to a relation of which the charm lay largely in its indefiniteness. These thoughts shot swiftly

through his brain; there was no perceptible pause before he repeated with undisturbed self-possession:

"You are very unjust, Alice. I 've often had personal gifts from women, accompanied by every expression of gratitude and devotion—as you know. That is part of my experience."

"Ah, yes; but you would show them to me. There 's the difference! You pushed this one out of sight, and never spoke of it or of *her;* yet you 've probably been seeing her every day for weeks. That 's what hurts! Why, I 'd almost forgotten she existed; I don't know why I happened to think of her to-day. It was a kind of warning, I suppose."

"Alice, do you understand what you 're implying? It 's dishonoring to all of us —to her, to me, and to you yourself no less." He rose, beginning restlessly to pace the floor. "I don't know what you think or what you want me to say. If you expect me to discuss the personal relation between myself and any patient I shall emphatically refuse to do so." Though his conscience grew restive under forced equivocation, he felt that prompt dismissal of the subject was their only safety. Any attempt to explain his attitude toward Mrs. Latimer must necessarily result in exaggeration; the situation could not be put into words. He had no right to impose upon Alice these vagaries of his truant fancy. Moreover, she would never understand. He realized suddenly the intensity of the mental life he was leading, and for years had led, apart from her; how, in a moment, could he make her a sharer of needs, desires, emotions, which she had not even dimly suspected? Yet paradoxically enough, she had never seemed so vivid, so necessary to him, as at this moment when she was first awakening to the painful sense of her own separateness. Her face was sodden with tears, her hair tumbled, her figure thick and clumsy in her eider-down wrapper, yet in her unbecoming disarray she tugged at his heart-strings.

She broke into fresh weeping.

"Oh, I can't tell what I think! I can't express myself, George; I only *feel* that there 's something I don't know—something in you I don't understand. You seem so far away; I can't reach you."

"You *can* reach me, dear; you *do* reach me. Don't you see how you 're touching me?" He knelt by her side; his own eyes filled with tears. But she repelled him, drawing back with a little shudder. She seemed endowed with a new insight.

"You 're sorry for me, yes; I see that. But you 're not willing to do the one thing I ask, to make things clear. I *won't* be left in the dark; I *must* be told; I want to know exactly what has passed!" she cried wildly, rushing headlong to her own discomfiture.

He got up stiffly. "And I will not submit to such a degrading catechism. I shall certainly not undertake to defend myself. Either you trust me or you do not; words of mine can make no difference in your feelings. And your affection is scarcely worth having if it harbors doubt and demands assurance." The primitive male in him awoke in stubborn resistance to any attack upon his right to independent action, and the acquired characteristic of tenderness faded away under this age-long sense of mastery.

Neither slept that night. Farnham lay staring into the darkness in bitter self-scrutiny. Was there real lack in his life, real need in his nature, or were his emotional disturbances merely the sentimentalist's common weariness of the near and yearning for the far? How could he tell? Alice's stammering words came back to him. A married man—there was the crux. Had he a right to woman's friendship, however ideal, outside the bond? Alice was his wife, and from the day of their marriage her feeling had never wavered: this he knew. Undemonstrative she often was; unloving, never. Her life had been given without reserve into his hands. Bearing his children, making his home and place, her youth had passed. Hers was the safe, sheltered life of the woman content in domesticity, and into this enclosed garden no alien presence had ever strayed. And it was one of freakish Nature's unkindest tricks that, though he was Alice's senior by a few years, the blood should still flow in his veins with all the heat of youth, while with her its heyday had subsided into the calm of maturity.

An imperative summons took him from home after a hurried early breakfast. His office hours followed, and so the day

passed. Engrossed in his duties, he had no opportunity to see or talk to his wife.

Alice dropped into a light sleep toward morning from which she awoke with that sense of change, of upheaval, which is the keenest misery to tranquil, unimaginative natures. Her quiet house of life was falling about her, and she viewed the ruins with stupefaction. She could see no possibility of reconstruction. Her husband had become a stranger; with a sinking of the heart she recalled his cold eyes, his unyielding lips, as he had left her the night before. And through all the years she had known nothing in him but tenderness and consideration. She had taken her happiness for granted, she had been so sure, never dreaming that such things occurred outside of novels. Henceforth what should she believe? And what sort of influence could it be that so upset the habit of a lifetime? As the day wore on with no reassuring word from him, every feeling was resolved into an overmastering elemental jealousy. It seized and shook her like a brute force; she was helpless in its clutches. George would tell her nothing, that was evident. But she must know, she must see her way; any knowledge was better than this maddening suspicion and uncertainty. So, irresistibly impelled by woman's futile longing to understand what man can never explain, she determined suddenly that she would adopt the only method open to her—she would go to Mrs. Latimer herself.

She did n't stop to think of what she should say, of how Mrs. Latimer would meet her; all the old proprieties and conventions were swept away in this lurid new world of hers. It was therefore with a chilly sense of fright and awkwardness that she found herself, about five o'clock, actually entering the domain of Circe. The room had a bare, dismantled aspect; preparations for departure were evidently in order. Yes, George had said that she was expecting to leave town. So untimely a visit must be explained at once. As Alice realized the difficulties of her errand, a nervous embarrassment took possession of her, confusing her thoughts and almost paralyzing her tongue.

But when Mrs. Latimer appeared, apologizing for her slight delay, there was nothing in her manner and dress to suggest hurry or pressure, or any shade of surprise. She was smooth, fluent, just warm enough in her welcome, pleased that Mrs. Farnham should give herself the trouble to come to bid her good-by, and sorry that they had n't met earlier in the winter. Alice, resuming her seat, felt herself disarmed and disconcerted. Mrs. Latimer set the pace; what could she do but follow and chat about generalities over a cup of tea, just as if she had n't an aching heart? And through it all Alice was aware of a gradual subsidence of her inner tumult as this other woman's gift of grace subtly asserted and justified itself.

The time was passing beyond the ordinary limits of a formal call, and still she had n't even approached her vital subject. She glanced anxiously at the traveling-clock on the chimney-piece, then desperately decided to break the spell, to take matters into her own hands.

"Mrs. Latimer, I can't leave without asking you,—this is very unconventional I know,—but I feel I must talk seriously about my husband." It was so much harder than she had expected! Her heart beat up in her throat, strangling her. She felt that she gulped her own words.

"Your husband?" A soft, mildly surprised echo, with a lift of the eyebrows, was the only rejoinder.

"I 've just discovered that you know him very well—better than I had supposed." Poor Alice floundered, hopelessly at a disadvantage. Already her state of mind was undergoing an indefinable change. In this suave and courteous presence suspicion savored of vulgarity, and she blushed furiously over her own bald words.

"Indeed, I do know him; he has been a kind friend." Mrs. Latimer's tranquillity was unshaken, and she took no notice of her visitor's agitation. "I came here, you know, because I had matters of business to settle,—investments to look after,—and I fell ill shortly after my arrival. The hotel people assured me that Dr. Farnham was one of the cleverest physicians in town, and so—"

"Oh, yes, he told me when you first sent for him," Alice hastened to say, inconsistently eager to prove that she was not altogether ignorant, even though demanding information.

"He helped me in every way," Mrs. Latimer pursued calmly. "He brought me back to strength and sanity, for I had been in a wretchedly depressed state. He is a remarkable man, Mrs. Farnham; I wonder if you know how remarkable?" she murmured, speculatively scanning the ingenuous face before her, with its wide non-comprehending eyes. "He has skill, sympathy, an imagination that often amounts to inspiration—and is sometimes a pitfall. With all these gifts he indulges in none of the Mumbo Jumbo antics that characterize too many of his profession." In this deliberate weighing there was a deep disenchantment, but Alice felt only its cool patronage.

She winced. "Of course, of course; I know he 's all that." She tried to speak with dignity; then her voice quavered, and her pride gave way. "What I want is to find out—oh, don't you see?—I *had* to come to you, for I must know what position to take. There are things I don't understand."

Smitten afresh with a sense of her desolation, she uttered this appeal in complete forgetfulness of self. She searched her companion's face for answer. It was inconceivable! Instead of signs of confusion and dismay, she saw only a flicker of amusement. There was laughter in Mrs. Latimer's eyes, controlled, well-bred, but laughter none the less.

"Dear lady, will you think me brutal if I speak quite frankly? Really, you 're too serious; these crucial moments of life are generally humorous when one learns their values. Never try to 'find out' anything: that 's the old, old fault of our sex, the way we lose our Edens. And why should you trouble to 'take any position'? It is n't worth while, ever; let things alone, and they settle themselves. Why, for your own sake, I 'll tell you this: when Dr. Farnham suggested that I should write to him, I did n't even argue the expediency of it, for I knew quite well that in six months our correspondence would die a natural death. I should be transplanted, in new surroundings, with new associations; he, a busy man, every hour of his day filled—how should he remember? Our minds and our time will be occupied; he will think of me only when he chances to open his doctor's diary and sees my name. And I—I shall find other faces, other friends." Suddenly her voice dropped to a melancholy note. "It 's a law of nature; it 's always so—and yet we struggle blindly to keep and hold."

Alice shivered.

"It 's terrible, what you say. You make it seem that nothing lasts, nothing is real."

Mrs. Latimer was silent for a moment. Then her manner changed. Leaning forward, she clasped Alice's hand in hers with a movement of comprehension.

"Dear Mrs. Farnham," she said earnestly, "there are some things that are real, that can never be wholly lost—and they are the things you have."

Alice departed with tingling cheeks and buzzing thoughts. She had made herself ridiculous. Well, George must never know of this folly. Though she still had an uncomfortable lurking consciousness of Mrs. Latimer's power and her own inaptitude, she instinctively shrank from unnecessary probing and self-torment. Her logic was readily subject to her inclination, and as her natural cheerfulness reasserted itself, she determined to put behind her the misgivings that had embittered the day, not caring to search beneath the actual appearance. There were still some things she could not understand, for to her the relations of life were as clearly defined as countries on a chart, and her geography did not include the *pays du tendre*. Journeyings in that land were outside her experience, and the discovery of her husband's divagations baffled her. But she had evidently taken it all too seriously; it was not as she had supposed; she had been obtuse and maladroit.

Out of her medley of reflections Mrs. Latimer's last words gradually emerged. Therein lay positive assurance, firm ground to stand on; and her final summing up of the situation was a generous outrush of pity for the isolated woman in her denuded hotel apartment. This feeling strengthened as she left her carriage at her own door. The warm pleasantness of her home seemed to enfold her as she went in; never had she had such a sense of things established—inalienably, indestructibly hers.

Curtains were drawn, lamps were lighted. Maud, in the drawing-room, was

at the piano. Alice glanced through the doorway and saw the girl's happy absorption in her music: it was her gift. Down the stairs came a scamper of footsteps as the two boys hailed their mother's return. And across the hall, in the library, sat Farnham in his big easy-chair by the fireside. He looked worn and dispirited, propping his head on one hand. Alice was frightened, and forgot all else, running to him.

"George, are you ill?"

"Only tired—not ill. I had to come home to rest. Morrison"—naming his assistant—"is attending to my calls while I 'm luxuriating here." He smiled at her with his old gentleness; he had a singularly lovable look and smile.

"Oh, I 'm glad," she breathed, her resistance completely broken up.

"And I 've been thinking, Alice," he went on, taking her hand in his, and playing with the fingers as he spoke, "that we might manage to run away together for a little trip. We 're both overwrought, we both need change; and I find I can arrange to leave home just now. What do you say to a few weeks in Florida or the Bermudas?"

"Oh, George!" She bent to give him one of her rare kisses, and in that slight caress their difference was healed without the futility of attempted explanation. She crept contentedly back to her old place of trust, a little sore at heart, perhaps, but asking nothing more than love in his word and look. He drew her to him in silence; what was there he could say? They were not one, never wholly one, but still conjoined in their good intention.

After she had gone up-stairs to dress for dinner, he sat there musing in the firelight. He was utterly tired in mind and body, and in this relaxed and passive state a new lucidity stole over him; the compulsion of his will was removed, and his thoughts seemed to flow in a magical harmony with Maud's playing. A subdued and softened Maud, she had welcomed him at the door with her arms about his neck, her cheek against his in silent penitence. Looking into her eyes, he had read deeper meanings, and for the first time had felt his child's spiritual kinship. How dull he had been! Why had he never seen it before—that her faults and weaknesses were his, crudely manifest in youth's eager snatching at pleasure and admiration, while underneath, in the recesses of her girl's heart, there burned that spark of imperishable expectancy and desire which was the essence of his own personality?

And Alice? She was his wife; she held him to the fundamental facts, the primal duties—offspring, the struggle for subsistence, the strong needs and demands of daily living. The very warp and woof of his existence was woven by her hands, unskilled though they were. His relation to any other woman must necessarily be fugitive, without substance and actuality. At times these stolen moments of rich communing, of quickened fancy, seemed real; but he saw at last that they were visions of life, not life itself. For life, austere and imperturbable, had its roots in responsibility, and reached to heights and depths far beyond any passing transport of spirit or sense.

She had said—dear sibyl and enchantress whose bitter-sweet sorcery made him her captive still—that he might know himself truly in his deepest desire. She was right; he had learned it through the day's discord. The desire of his heart was set toward the order, the beauty, the security of home: that was his standard of reality.

THE BLOOD OF VIKINGS

BY FLORENCE MOLOSO RIIS

OLE was a Norwegian; not the kind found in several samples of modern fiction, with whom fashionable women, sojourning among the fiords, fall head over heels in love.

Ole, this Ole, wore overalls that might have been blue when they were any color at all; he said "I tank" and "I bane"; he ate onions chopped up fine in his butter; usually there was a subtle suggestion of that pungent vegetable hovering about his person.

On a ranch in the wheat-belt of eastern Washington Ole was general-utility man. In New England he might have been raised to the dignity of "hired man."

On a triangular drag attached to an old horse, Ole "packed" water in a barrel from the spring in the gulch. When the barrel was originally introduced to the Billings ranch it contained molasses. About the time the little Billingses were enjoying a daily dose of cream of tartar to offset the many gallons of thick sweetness, Ole, with a rag and a bit of soap, scrubbed out the barrel. He did not stop at a clean interior; he scoured every hoop until it shone. Then he turned it upside down and scrubbed the bottom, which was vain labor; for who would see whether the bottom was dirty or not? Never had such a lovely water-barrel decorated a kitchen on the flat. Perhaps, next to his idol, Ole loved best the barrel.

When the threshers came, he carried iced tea to the men in the fields and waited on the cook. When Billings went to town, it was Ole who hitched up; it was Ole who trotted along by the buggy to open the gate at the end of the lane. If Billings dropped the whip, Ole picked it up and handed it back with the soft, ever-ready "Please" of the Scandinavian peasant.

Often he sat on the back steps peeling potatoes for the "missus," a calico apron tied high up under his arms. Sometimes, after the chores were done, he filled the tin wash-basin and scrubbed the feet of the younger generation of Billingses. For this office the children preferred Ole to their mother, he was always so careful with stubbed toes.

On rainy days the big Norwegian sometimes played weird airs on a crazy old accordion. During other leisure moments he weeded the garden.

It was a sickly garden. Without man's aid, nothing but coyotes and sage grew on those Washington flats. "Man's aid" is only a devious way of saying water—water yellow and oily, dribbling twenty miles through shovel-made ditches.

It is the everlasting alkali. When it gets into the blood of the women, it makes their voices and their hair colorless and raspy. The looking-glass over the bench outside the back door gets fly-specked; for the women forget about looking-glasses when the alkali gets them. All this, in turn, has its effect on the men.

Billings was an example. It was this way. A befuddled stork left at Ole's door, one gasping July night, a little flower of a baby; and before you could say Jack Robinson the square-headed Mrs. Ole found upon her hands a strange young lady.

If the comparison were not outworn, one might say the girl was like a lily. Yet a very up-to-date lily she was, too, with her name in a boarding-school catalogue, and her head marceled on the outside, and containing within a thing or two concerning which her viking ancestors were quite ignorant.

Now, Ole is the hero of this tale, but there is no denying that he was also a fool. The passionate idolatry that his Norse forefathers bestowed upon their

heathen gods, Ole laid at the feet of the girl.

Well, one fine day Billings, the owner of the whole business,—onion-patch, ranch, thresher, the "missus," the stubby-toed youngsters and all—Billings the boss disappeared; also Ole's little flower girl.

It was the "missus" who broke the news to Ole. She ran screaming and purple-faced out into the garden, waving a letter. When she calmed down enough to take notice, she also took a step or two backward at sight of Ole.

He was not a pretty thing to see. Right there in the middle of the onion-bed, Ole raised to heaven the two-pronged fork he used to root out weeds. Job cursed God and prayed to die. Ole cursed God, while foam bubbled around his mouth as it does down the jaws of a mad dog; then he prayed for help to kill his enemy.

The water in the barrel behind the kitchen door ran low for the first time in thirty years. In the corral a new milch cow mooed for relief. She knew it was milking-time. In the little shanty at the head of the gulch Ole was oiling his old army-rifle.

With it slung over his shoulder,—the shoulder that for thirty years had known only garden-rakes and hoes,—Ole started for the bunch of shacks farther up the cañon, politely known as the "county-seat." Here he went to the sheriff.

Now, when a man whose eyes are spider-webbed with hot red, tells one a tale peppered with "I bane" and "I tank," one's emotions become mixed. So the sheriff wondered whether he had better humor Ole or clap a pair of hand-cuffs on him.

But there happened to be a Mrs. Sheriff.

She proved to be Ole's salvation—or damnation, as one looks at it. She was one of those uncomfortable women who creep into men's heads when they think she is locked up tight in their hearts. Once in, she stays there, a sort of sub-consciousness.

The sheriff had never managed to get his political and domestic relations untangled. During Ole's recital the sub-consciousness was working over-time; when the sheriff pulled a fountain-pen out of his waistcoat pocket, the sub-consciousness supplied the spirit, and the author supplied the graphic English.

To Whom it may Concern.

The bearer, Ole Svenson, is after a skunk of a coyote that broke into his corral and stole a lamb. Any assistance you can give him will be appreciated by

Yours truly,
Hiram Mundy, Sheriff of Paradise Co.

Right here is where the blood of the vikings comes in.

When Ole left the sheriff's office with the letter inside his calico shirt, and the old army musket slung over his shoulder, he was the son of a viking. His back, stooped and narrowed with years of churning and weeding, straightened; his chin went up; his eyes narrowed.

As of old his Norse ancestors, with skins about their loins and horned helmets on their heads, bore down upon their foe with the cunning of gods and the cruelty of devils, so Ole, the day-laborer, who was also the son of kings, now started his hunt for the man he must kill.

He went first to Spokane, and walked the streets night and day. A policeman clubbed him over the head to emphasize an invitation to move on. The blood trickled down his face. Then he crossed to Seattle. By day he haunted hotels and lodging-houses. The cruelty of devils shone already in his crazy eyes; the cunning of gods—which had only lain dormant through half a dozen generations of Oles—now blossomed forth.

As a result, he ceased to lay his precious letter before men with silk hats whom he happened to meet at various bars. At night he learned to dodge blue coats upon which brass buttons sparkled.

Running into one suddenly one night, Ole smiled a smile of insane cunning, and softly asked his way to the one street the name of which he knew. It put the officer off the track. In a dive on the edge of that prosperous young hell, the Seattle Chinatown, they called him "the locoed Swede," and stole his money.

During his endless pacing of the narrow streets, women with red cheeks and sickening eyes appeared out of shadowy doorways, and touched his arm. Meantime, in an imposing hotel up on the hill, where boys with buttons bring ice-water

at two bells and writing-paper at three, the little flower girl turned her face to the wall and died. It really is not a pleasant story.

The man Billings bolted, and the thing got into the papers. Ole knew enough English to watch the two dailies. The story was a juicy morsel for certain young men who wrote at space rates. One yellow sheet dished it up with pictures, and said the girl was at the morgue. To the morgue went Ole.

He did not kiss her, or fondle her, or make silly, useless speeches to dead ears: he had a suspicion. In search of proof of it, he pushed back her heavy, yellow hair.

He found the proof. It was about two inches long, and reached back from her temple.

After leaving the room, with the long tables, he stumbled over his own big clumsy feet on the street. A drunken sailor from a man-of-war in the sound came rolling musically along and, thinking he recognized a kindred soul, slapped Ole on the back and invited him to "C-c-ome along an'—hic—an' hev a smile, ol-ol' man."

When he could manage his legs, Ole tumbled into a bakery. For two days he had forgotten about eating. Now the odor of hot rolls made him sick at the stomach. He bought a loaf of rye bread and tore it into half a dozen bites. Every crumb had disappeared before he reached the door. Then he went back to the counter and bought another loaf.

Finally, through it all, he found a clue.

It was spring when Ole reached home. Instead of the gentle, blue-eyed Ole who had fed motherless calves by coaxing them to suck his finger in a pail of warm milk, instead of the Ole of the clean water-barrel and the sickly garden-patch, here was a gaunt monomaniac, a man with one desire—the blood of his enemy. For hot and swift through his feverish white head pumped the blood of his forefathers, who lived by blood.

Meanwhile, Billings sneaked back home. His wife had hysterics for nearly two days; then she said she really could not blame Jimmie: it was that low-down girl.

The lodge of which Jimmie was "Noble Grand" met in the hall over the hardware store, and proposed to expel him out into the cold; but Billings had an uncomfortable way of buying up stray little mortgages. So Billings remained "Noble Grand."

And so the way was clear now to Ole. It was a spring day when he at last reached home. It was one of the days when men forget that they want to go to heaven when they die; one of the days when one would just live and live, and dying, maybe, at last, sleep forever without dreams.

Out to the edge of things stretched the new wheat. Little tom-boy breezes whistled and sang and played hide-and-seek among the pale greens and browns. Deep in rocky gulches Nature went mad, and poured out with reckless hand the red wine of life. Pussy-willows bowed gravely to pussy-willows in the spring. Then they turned around and bowed again to heavy cactus blossoms so lovely that they must die before sunset just of their own fatal beauty.

Ole crouched down in the irrigation-ditch where it crossed the lane; he played with the trigger of the gun. A buggy came whirling down the road toward the closed gate. You could not see who was in it for the cloud of dust that sprang up under the nervous little racer's feet.

But Ole knew, and his heart leaped with joy and nearly choked him. He cocked the gun. The shades of old Norsemen danced with glee in the quivering air above the ditch. At last the blood of the vikings was to have its day.

Ole took careful aim.

Then, stronger than the inherent passions of the man, more potent than the blood of his ancestors, sprang into life again the habits grown and nurtured during thirty years of onion-weeding. With a little mumble of apology, Ole sprang up out of the ditch, tripping over the gun.

As he had done it a thousand times before, he did it now: Ole, the son of vikings, flung the gate wide open, and bowed his master through.

THE AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

ONE Monday in the spring of 1906, a New York morning paper recorded the fact that "ten thousand men, women, and children, immigrants from all sections of the globe, were inside New York Harbor before sundown yesterday, as many more were on big immigrant vessels reported off Sandy Hook, and three times ten thousand on other vessels little more than two hundred miles from port. All told, at least fifty-two thousand immigrants will have reached port by Thursday morning, the largest number that has yet come to New York at one time." The new-comers belonged to many different nationalities. Some came from Great Britain and Ireland, some from Germany and Austria, some from Russia and Poland, and more from Italy. The reporter noted that there were also a few French and a few Arabians.

More than fifty thousand in four days! And these were only the advance guard of the host that followed fast all through the lengthening days of the spring months. Men and women and children from every part of Europe, even from Africa and from Asia, poured into New York, to scatter themselves throughout the United States. A few of them intended to work only during the summer, and then to return whence they came; but the most of them were resolved to lead a new life in the New World. They wished to better themselves, and they did not pause to ask whether we wanted them or whether their coming was for our good, also. They left us to ask these questions, and to find such answer as we could.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.

. . . . . .

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded?

. . . . . .

For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood,
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

In these lofty lines Aldrich sharply phrased what many Americans vaguely feared. The motley horde that invades us hopes to better its condition; but what of our condition? What effect will Malayan and Scythian and Slav have upon us? Are they worthy to be welcomed within our commonwealth? Will they trample America as the thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome? Must we dread the coming of a day when the lean wolf, unmolested, shall make her lair in the deserted streets where once the many churches stood, the stately libraries, and the frequent schoolhouses?

Our inexpugnable optimism is prompt to dismiss this dire possibility; and it is still our pride to proffer a refuge to the oppressed. But the danger-signal has been heeded, and the gates are no longer unguarded. The "featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho" are denied admission; and the wisdom of this exclusion is evident, however harsh we may sometimes seem in its application. These Orientals have a civilization older than ours, hostile to ours, exclusive, and repellent. They do not come here to throw in their lot

with us. They abhor assimilation, and they have no desire to be absorbed. They mean to remain aliens; they insist upon being taken back when they are dead; and we do well to keep them out while they are alive.

We exclude also with equal wisdom the maimed and the halt and the blind. We seek to keep out the wastrel and broken driftwood of humanity; in a single year we have sent back whence they came twelve thousand undesirable immigrants, some of them insane, some of them diseased, but most of them mere weaklings likely soon to become dependent. We have accepted the principle that it is our duty to defend our coasts against an undesirable invasion. We are glad still to provide a refuge for the oppressed, but only when those who demand hospitality are fit to be incorporated in our body politic, and only when they are willing loyally to accept the laws under which they seek shelter. Of late we have been putting hard questions to all new arrivals at our ports, and if they have no answers ready, the gates are closed in their faces. We have seen in time the danger of too lax a liberality, and we have recognized the sagacity of the late Mayo Smith's saying, that those "who desire that the United States should discharge the function of a world-asylum forget that asylums are not governed by their inmates."

But there are those among us who are not satisfied with this setting up of barriers against the unfit, and who see a menace to American standards in the admission even of the physically fit, if they come from alien stocks. There are those —and they are not a few—who would keep out the "men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes" and all "bringing with them unknown gods and rites." Willing enough still to welcome Teuton and even Celt, they see peril to our citizenship in granting it to Slav and to Scythian, with "tiger-passions, here to stretch their claws." They look askant at New York, with its immense masses of imperfectly assimilated foreigners, with its Little Italy, with its mysterious Chinatown, with its Syrian quarter, with its half million of Russian Jews. They ask themselves whether the metropolis of the United States can any longer be considered an American city.

To this last question the answer is easy. New York is quite as American to-day as it ever has been in any of its three centuries. Diversity of blood has always been its dominant characteristic. As one of its historians has tersely asserted, "no sooner has one set of varying elements been fused together than another stream has been poured into the crucible. There probably has been no period in the city's growth during which the New Yorkers whose parents were born in New York formed the majority of the population; and there never has been a time when the bulk of the citizens were of English blood." The history of the metropolis from which these quotations are taken was written by Theodore Roosevelt, a typical New Yorker, as he is a typical American; and he illustrates in his own person this commingling of stocks. He is of Dutch descent, with other ancestors who were Huguenot and Scotch-Irish; and he has declared that so far as he himself is aware, he has not a drop of English blood in his veins.

The diversity of origin is nothing new in American cities, and equally old is the dread of the successive new-comers. It is a curious feature of the settlement of this country,—so Mr. Roosevelt pointed out elsewhere in his vigorous narrative of the development of his native city,—"that each mass of immigrants feels much distrust and contempt for the mass—usually of a different nationality—which comes a generation later." There is piquancy in the fact that the chief immigration into New York City in the thirty or forty years following the Revolution was of English stock from Connecticut and Massachusetts, and that the old New Yorkers regarded this New England invasion with jealous hostility. Some of these old New Yorkers were descendants of the original Dutch, and of the Walloons and Huguenots who had come over while the little town was still New Amsterdam; and some were descendants of the English, the Scotch, the Scotch-Irish, and the Germans, who had arrived in increasing numbers in the century between the downfall of Peter Stuyvesant and the first public appearance of Alexander Hamilton at the outbreak of the Revolution.

The New Englanders were swiftly as-

similated, as the Huguenots had been a century earlier; and they, in turn, disliked and dreaded the Irish invasion that soon followed, and the later German invasion that came before and during the Civil War. But in that bitter conflict the Irish and the Germans and their children proved themselves stanch Americans; they revealed their belief that this was not only a good land to live in, but a good country to die for. And the Irish and the Germans in their turn also disliked and dreaded the more recent invasion of Italians and Russian Jews; and they joined with the older New Yorkers in wondering whether these strange newcomers were not unfit for the citizenship which had been generously granted to them. Yet there is scarcely a larger proportion of foreigners in the population of New York at the beginning of the twentieth century than there was at the end of the seventeenth, nor are the dangerous elements proportionately larger than they were then. The fire still glows beneath the crucible, and the process of fusing is as rapid and as complete to-day as ever it has been in the past. The children are the flux for this fusing: they are taken captive first by the schools, and then the public libraries bind them fast; and finally the young folk react on their parents. Sooner or later the foreigners are made over; they are born anew; and they have a proud consciousness that they have come into their birthright.

When Maxim Gorky was asked what had most impressed him on his arrival in New York, he answered that it was the bodily bearing of the throngs in the streets. "They stand erect," he said; "they do not cringe." And yet a large majority of the men who made up the throngs were immigrants or the sons of immigrants. In their native land they may not have been allowed to assert their manhood; but they had it in them to assert when they arrived here and adjusted themselves to our free conditions. And their self-assertion, their self-expression, has been to our profit, since the most of them came from stocks which had been denied the opportunity to select out their best. They have brought undeveloped possibilities to this country, where careers are widely opened to all talents. It needs to be noted that two of the most distinguished electrical inventors of America are of Slavonic birth. That shrewd observer of social conditions, Miss Jane Addams, has asserted that we talk far too loosely about our immigrants. We use the phrase "the scum of Europe" and other unwarrantable words, "without realizing that the undeveloped peasant may be much more valuable to us here than the more highly developed but also more highly specialized town-dweller, who may much less readily develop the acquired characteristics which the new environment demands."

"The way to compare men is to compare their respective ideals," said Thoreau; "the actual man is too complex to deal with." In some mysterious fashion we Americans have imposed our ideals on the Irish and on the Germans, as we are now imposing them on the Italians and on the Russian Jews. The children and the grandchildren of these ignorant immigrants learn to revere Washington and Lincoln, and they take swift pride in being Americans. They thrill in response to the same patriotic appeals which move us of the older stocks; and when New York celebrated the centenary of the Constitution, nowhere were the portraits of the Father of the Country more frequent than in Little Italy and in the Ghetto. When the President of the United States declared that a certain friend of his was "the most useful citizen of New York," he named not a native, but a man who was by birth a Dane; and if any one with equal opportunity for knowing should undertake to draw up a list of the five most useful citizens of New York, he would have to include also one Hebrew of German birth. If this observer should extend the list to ten, he would be forced to set down the name of another German Hebrew whose service to the public good has been quite as indisputable.

The census records the number of those of foreign birth, and also those who are of foreign parentage; and these figures seem to suggest that there exists among us a mass of undigested aliens. But in so far as the statistics do suggest this, they convey a false impression. The boys and girls of Little Italy speak English as fluently as they speak Italian, and while they salute the flag in school, in the street they amuse themselves with "Little Sally

Waters" and with the traditional games of Anglo-Saxon youth. Already are the intelligent sons of Italian immigrants coming up through the high schools of New York and the City College, and entering the graduate departments of our universities to fit themselves for the higher degrees. It is not uncommon to hear a young man of German parentage term his own father "a Dutchman." The sons of the Fatherland often forget their German, and their children do not always acquire it. A prominent lawyer of New York is the nephew of a prominent German author, and he told me once that he had read only those of his uncle's works which had been translated into English. The German theater in New York is deserted by the sons and daughters of the older Germans who subsidize it; the young people prefer to see plays in the English language, with which they are more familiar.

Even among the immigrants themselves the process of Americanization is sometimes extraordinarily swift. It did not take long for Gallatin and Agassiz and Schurz to make themselves at home here, and the less gifted and the less well educated foreigner has an even stronger incentive to get out of his Old-World shell. When the late Professor Boyesen went to Minnesota, he was surprised to find that his fellow-Scandinavians preferred to speak English even to him; and it was explained to him that the use of their native tongue would reveal their peasant origin, and thus testify to their social inferiority to a gentleman who had been graduated from the University of Upsala, whereas the use of English lifted them all to the lofty table-land of American citizenship.

The process of assimilation, at work now under our own eyes, was visible also to our fathers and to our forefathers. Indeed, there is no stronger phenomenon in all the marvelous history of civilization than this very process—than this Americanization of countless aliens, generation after generation, with no violent modification of American ideals. Three centuries ago, "men of sturdy English fiber began to come in search of mental, religious and economic freedom," as an acute student of social conditions has phrased it. "Daring men in search of new experiences came as adventurers and discoverers. Men of moral daring came in search of religious and civic freedom. Men of industrial and commercial daring came in search of larger opportunity. These men established ideals and set standards and created tendencies for a nation." These standards, these ideals, these tendencies still survive after almost three hundred years, modified a little, no doubt, but developed only, not radically transformed, and never renounced. The American of to-day, whatever his descent, has most of the characteristics of the American of yesterday. Ideals endure, and aspirations have not been blunted by time or turned aside by alien influences.

It is true enough that the makers of America were mainly of British origin. Benjamin Franklin and Washington Irving were the sons of immigrants, one English and the other Scotch. But, from the very beginning, the admixture of other elements was abundant, most obvious in New York, but perceptible even in New England. Before the Revolution, besides the Dutch in New York, there were Swedes in New Jersey. In Pennsylvania there were Germans and Scotch-Irish, and in New York and South Carolina there were Huguenots, and no single stock has contributed to our citizenship so many men of ability in proportion to its numbers as this sturdy and stalwart group of French Protestants. Thus we see that there is no basis for the prevalent belief that the people of the United States were once of almost purely English descent, and that they have been diluted by foreign admixture only since the war of 1812. In the Louisiana Purchase and in the Northwest Territory there were many French settlers, and men of Spanish descent were incorporated by the acquisition of Texas and of California. The commingling of these many bloods during our first century of national life must be more or less responsible for the divergence now obvious between American ideals, American standards, and American tendencies, on the one hand, and British ideals, British standards, and British tendencies, on the other. Both sets are derived from the same root—from the ideals, the standards, and the tendencies of the older Anglo-Saxon stock, transplanted in England from the Teutonic mainland, and stimu-

lated by the commingled Hebrew and Greek and Roman ideals of the church.

It is well for us to recall the fact that the English race itself was of many mingled strains, Celtic and Teutonic, welded into unity at last, and achieving its richest expression under Elizabeth. But while the British have been inbreeding for centuries now, with only occasional enrichment by alien stocks, Spanish-Hebrew, Huguenot, and German, we Americans have been absorbing vigorous foreign blood; and to this infusion must be credited some portion of the differences between the subjects of the British King and the citizens of the American republic. These differences are abundant and they are evident, and there is no need to catalogue them here.

It is the testimony of most of the intelligent Europeans who have come here to study us in recent years, that we Americans are less insular than our kin across the sea, less set in our ways, more open-minded. Señor Juan Valera, sometime Spanish Minister in Washington, in the preface to his delightful tale of "Pepita Ximenes," declared that the American public reads a great deal, is indulgent, and "differs from the British public—which is eminently exclusive in its tastes—by its cosmopolitan spirit." It may be said that this is one of the variances between the Americans and the British due to the influence exerted by those elements in our population which are not Anglo-Saxon and not even Teutonic. Cecil Rhodes once scornfully commented on the "unctuous rectitude" of the British, and Lowell once declared that "England seems to be the incarnation of the 'Kingdom of this world.'" Neither of these accusations will lie against us Americans, open as we may be in other respects to the conviction of sin. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the influence of the Celt—of the Huguenot and of the Irish. To this same Celtic softening of Teutonic harshness we may ascribe also the broader development here of that social instinct which is deficient in Great Britain and dominant in France. This social instinct manifests itself in manifold forms—in a wider sympathy, in a friendlier good nature, in a more thorough toleration, both religious and political. It has contributed its share to the core of idealism which sustains the American character, but which is often veiled from view by sordid externals. It finds fit expression in lavish giving to public service, and it leads also to the preservation of natural beauty and of the sacred places of our brief history.

When we consider all these things carefully, we cannot help wondering whether we have not been guilty of flagrant conceit in our assumption that we could not possibly profit by any infusion of other bloods than the Teutonic. We find ourselves face to face with the question whether the so-called Anglo-Saxon stock is of a truth so near to perfection that any admixture is certain to be harmful. We find ourselves doubting whether this stock has always done so well that it has an undisputed right to a halo on demand. Much as we owe to England, we have other debts also; and even New England, of which we are all justly proud, is not now the focus of the whole United States,—however much we may have profited in the past by the lofty example of Emerson and Lowell.

To some of us "My Country! 'T is of Thee" seems only a sectional lyric, by a bard who did not think nationally. There is a certain significance in the fact that political stability, and even political sagacity, have been most evident in certain of the sections where the foreign-born citizens are most thickly settled.

All that the New Englanders could bring over from Great Britain was a British standard; and if the American standard now differs from the British standard, this must be due, more or less, to the pressure exerted in America by a contribution other than English. If we to-day prefer, as we do undoubtedly, the existing American standards and ideals and tendencies to the British standards and ideals and tendencies, we must recognize the various foreign elements in the United States as having exerted an influence satisfactory to us now, however much our forefathers may once have dreaded it. We must recognize that the commingling of stocks which has been going on here in the past has been beneficial—or at least that its results are acceptable to us at present. And in all probability our children will admit also that the commingling that is going on in the present, and

which will go on in the future, is likely also to be beneficial or, at least acceptable.

The strength of the founders of the American republic lay chiefly in character. It is not by brilliancy, by intellect, or even by genius that Washington and Jay and John Adams impressed themselves on their fellow-citizens in Virginia, in New York, and in Massachusetts. Ability they had in abundance, no doubt; but it was by character that they conquered, by their moral individuality. And it is the grossest conceit for us to assume that character is the privilege or the prerogative of any single stock. We have a right to hope and even to believe that whatever we may lose by the commingling of the future, by the admixture of other racial types than the Teutonic and the Celtic, will be made up to us by what we shall thereby gain. Our type may be a little transformed, but it is not at all likely to be deteriorated. There is really very little danger indeed that the preaching of the Puritans will ever be superseded here by the practices of the Impuritans.

It is true that the later new-comers are not altogether Teutonic or even Celtic; they are Latin and Slav and Semitic. But it is only a stubborn pride, singularly out of place in an American of the twentieth century, which makes us dread evil consequences from this admixture. The Teuton here has been suppled by the Celt; but the resulting race may profit still by attributes of the Latin and of the Slav. The suave manner of the Italian may modify in time the careless discourtesy which discredits us now in the eyes of foreign visitors. The ardor of the Slav may quicken our appreciation of music and of the fine arts. Possibly these gains may have to be paid for by a little relaxing of the unresting energy which is our marked characteristic to-day. It may be that when milder strains are commingled with the harsher Teutonic stock, there will be other modifications, some of them seemingly less satisfactory. But there is no reason to suppose that in the future we shall not make our profit out of the best that every contributing blood can bring to us, since this is exactly what we have been doing in the past.

In 1900 there were ten millions of the foreign-born here in the United States; but of these three quarters were of English or Teutonic or Celtic blood, the very elements out of which first the British and then the Americans have been compounded. That is to say, there were fewer than three million out of some seventy million whites to which the most rigid stickler for racial purity could possibly object. In 1900, again, there was only a million of these foreign-born who could not speak English. And who doubts that the children of this million are now busy acquiring our language to fit themselves for the struggle of life? These children are, indeed, likely to look upon English as their mother-tongue; and with the language they are taking over also the ideals of the community in which they are growing to manhood,—ideals which the grandchildren of the immigrants will have absorbed unconsciously. It is well for us to remind ourselves that ideals are communal and not individual; they are the result of the environment and not of heredity. They are not born in the blood, even though instincts may be; they are taken over from our associates; they are implanted by the group-feeling. As Lowell once put it pithily, "The pressure of public opinion is like the pressure of the atmosphere;—you can't see it, but it is sixteen pounds to the square inch none the less."

We need not fear any weakening of the Teutonic framework of our social order. Beyond all question, we shall preserve the common law of England and the English language; for these are priceless possessions in which the welcome invaders are glad to be allowed to share. The good old timbers of the ship of state are still solid, and the sturdy vessel is steered by the same compass.

One of the best equipped observers of American life, and one of the shrewdest, also,—Professor Giddings,—faces the future fearlessly. He holds that in the coming years a mixture of elements not Anglo-Teuton "will soften the emotional nature" and "quicken the poetic and artistic nature" of the American people; it will make us "gentler in our thoughts and feelings because of the Alpine strain" (and this includes the Slav). We shall find ourselves "with a higher power to enjoy the beautiful things of life because of the Celtic and the Latin blood." And as if this prophecy of emotional benefit was not

heartening enough, Professor Giddings holds up to us the high hope of an intellectual benefit, probably through the commingling of bloods. "We shall become more clearly and more fearlessly rational, —in a word more scientific."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

PEACE, WITH "SOMETHING DOING"

WAS it worth all the trouble and strain,—oratorical, prandial, journalistic, financial,—the National Arbitration and Peace Congress of New York? Did it accomplish anything substantial, beside the generous opportunities afforded to the jaded wits of the pen and the pencil?

Yes, we think it was worth all it cost in nerve-wear, time, and money—irrespective of any immediate influence upon subsequent proceedings at The Hague. The jokes pass, and the effect remains of setting the world thinking. As we have said before, the world is moved by "attention." Wars begin with the military command, "Attention!" In the Peace Congress of New York the world's attention was fixed upon the thought of the undesirability of war, of the very great desirability of peace and of the proper methods to maintain it. War and peace, in general and in particular, are the offspring of public opinion; there can be no public opinion without thought. And the mind of the world was, for a little while at least, concentrated upon the thought that there is another and a better way of deciding international disputes than by nations flying at one another's throats; namely, as Dr. Hale pointed out, the very way adopted by the United States of America when it established the Supreme Court of the United States.

The tendency of modern internationalism is evidently toward peace—peace congresses or no peace congresses. This sometimes troubles those philosophers who see, along with war's evils, the good that war has accomplished in the history of human evolution; and above all the training in physical and moral prowess that armed conflict has secured to individuals and nations.

Timely as to this consideration is the book recently published by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, on the "Newer Ideals of Peace," in which she quotes a passage from Mr. William James on the need to "discover in the social realm the moral equivalent for war—something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war has done, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual natures as war has proved itself to be incompatible." Miss Addams is inclined to believe that a secret change is, in very fact, going on all about us. "We care less each day," she says, "for the heroism connected with warfare and destruction, and constantly admire more that which pertains to labor and the nourishing of human life. The new heroism," she declares, "manifests itself at the present moment in a universal determination to abolish poverty and disease, a manifestation so wide-spread that it may justly be called international."

The idea that a condition of military destruction and war enthusiasm is necessary for giving physical and moral muscle to men is not tenable in our time. The every-day conditions of peace are found to be or can be made to be, quite strenuous enough for the display of both physical and moral exertion and courage.

When we add the altruistic to the ordinary exertions of life in a time of peace, along the lines laid down in Miss Addams's "Newer Ideals," it becomes evident that the race is not at all likely to degenerate through stagnation in the era of arbitration which has already begun. Even warlike Emperors and Presidents are able to get a good deal of action and exercise, not to say fun, under the reign of the newer ideals of peace.

OPEN LETTERS

Reading in Cuban Cigar Factories

A SUGGESTION FOR PRISONS

A GROUP of industrial workers on the island of Cuba are putting into practical use a new system of education, which, if adopted by the States and the National government for use in their penal institutions, would, in my opinion, go a long way toward the accomplishment of the education of criminals in the sphere of morality.

This system, called the "Institution of Reading," is a very simple one, and can easily be put into practical use. It consists merely in the employment of a person to read aloud to the operatives. It was begun in 1878 by Señor Saturnino Martinez, then a *tabaquero*, and now a distinguished Cuban poet, and is now found in virtually every one of the large Havana cigar factories and in many of the smaller *galeras*.

From an article by James H. Collins in the "Bookman" of July, 1905, I gather these further facts: The "Institution of Reading" arose from two conditions: first, the high price of books, and, second, the inability of many of the cigar-makers to read.

In the afternoon, says Mr. Collins, the babel of soft Spanish talk and laughter ceases, and there rises a single voice pitched above the ordinary tone, and punctuated now and then by a burst of general merriment. This is the voice of the paid reader, translating war news from a New York paper or declaiming the latest novel.

The reader sits aloft in a small, railed box resembling a pulpit, placed in the middle of the work-room, so that his voice may carry to all parts of the galera. He reads three hours daily, usually in the afternoon. By long custom, half of this time is given to newspapers, and half to novels, and the character of those selected speaks much for the taste of the tabaqueros.

The tabaqueros elect of their number a president, secretary, and treasurer, the latter receiving from each cigar-maker fifteen cents a week, creating a weekly revenue of from $50 to $75. With this, books and newspapers are bought and the reader's salary, which ranges from $30 to $60 a week, is paid. Each day the president and the secretary select from the newspapers the matter to be read.

The reading of a long novel takes about three weeks, and each is selected by a ballot. Long poems are frequently chosen. Byron is much read, and Shakspere is not unknown. "Vanity Fair," "Oliver Twist," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are some of the favorite books.

The tabaqueros have thus been educated up to such a standard of excellence that they want to hear books of a high literary and moral character.

It is said that the Havana tabaqueros were the backbone of the last Cuban revolution. They are the best-paid workmen on the island, and are great travelers.

This scheme of education of the Cuban cigar-makers is, in my opinion, one that is well adapted to use by prison authorities.

It would give to the prisoners the companionship of the best authors and reformers, and would place in the hands of the prison management a means of directing and molding the thought of the prisoners along the highest and best lines of moral and religious judgment.

Hospitals for the insane, and other public institutions where it is desired to control the minds of the inmates and teach particular lessons, might adopt this system to great advantage.

Emmet Mansfield Adair.

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" —A Postscript

IN the June CENTURY, on page 304, was printed, as an illustration of David Homer Bates's paper, the facsimile of a despatch which Lincoln wrote to a Mr. Maxwell, a critic of General Thomas, after the battle of Chickamauga, but which Lincoln withdrew after placing it in the hands of the cipher-operator, because he concluded that the critic was not worthy of special attention. As the despatch was a remarkable testimonial from Lincoln to the heroism of General Thomas, the autograph was presented to the latter, after the war, by Mr. Tinker, one of the cipher-operators. The privilege of printing it for the first time was obtained by Colonel G. C. Kniffin from Mrs. Frances Breckenridge Kellogg of Washington, D. C., the widow of Colonel Sanford Cobb Kellogg, formerly of General Thomas's staff, who was made the custodian of all General Thomas's private papers by his aunt, Mrs. George H. Thomas.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Qualification

WHEN Copycus gave up the ghost,
" A second Herrick," critics said.
To me the likeness seemed at most
That he and Herrick both were dead.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Lines Wrote Whilst Reflectin' on the Vacation I spent on a Farm.

O FARMER, independentest of all
Mankind art thou! I know, because, last year
I spent my whole vacation, pretty near,

Drawn by Nixon Waterman

On Uncle Eben's farm, and though I 'm small,
I hoed his corn and beans, and helped him haul
And stack his hay. I 'd work until I 'd fear
I 'd just drop down and end my sad career
Before they 'd give the welcome dinner call.

My uncle dost not weigh his words with care,
For once he told me that I wast a shirk;
But I would rather breathe the country air
Than be a shut-in office-boy or clerk;
For I found out whilst visitin' out there
That I like farmin', but I hate farm work.

J. A. Williams.

Some Cuban Proverbs

WALK your horse, and carry all your eggs to market. Trot him, and carry only one.

LIFE is short, but a smile is only a second's effort.

COULD men and women see the same jokes, fewer would complain to the alcalde.

SOME wives will make their husbands fly for shelter to the middle of a swarm of bees.

IT is not that the snake eats of poisonous food; it is that he is, by nature, poisonous.

ONE may get as wet by falling into a brook as by falling into the sea.

TO the ant-hill the wandering footstep of the happy child becomes a catastrophic act of God.

TURN your back, and your neighbor, looking at you, will change the expression of his face.

WASH charcoal with milk: it will remain black.

A PESO, lost in a dust-heap, was as bright as ever; but what good did it do?

THERE are those who rail at God, declaring that He sharpened the thorns with malice. They forget that with beneficence He sharpened wits so that thorns may be avoided.

Edward Marshall.

The Millionaire's Plaint

O LORD, I pray Thee hear my prayer:
Beckon the fate that flaunts
Her ensign o'er my grim despair:
Give me a few more wants.

Thomas L. Masson.

Fairy-Spelling

I 'VE heard about a fairy-spell,
Oh, that 's the kind for me!
I cannot learn the common way,
I spell disgracefully.

I 'd like to meet a fairy-child
Beside a magic well.
I 'd beg a fairy spelling-book;
Then I could learn to spell.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

A Boy at Sea

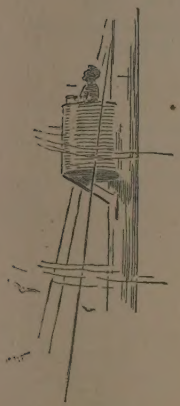
Sketches by Albert D. Blashfield

SUNRISE AT SEA

THE great sun, red and round,
Popped out of the morning sea.
He never made a sound,
And nobody knew but me.

THE LOG-LINE

IT 's best of all on the very stern
To watch the log-line turn and turn
And lose itself in a blur of light,
Back toward Italy, out of sight.



THE LOOKOUT

THE lookout lives in crow's-nest, high
Up on the mast, quite near the sky,
And when the sailor strikes the bell,
He answers lonesomely: "All 's well."

THE LIFE-BOAT

THE life-boats are covered with canvas tight.
I climbed up into one one night.
It made a little hammock bed,
And only the stars were over my head.

THE PORT-HOLE

USUALLY all that I can spy
Out of my port-hole is water and sky.
But once the boat gave a sidewise dip,
And far, far off, I saw a ship.

BEAN-BAGS

BEAN-BAGS are always getting lost,
And some day the ocean will be crossed
By bean-stalks all in a solid row.
A very old sailor told me so.

FIRE-DRILL

TO-DAY we had a fire-drill,
I and the captain and the men.
We manned the life-boats with a will,
And then unmanned them all again.

NIGHT

THE deck seems cozier and small,
Not as it does by day at all.
The passengers are blithe and gay.
We 'll all be home in one less day.

I stand in the bow. The moon shines out.
The engines throb. I want to shout:
"We 're coming, America! I can feel
You wind us in on a mighty reel."

MERBOYS

MERBOYS must have a lot of fun.
I like to make believe I 'm one,
Down there upon the ocean's bed,
With steamers passing overhead.

I wonder what they thought the day
My sailor hat was blown away,
And if they found my jack-stones' ball.
They 'd not know how to play at all.

If I were one, I 'd hunt for wrecks,
Old slimy things, with rotting decks,
And money-chests heaped all about,
With golden doubloons oozing out.

I think I 'd ring the buoy-bell,
And take some sponges home to sell.
(Of course I 'd save myself a few)—
I *wish* imaginings were true!

CHURCH

CHURCH is very queer at sea.
Nurse puts a fresh white suit on me,
And mother wears a pretty gown,
And takes my hand, and we go down.

The table-cloths and knives are gone.
The tables have dark covers on.

There are no proper churchly pews,
But rounding chairs that turn on screws.

When all the people's heads are bowed,
The captain reads the prayers aloud;
And then they sing most solemnly:
"For those in peril on the sea."

It is a very lonely hymn.
I climb up by the port-hole's rim
And watch the rolling waves and think
How awful it would be to sink.

I 'm glad that church is short, for I,
If I were small, might want to cry
When they all sing so solemnly:
"For those in peril on the sea."

Katharine Ruth Ellis.

Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

SUBURBAN METHODS

MRS. FERNBANK: Nora, go up and tell Mr. Fernbank to hurry if he expects to get his train.

NORA: I 'm just after tellin' him, and he says if I 'll put the grape-fruit on the top step and the coffee on the landin', he 'll ketch the 8:10.

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"SING BUT TO ME AS I WERE ALL THE WORLD"
(SEE "THE WOODS OF IDA")

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